SPECIAL ISSUE: HOTTEST GIRLS, COOLEST GEAR!

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY 2006

U.S. Edition

2006 PET OF THE YEAR!

Naked Ambition Sensational Winner's Sizzling New Photos

+

Terrell Owens
Shinedown
Charlie Murphy
The Game
Adam Carolla
Best Games and Music
And Much, Much More!



WARNING: NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

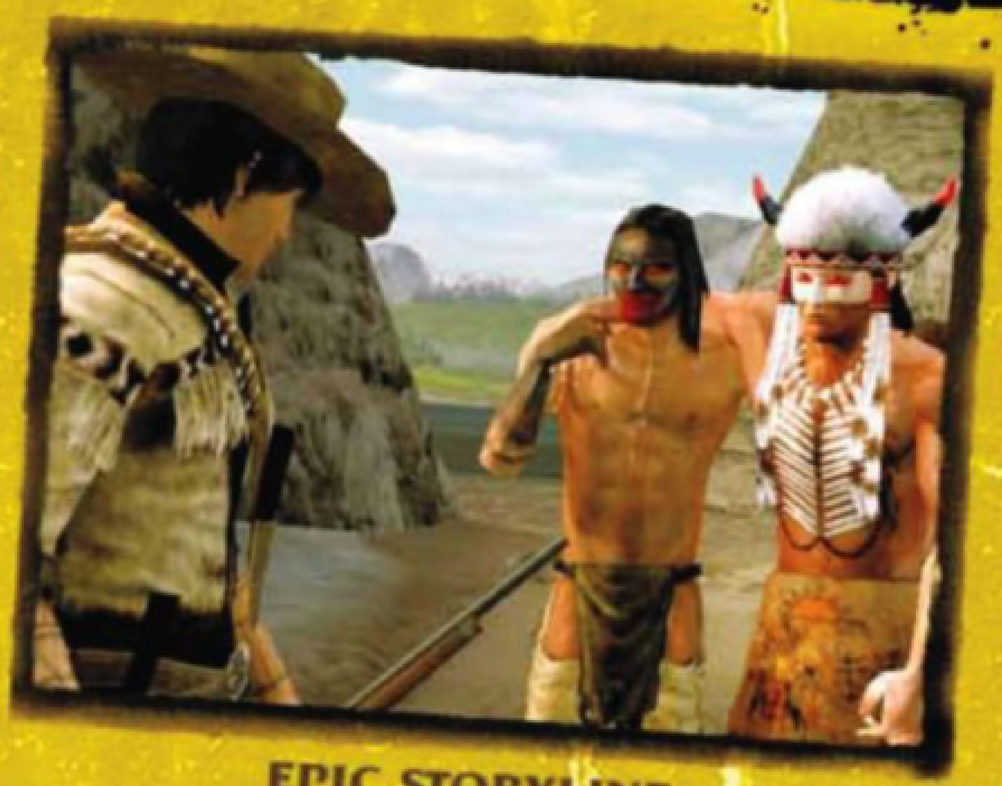
$8.99

0 74470 02242 8

0 1> 90

Penthouse.com

EXPERIENCE THE BRUTAL



EPIC STORYLINE



MASSIVE STREAMING WORLD



www.GUNTHEGAME.com

MATURE 17+

Blood and Gore
Intense Violence
Sexual Themes
Strong Language
Use of Alcohol

ESRB CONTENT RATING www.esrb.org

© 2005 Activision Publishing, Inc. Activision is a registered trademark and GUN is a trademark of Activision Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Developed by Neversoft Entertainment, Inc. "PlayStation" and the "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox 360 and the Xbox Logos are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the U.S. and/or in other countries. TM, ® and Nintendo GameCube are trademarks of Nintendo. © 2001 Nintendo. All rights reserved. PC CD-ROM logo TM & © IEMA. The ratings icon is a registered trademark of the Entertainment Software Association. All other trademarks and trade names are the properties of their respective owners.

ITY THAT WAS THE WEST

™





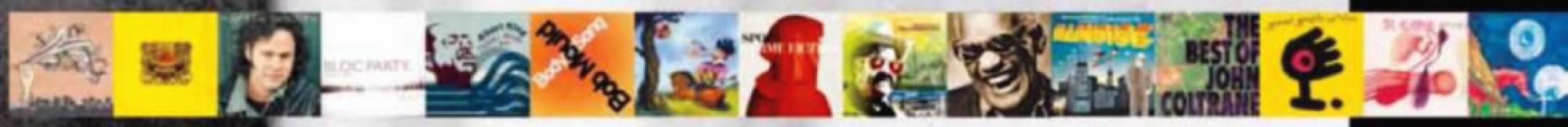
DIVERSE ACTION PACKED MISSIONS



COMBAT ON HORSEBACK

PlayStation.2 XBOX XBOX 360. PC CD-ROM SOFTWARE NEVERSOFT ACTIVISION.

activision.com



FOR YOUR LISTENING P
TO RECOMMEND SOMET



LEASURE, WE'D LIKE HING IN BLACK.

Johnny Cash, the Man in Black. At eMusic, you'll find his finest recordings, including his seminal work at Sun Records. In fact, at eMusic you'll find over 30,000 uncompromising indie artists. Like The New Pornographers, Miles Davis, Reverend Gary Davis, Arcade Fire, Charles Mingus, Jerry Garcia, Lucinda Williams, the Swan Silvertones and My Morning Jacket.
At eMusic, we've assembled the largest library of independent music ever. You can download titles for just 25 cents and it all works with your iPod®. And right now receive 50 free songs, which you get to keep forever just for checking out the site.
For extraordinary music, just walk the line and visit emusic.com/johnny.

GET 50 FREE SONGS FOR CHECKING OUT EMUSIC.COM/JOHNNY

emusic

#1 Site for Independent Music

© Copyright eMusic.com, Inc. 2005. eMusic is a registered trademark of eMusic.com, Inc. All Rights Reserved. iPod® is a registered trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Apple is not a partner or sponsor of eMusic.

contents Jan.'06

ON THE COVER

2006 Pet of the Year
Jamie Lynn

PICTORIALS

56 BLONDE ON BLONDE

76 DESERT FOX
Pet of the Month
Heather Vandeven

103 PET OF THE YEAR
Jamie Lynn

120 PARTY CENTRAL

FULL FRONTAL

12 INTERVIEW
Dave Meyers

16 FLICKS
Hollywood goes ape

20 DVDS
Director Doug Liman

22 SOUNDS
Danger Mouse & MF Doom

28 JOYSTICK
Violent Femmes

38 SIRENS
Tristan Prettyman

FEATURES

40 CELEBRITY NUDES
Best bottomless-only scene of all time. By Mr. Skin

46 GAMETIME
Football edition: college heroes, pro zeroes. By John Bolster

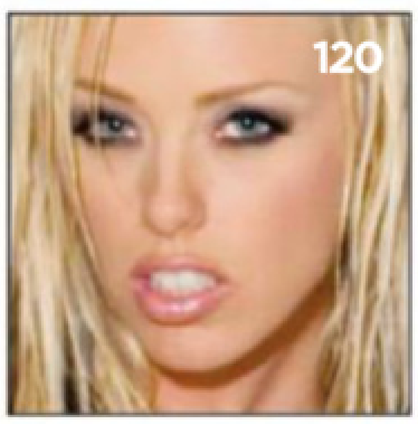
50 WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT T.O.
Philadelphia Eagles wide receiver Terrell Owens is a study in contradictions. Interview by Dave Hollander

64 TOTAL TRAVEL
By Rudy Maxa

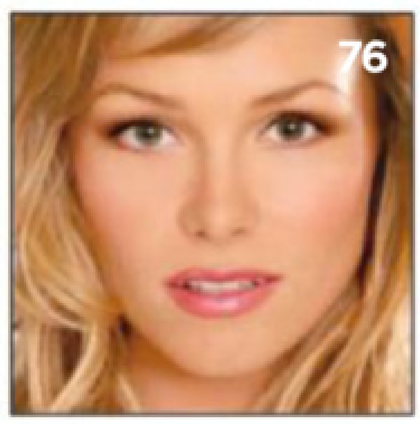
66 VICES & VANITIES
Holiday booty. By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

70 SIMPLE MEN
Shinedown strikes gold. Article by Matt Ashare









94 ON TOP OF HIS GAME
The Game (aka Jayceon Taylor) fought his way from the slums to become a rap star. By Bobbi Dempsey

116 SCHTICK AND MOVE
Adam Carolla may be the busiest man in Hollywood. By Kevin Hench

132 THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY
Interview by Dave Hollander

140 BEST LAST-MINUTE GIFTS
Service by Linda Giustino

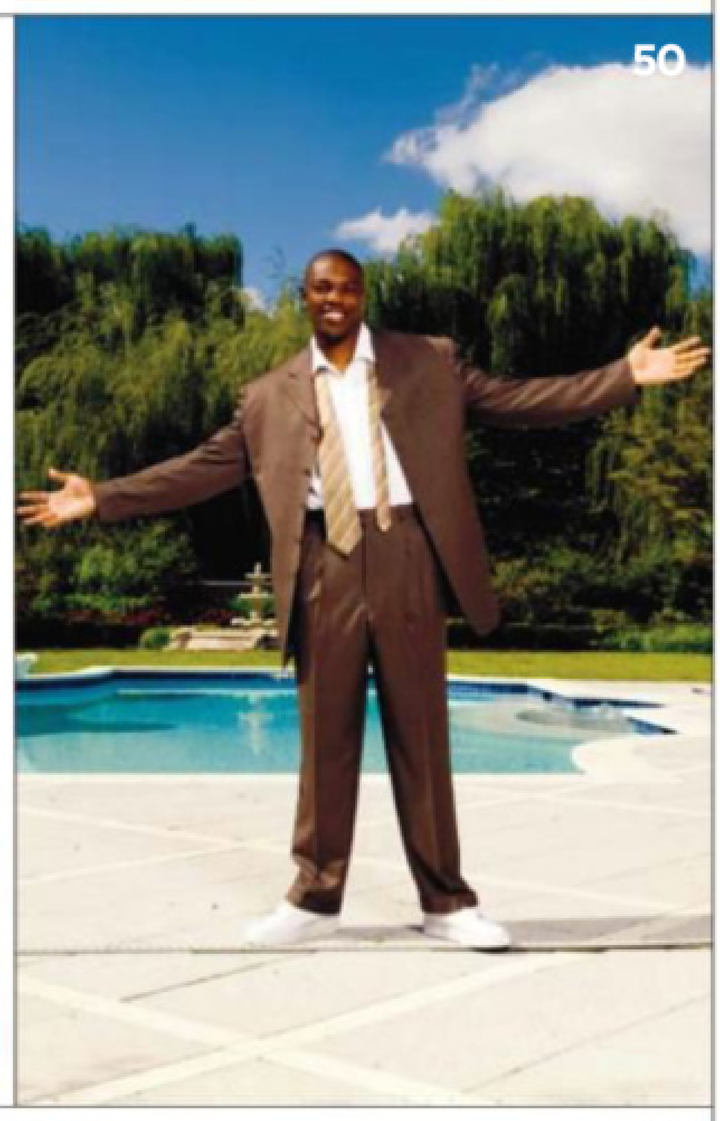
148 DRIVING FORCE
Fabulous Ferraris. By Jim McCraw

156 SHOCK THERAPY
Article by Kristen Ulmer

164 SEX DIARY
Sole mates. By Laura Leu

176 STAND-UP GUYS
Charlie Murphy
Interview by Bill Schulz









DEPARTMENTS

8 FORUM
42 DRINKSMANSHIP
89 GIRL TALK
90 GROOM AT THE TOP
100 PENTHOUSE CLUBS
129 MEN'S HEALTH AND FITNESS
136 TECHNOMANIA
146 FREEWHEELERS
153 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
162 RECOVERING FRAT BOY
166 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD
168 MILITARY AFFAIRS
170 X-RATED VIDEO
174 ON THE DESK



Second Chance

I had only been at the holiday party a short time when I bumped into Carly, the wife of a former coworker. It had been two years since I'd last seen her, and she was still as beautiful and classy as I remembered. I could never understand what she'd seen in her husband. He was fairly uncouth and had never treated this gorgeous woman the way she deserved to be treated—the way I would have treated her, given the chance.

Carly, who was now a successful lawyer, was delighted to see me. When I asked her what was new, she said she'd been divorced for several months. Throughout the evening Carly was by my side, and her upbeat spirit prompted some very explicit fantasies about the way the evening might end.



When the party started to wind down, I decided to stop in the bathroom before leaving. As I was walking out, Carly came in. She walked me back into the bathroom and closed the door behind her, pressing her lips to mine.

"I want to fuck you tonight, Mike," she said as she gently squeezed my already-swollen cock through my pants.

"I've always wanted to fuck you," I said, reaching between her legs to stroke her pussy.

I followed Carly to her place. Once inside, she led me straight to her bedroom. When she stood before me completely naked, I had to stop to admire her beauty. She had full, pear-shaped tits with little stiff nipples, and a small patch of blonde hair above her gorgeous pink snatch.

"God, you're even more beautiful than I ever imagined!" I gasped.

Pulling her down on the bed with me, I pressed my lips to hers for a long-awaited kiss. Her tongue slipped into my mouth. I sucked on it before moving down to tease her nipples. The touch of my lips sent shivers through her body.

"Oh, Mike, you know where I need you," she moaned. She gently guided my head down toward her juicy honeypot. I covered Carly's clit with my mouth and began gently sucking on her little hard-on. "Oh, yes, Mike! Suck me off!" she squealed. She pushed my head even deeper into her crotch. I hungrily ate her out as she writhed wildly, filling the room with her cries of joy.

"That's it! I'm coming, Mike!" she screamed. Carly had one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever seen. I covered her love hole and sucked until I'd gathered every last drop of her juices onto my tongue. But she wanted more. "I need you to fuck me, Mike. Fuck me, now!" she begged.

I buried my aching cock deep inside Carly's soaking-wet pussy. She wrapped her arms and legs around me while I fucked her long and hard. Her cunt muscles were massaging and milking my dick. I was glad she'd already come, since I wasn't going to last very long. I started to pull out when I felt my balls ready to burst.

"No!" she screamed, clutching me to her. "Come in my pussy, Mike! I want to feel you coming inside my pussy!" And with that, I surrendered, spurting my hot load up into her love hole.

I lost count of the number of times I filled Carly with my come that night. We are now fucking on a regular basis. While Carly has said that she can't believe how wonderful sex has been with me, I still can't believe I now have this beautiful, classy woman in my life.

—M.T., Minnesota

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



Have you seen the new Penthouse.com? Our new site has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, all the *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and a vast archive of sexy letters written by our readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

IT'S HERE.

America's First 100% Blue Agave Spirit



⚠ PHRASEOLOGY WARNING

Don't say "Tequila" in front of JB Wagoner. 100 proof, 50% alcohol by volume. The Master Distiller hand-makes each small batch slowly in Temecula, California. Savor the smooth, natural finish. Pure agave taste that's so real, so pure, it can only be from the good old U.S. of A.

It's not tequila. It's JB Wagoner's Ultra Premium.

JB WAGONER'S.

www.jbwagoners.com

TEXT. WIN.

Simply text JBW to **76278** to find your local retailer - and a chance to **win** great vacation prizes!

Please drink responsibly. ©2005 Skyrocket Distillers LLC. All Rights Reserved.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965 by
BOB GUCCIONE

PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP, INC.
(U.S. edition)

EDITORIAL

Vice President/Editorial: **Peter Bloch**
Managing Editor: **Barbara Rice Thompson**
Deputy Managing Editor: **Sarah Nelson**
Music/Video-Game Editor: **Rebecca Swanner**
Sports Editor: **John Bolster**
Senior Editors: **Deirdre M. Goldbeck, Regina Murrell (copy), Jonathan Stern**
Copy Editor: **Abigail Aronofsky**
Staff Writer: **Kara Wahlgren**
Assistant Editor: **Heather Franks**
Contributing Editors: **Rachel Kramer Bussel, Bobbi Dempsey, Linda Giustino, Bill Heald (motorcycles), Dave Hollander, Jim McCraw (autos), Ken Sander, Ernest Volkman, Alyson S. Zamkoff, Dr. Victoria Zdrok**

ART

Vice President/Graphics Director: **Frank DeVino**
Senior Art Director: **Michael F. Di Ioia**
Associate Art Director: **John Faraci**
Assistant Art Director: **Courtney Eltringham**
Designer: **Anthony R. Scerri**
Associate Photo Editor: **Toby Kaufmann**
Art Rights Manager: **Maria Rothenberg**
Photo Librarian: **Evelyn Butler**
Assistant Photo Librarian: **Norma Delgado**
Contributing Photographers: **Viv Thomas, Ken Marcus**

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Senior Advertising Director: **Rich McEntee**
Advertising Director: **Andrew Leighton**
Director, Promotions and Events: **Tricia Medina**
Promotions Manager: **Lainie Speiser**
Advertising Production Manager: **Vanessa Johnson**
Offices: **West Coast: 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530; 510-237-4423**
Japan: Jiro Semba, Intergroup Communications, Telex J25469IGLTYO

CIRCULATION

Vice President/Director of Circulation: **Joe M. Gallo**
Director, Newsstand Sales: **Paul G. Pearson**
Traffic Director: **William Harbutt**
Director, Subscriptions: **Lori Ramos**
Customer Service Manager/Analyst: **Morgan Everett**

ADMINISTRATION

Vice President/Entertainment: **James L. English**
Vice President/Business Development: **J. M. Sullivan**
Vice President/General Counsel: **Joshua R. Bressler**
Director of Licensing: **Rick Holtman**
Director of Internet Operations: **Michael McNicholas**
Controller: **Frank Matasavage**
Accounting Manager: **Anthony Maniscalco**
Director, Model Recruitment: **Stacy Valentine**

PRODUCTION

Vice President/Production: **Michael Tang**
Production Manager: **Maria Kelleher**
Associate Production Manager: **Gil Velez**
Senior Photo Retoucher: **Jeremy Newman**
Editorial Scanning Supervisor: **Jeff Anderson**
Type Systems Supervisor: **Mario Iannotta**

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

International Division Director: **George Rojas (U.S.A.)** Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262

Australia: Tel: 61-2-9-901-6161 • Fax: 61-2-9-901-6116
Greece: Tel: 3010-259-4100 • Fax: 3010-258-6740
Holland: Tel: 31-20-664-3016 • Fax: 31-20-662-6236
Hungary: Tel: 36-1-437-0037 • Fax: 36-1-240-3934
Spain: Tel: 349-3-292-2217 • Fax: 349-3-237-5824
Thailand: Tel: 66-2-585-5672 • Fax: 66-2-910-3832
Ukraine: Tel: 44-2490820 • Fax: 44-249-0871
United Kingdom: Tel: 44-207-751-1112 • Fax: 44-207-751-1113
Internet: Penthouse.com

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125
New York, N.Y. 10121
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $46 ($64 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at penthouse@palmcoastd.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and ZIP code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 7505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com

LA CASA GRANDE TOBACCO COMPANY

EST. 1994

Announcing **EXCLUSIVE LCG CIGARS** now available to the general public with a Collector's Edition of Exclusive Boxed Cigars to follow in 2006.

After serving private clients, custom corporate requests and the elite for years, we are now opening our humidors to the public. With only the finest of ingredients and craftsmanship used in the manufacture of our Hand Made cigars, it's no wonder we've been a hidden treasure. As we introduce ourselves to you, LCG hopes to provide you with some of the best cigars in the world. At this time, we are producing a limited numbered edition (998 to be exact) of our Exclusive Boxed Cigars. Place an order for any of our Hand Made cigars by December 23, 2005, we'll add your name to our list of preferred clients eligible to obtain one of these limited edition boxes.

Just call us at **718.364.4657** or fax 718.364.4651 to place an order or visit us online at www.**LCGcigars**.com. Our cigar rollers are also available for all private and corporate occasions.

Due to recent legislation we cannot ship tobacco products to Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Maine and Oregon. Offer expires 12/23/05 • NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS

(PLEASE, ALL WRITTEN ORDERS MUST INCLUDE YOUR DATE OF BIRTH AND YOUR SIGNATURE)

F&E LTD 646.369.6003

MAKING THE VIDEO

THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Acclaimed music-video director Dave Meyers has made iPod silhouettes come alive, sent Julia Roberts dancing through fields of flowers in "Dreamgirl," and helped break Outkast with their video for "Bombs Over Baghdad." We caught up with him while he was making Korn's hush-hush video, which he could only describe as "conceptually epic."


Kicking back with DMC on the Dilated Peoples set.

What's the best part of making a video?
I really enjoy writing the treatments, and the relationships with the artists. A lot of them have been repeat customers, so it's like I'm making projects with my friends.

But they can be stressful, too, right?
The actual production is hell. Videos are expensive and only play based on the success of the song. For the label to pony up the money, they want to know the song is doing well on radio. When they realize it is, they have to green-light the video and push it out real quick. That brings gray hairs. But once you go into post [production] and start putting it all together, it's fun. And when you see the excitement of the artist when they're watching it, it's great.

Has that happened recently?
The "Dreamgirl" idea started with Dave Matthews. He wrote an 18-page treatment that was probably an $8 million idea. He called me up and asked me to dial it into something we could afford. When Julia [Roberts] and Dave called me to tell me how much they liked the video, it was very rewarding.

How do you keep from rehashing the same idea?
I don't really watch TV, and I barely ever watch MTV. When I was a little kid, I created all these fantasy ideas in my head, and now, I'm getting a chance to live some of them out. I have several that I just can't wait to shoot.

Which ideas have made it into music-video reality?
"American Baby," the previous one with Dave Matthews. I traveled the country for four weeks filming people for a video about the American people. It was an amazing journey.

What are you like on-set?
I'm very focused anytime there's a problem, but I'm mellow, low-key. I'm fun. I'll be dancing on-set. I was teaching the [modeling] agency how to dance for the iPod commercial.

Which is better: shooting on location or in a studio?
I just finished a video with Kanye [West]. I had him skydiving, and he was only dangling from a cable in front of a green screen. Miami is always fun. Shooting all the lovely ladies down there hasn't been a bad part of the career.

I [also] loved shooting in Portugal with Limp Bizkit. We took Lisbon by storm. We ended up flooding the city's Parliament because we drained an aqueduct during the shoot. Then we blew up a town square and ended up breaking all these windows. It was very rock 'n' roll.

Next up for Meyers: a remake of the thriller *The Hitcher,* due out in 2007.


With Mariah Carey while filming "Through the Rain."


Pink and Meyers prove that making videos isn't all work.


Chatting with Missy Elliott while filming "Lose Control."

“I’m very focused anytime there’s a problem on-set, but I’m mellow, low-key. I’m fun. I’ll be dancing on-set.”



Meyers describes the perfect shot to his crew.

CASWELL-MASSEY

Distinctive Products for Men Since

1752

1752 THE NEXT GENERATION IN SHAVING



1-800-326-0500 www.caswellmassey.com

SIX STEPS TO A PERFECT SHAVE

STEP 1 – Wet face in shower or with very wet, warm towel.

STEP 2 – Apply Caswell-Massey Pre-Shave Oil.

STEP 3 – Dab a small amount of Caswell-Massey Shave Cream into your Shaving Mug (Shave Cream can also be applied directly on your face). Use Shave Soap? Go to Step 4.

STEP 4 – Wet your Shave Brush and whip up a rich lather. Lather beard with an upward stroke to lift individual barbs.

STEP 5 – Shave with the grain of your beard (downward) to avoid nicks and cuts.

STEP 6 – Apply Caswell-Massey After Shave Balm.

Once a week, use Caswell-Massey Face It Treatment Mask.



HOLLYWOOD EVOLUTION

Primal Screen

Kong will be king of the holiday blockbuster season, but he isn't the only **primate** that's gone Hollywood.



BONZO

Occupation: Student
Owner: Ronald Reagan
***Bedtime for Bonzo* (1951)**
Reagan goes on to become president of the United States, while Bonzo winds up as filler in cat food.



MIGHTY JOE YOUNG

Occupation: Sideshow freak
Owner: Jill Young
***Mighty Joe Young* (1949)**
A "sort-of" sequel to *King Kong*, this ape is smaller and there are fewer sexual metaphors.

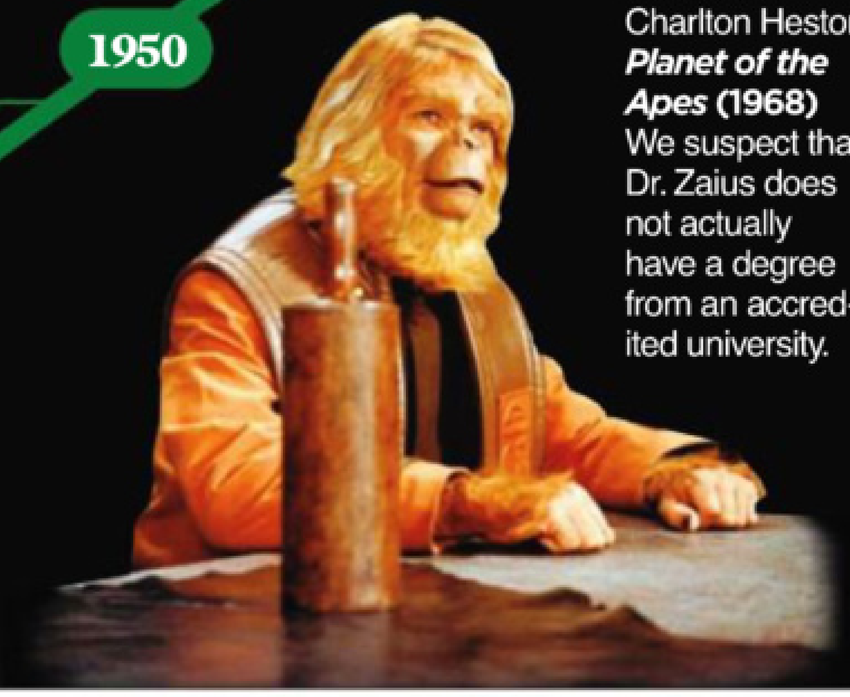


CLYDE

Occupation: Comic relief
Owner: Clint Eastwood
***Every Which Way but Loose* (1978)**
Eastwood proves he can do comedy. That is, until *Pink Cadillac.*



1940 · 1950 · 1960 · 1970 · 1980 · 1990 · 2000



DR. ZAIUS

Occupation: Scientist
Owner of: Charlton Heston
***Planet of the Apes* (1968)**
We suspect that Dr. Zaius does not actually have a degree from an accredited university.

JACK

Occupation: Hockey player
Owner: Tara Westover
***MVP: Most Valuable Primate* (2000)**
A chimp on skates? Is there room for a sequel?



EVIL MONKEY

Occupation: Threatening Chris
Owner: Chris Griffin
***Family Guy* (1999)**
Allegedly, Evil Monkey became evil when he discovered his wife was cheating on him.



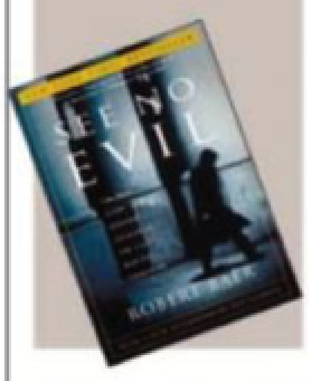
By Jonathan Stern

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

Are this month's political thrillers more historical fact or fiction?

Syriana (December 9)

See No Evil, by Robert Baer (Three Rivers Press)



The plot: CIA case officer Robert Baer (George Clooney) sees dangerous shortcomings in U.S. intelligence and a growing threat in the Middle East. When he gets between an American oil executive (Matt Damon) and a powerful sheik, the situation threatens to spiral out of control.

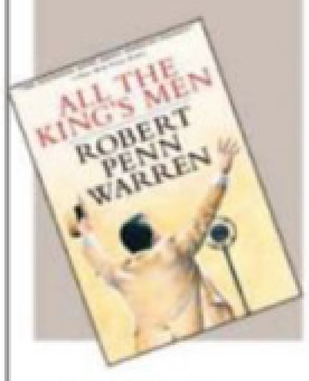
Background: The screenplay, written by Stephen Gaghan (*Traffic*), is loosely based on Baer's memoirs (minus the parts about Matt Damon's character Bryan Woodman.) Baer was called "perhaps the best on-the-ground field officer in the Middle East" by investigative reporter Seymour Hersh. Bottom line: Whether you're a fan of Dubya or Michael Moore, you'll see the clandestine relationship between the U.S. and the Middle East.



Matt Damon in *Syriana.* Directed by Stephen Gaghan

All the King's Men (December 16)

All the King's Men, by Robert Penn Warren (Harvest Books)



The plot: Willie Stark starts as a humble Southern politician who builds support for his gubernatorial campaign by appealing to the common people. When he becomes increasingly involved in dirty politics and scandal, it costs him everything, including his life.

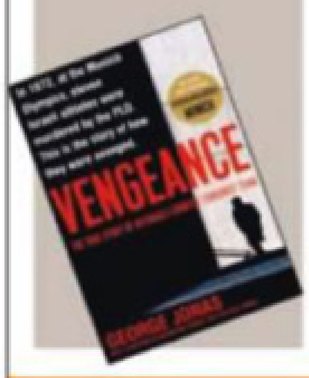
Background: Stark's rise to power and eventual demise closely mirror the life of Louisiana governor Huey Long. Both were Southern populists who fought for the "little man" by introducing major reforms to help working people. Both became ruthlessly corrupt. In 1929, Long was impeached on charges of bribery and gross misconduct. Six years later, he was assassinated by Carl Weiss, the son-in-law of Long's political opponent.



Sean Penn in *All the King's Men.* Directed by Steve Zaillian

Munich (December 23)

Based on: *Vengeance,* by George Jonas (Bantam)



The plot: A group of Mossad agents are sent to hunt down the Palestinian terrorists responsible for the deaths of 11 Israeli athletes during the 1972 Olympics in Munich, Germany.

Background: Both Mossad spy chief Zvi Zamir and Palestinian terror mastermind Abu Daoud say the movie is fiction. Daoud said, "If someone really wanted to tell the truth about what happened, he should talk to the people involved, people who know the truth." Spielberg claims the film is balanced and deals with the perpetuating violence that revenge creates, not the justice it's supposed to deliver.



Munich. Directed by Steven Spielberg

WELCOME TO *AWESOMETOWN*

Future *SNL* players have one of the funniest shows you'll never see.



Comedians **Andy Samberg, Akiva Schaffer,** and **Jorma Taccone** (known collectively as the Lonely Island) were a staple of a monthly short-film event in Los Angeles called Channel 101. When their *O.C.* satire about beautiful teens in Malibu called *The 'Bu* won over Channel 101's audience, they started shopping around sketches about castaways growing beards and monotone white rappers to network television. Fox passed, as did MTV, which hasn't had a quality sketch-comedy show since *The State* in1993.

Instead of burning the network offices to the ground, the guys released *Awesometown* on the Internet, and Samberg joined the 2006 cast of *Saturday Night Live,* with Schaffer and Taccone joining the writing team. For a preview of the funny stuff to come, check out TheLonelyIsland.com.



Vodka made from 12,000 year old icebergs – nature's purest water!

12,000 years ago, the Earth's snow was truly Pure, Immaculate, Untouched and Pristine. In the Canadian Arctic, this snow froze and compacted into enormous glacial walls...shielded and protected for thousands of years, avoiding all impurities from the outside world. Today, thousands of years later, these icebergs are being carefully harvested as pure as when they were created. The icebergs are then blended with triple distilled, rich Ontario sweet corn, to produce ICEBERG Vodka. A distinct drinking pleasure, 12,000 years pure.

Our master distillers and blenders use strict diligence and the utmost care to produce our premium quality Vodka. But it is Nature alone that makes ICEBERG pure premium! We are proud to present ICEBERG Vodka. Enjoy it straight up, right out of the freezer, in your favorite mixed drink, or as the purest, driest ICEBERG Martini you've ever tasted.

ICEBERG Vodka, Rated #1

The NY Chapter of Tasters Guild Int'l ranked ICEBERG Vodka #1 in a blind tasting of international super-premium vodkas. ICEBERG Vodka was also awarded the Gold Medal and a *Best Buy* designation at the World Spirits Championships held in Chicago.

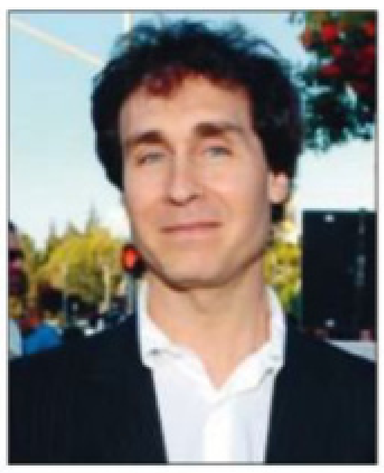
ICEBERG

40% Alcohol by Volume · Distilled from Grain · Cold Filtered
US Importer: Admiral Imports, New York, NY
www.icebergvodka.com • 1-800-582-9463
iceberg@admiralwine.com
Please drink responsibly


ICEBERG
ICEBERG
VODKA
TRIPLE DISTILLED
DISTILLÉ TROIS FOIS
750 mL

COMMENTARY TRACK

Doug Liman



The director of *Go, Swingers,* and *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* tells us how Angelina Jolie became "a brand-new actress."

So what kind of extras did you put on the *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* DVD?
There are multiple commentary tracks. I did a track with Simon Kinberg, the screenwriter, then two of the producers, Akiva Goldsman and Lucas Foster, did a track, and finally, there's a track with an assembly of crew members, including the editor, the designer, and the director of photography. It's really important to me that we get them involved because in a lot of ways, they have the best and most interesting perspective.

Do you hold focus groups for your films?
With *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* that wasn't really an option because there was so much heat and buzz. But I like the preview process. Some filmmakers are like, "I don't care about the audience. I'm making the movie I want to make." But that's not me. The audience is an equal part of the process for me. [With] *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* I really saw it for the first time in front of an audience the night it opened.

Will you do a tenth-anniversary *Swingers*?
I was just talking to John Favreau about the ten-year anniversary. Should we see if there's more footage that would be worthwhile? Because it would just be literally for fun. It would never be about trying to squeeze more money out of it. [*Swingers*] is really special, so we would never do anything to diminish it.

I'm very concerned about studios that take a half-ass cut of a movie and trick the consumers into buying it or going to see it, because Universal did that to me on *Bourne Identity*. They released [the DVD] with a bunch of scenes that I cut out because they were bad, and called it "the new and explosive edition." And if you look on the Internet, people were extremely disappointed. I never, ever want to be associated with that kind of business. I think it's bad for the movie business. If John and I decide to release a new version of *Swingers,* we'll only do it if there's really good material that we feel proud of.

In the case of *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* we did not hold back stuff. We put all the commentaries on it. I went through and picked my favorite deleted scenes. People don't realize it, but putting deleted scenes on DVD is not the simplest process. You actually have to physically finish editing them and finish the sound work and finish the effects work.

I actually buy into what George Lucas has said about the *Star Wars* movies, that they're never finished. They're a work in progress, and he's just going to keep noodling with them. I like that idea. So I noodled a little bit with *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. I finished the movie, [then] I watched it in a bunch of theaters with a lot of audiences in different parts of America. You learn some things about the movie, and you go in and revise it based on what you learned.

Will you go back to *Go*?
Yeah, I guess at some point I'd want to take all my movies and put them together into some kind of collection. That one, on every level, is closest to my heart.

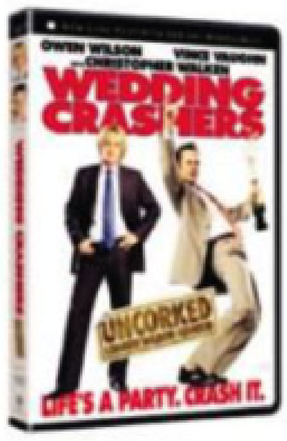
You've been known to work with up-and-coming actors. How different is it to work with Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie?
It's very different, but Brad, and more so Angie, were playing the kinds of roles that they've never played before. So in a way, it wasn't that different. I had never seen Brad play a romantic-comedy lead, and I've certainly never seen Angelina do comedy before, so I really did feel like I was working with two new actors.

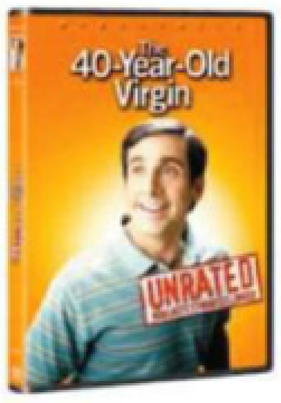
That's the brilliance of my casting director, Joseph Middleton. For the past two years now, I've worked with actors who are internationally known, but I've put them in roles where they'll feel fresh, like you haven't seen them before. Everybody knew who Matt Damon was, but they felt like they were seeing a brand-new actor when they watched *Bourne Identity*. Everyone knows who Angelina Jolie is, but when you go see *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* you're seeing a brand-new actress.



By Barbara Rice Thompson

NEW RELEASES





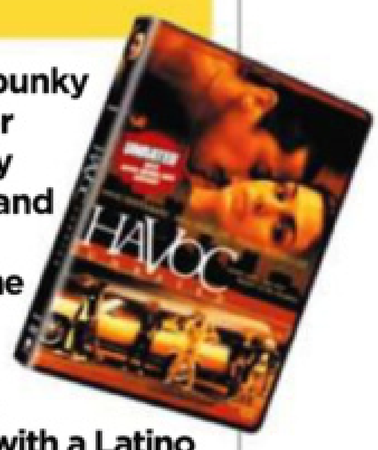
These guys can show you some surefire ways to get laid. Whether playing a virgin is more effective than hitting on bridesmaids is up to you.



Love and Marriage

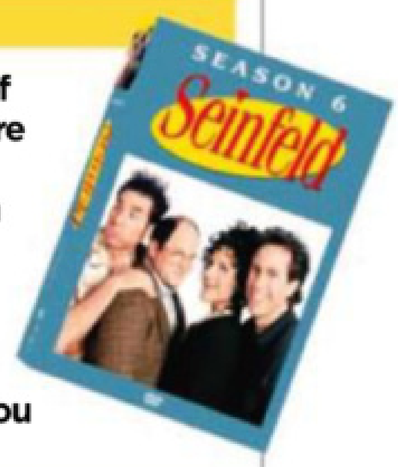
Hollywood has finally figured out how to make romantic comedies that are raunchy enough to appeal to grown men. **The 40-Year-Old Virgin** ($30) gets busy in the privacy of your own home, with extra "You know how I know you're gay" material, feature commentary, deleted scenes with commentary tracks, a waxing doc, and a sex-ed video; the unrated version has additional deleted scenes. If you're ready to make more of a commitment, check out the **Wedding Crashers** DVD ($29). Bonus features include commentary by Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn, lessons-in-crashing featurettes and game, and deleted scenes. The "Uncorked" edition boasts nine additional minutes.

Royal Titties



Anne Hathaway, the spunky brunette known for her roles in the kid-friendly *Princess Diaries* flicks and *Ella Enchanted,* drops her good-girl image. She appears topless in the straight-to-DVD Havoc ($20), the story of rich, bored brats who hang with a Latino gang to entertain themselves.

Stay Puft

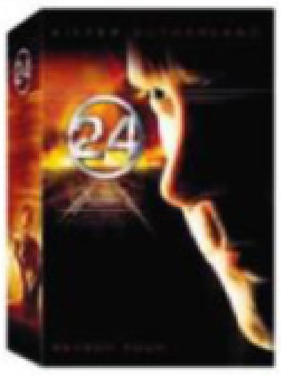


Seasons five and six of Seinfeld ($50 each) are on the way. Or spring for the gift set of both seasons that comes with a puffy shirt and a copy of a handwritten script ($120). (We'll understand if you don't wear the shirt.)

America's Most Wanted

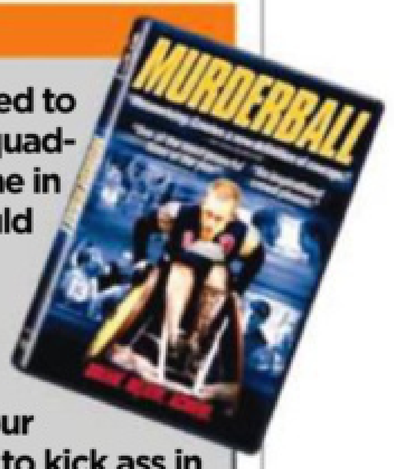
Two of the grittiest dramas on TV—*The Shield* and *24*—return in January, making this the perfect time to catch up on last season's adventures. **The Shield Season Four** ($60)—the first season with Anthony Anderson and Emmy nominee Glenn Close—features cast and crew commentaries, more than 25 deleted scenes, and a doc. Season four of **24** ($70) includes deleted scenes; commentary tracks; *24: Conspiracy Mobisodes,* the mobile-phone episodes that complement the TV eps; and an exclusive prequel to the upcoming season.





Just how many bad days can Jack Bauer have, anyway?

Big Balls



If Hollywood had tried to sell us a tale about quadriplegic rugby, no one in their right mind would have believed a minute of it. But the guys in the documentary Murderball ($30) will restore your faith in man's ability to kick ass in the face of adversity. The disc includes equally kick-ass bonuses, like *Greatest Hits; Keith Getting His Chair;* and the film's tattooed star, Mark Zupan, in *Life According to Zupan* and on MTV's *Jackass.*



QUICK PICKS

The Complete Aeon Flux

Check out MTV's *The Complete Aeon Flux* ($40), which has all ten eps plus the pilot, every "Liquid Television" short, commentary by the creators, and featurettes.

Cinderella Man

The *Cinderella Man* ($30) DVD features commentary tracks and behind-the-scenes docs. The *Collector's Set* ($50) also includes deleted scenes and another half-dozen featurettes.

Edward Scissorhands

Tim Burton's *Edward Scissorhands* arrives in a 15th-anniversary edition packaged in a collectible tin ($20—also available without the tin for $15).

Q&A



Danger Mouse & MF Doom

For their latest record, revered producer DJ Danger Mouse and rapper MF Doom met up to spin beats and lay down rhymes, with the help of Cartoon Network's Adult Swim stars.

How did you two get started on this project?
Danger Mouse: Doom does really crazy concept stuff, and I'm really into that. I had been doing music for Cartoon Network for a few years. We thought, *Why don't we do stuff that involves [Adult Swim]?,* then talked to the producers I knew there. They were really into it. We started working on the record, and weaved in whatever we wanted to from the shows.
MF Doom: All those guys over there are our age. We all grew up on the same hip-hop and rock 'n' roll and comics and cartoons. It was like a big, happy family.
What's your favorite show on Adult Swim?
MF Doom: *Robot Chicken.* I also love the *Fullmetal Alchemist* joint and *Aqua Teen [Hunger Force]* of course, but they keep coming out with so much new stuff that I can never get pigeonholed into having one favorite.
Danger Mouse: I think *Aqua Teen* has gotta be it. It's so off the wall, you never know what's coming next. [Master] Shake, man. Shake is just so funny. He's probably my favorite cartoon character of all time.
What cartoons did you grow up watching?
MF Doom: We didn't watch too much TV, but I remember *Woody Woodpecker* and *Sesame Street.* A lot of my influences are spoofs and parodies. *Benny Hill* was one of those that I used to get a lot of stuff from.
Danger Mouse: *Thundercats, G.I. Joe, Transformers.* I even watched *Jem.* I don't care what anybody says.
She's truly outrageous.
Danger Mouse: Aw, man, that was a good show. I used to love all the *Spider-Man* stuff. I watch more cartoons now than I did when I was ten.
What's your favorite song on the *DangerDoom* record?
Dangermouse: "Benzi Box." Cee-Lo [who guests on the track] is the best lyricist in all of hip-hop right now.
MF Doom: The first one we did, "Crosshairs." It's one of the cuts on the album that doesn't really have anything to do with a cartoon. "Bada Bing" is another one I like. It's just straight-up New York. When I think about that song, I think about the beaches.
Danger Mouse, I've read you have stage fright. Does the mouse costume help?
Danger Mouse: If you were to walk into a room and a thousand people were looking at you for an hour, you'd be freaked out. If you were [just] wearing your clothes, you'd be like, "What are you looking at?" If you put on the mouse costume, you know what they're looking at. That's where it started. Now it's a game-time decision if I want to put it on or not.
What about you, MF Doom? Tell me about your character.
MF Doom: It's a mix of all super-villains. My last name [Dumile] is where I get Doom. Since I was young, everybody used to call me Doom. But then comic books came in and it's like, "Yo, Dr. Doom." He's the underdog cat that didn't quite fit in. I was always gonna call myself Doom, but I needed something to spin it with. The metal face mask is in reference to all villains.
Who's more badass: you or Dr. Doom?
MF Doom: [*Laughs*] I would have to say Dr. Doom. I'm just a regular, average Joe-type dude, but Dr. Doom is an ill dude.
What's next for you?
MF Doom: The Ghostface/Doom collaboration. I've got four or five projects in the pot, including instrumentals. When I get tired of working on one, I'll switch over to the other.
Danger Mouse: I'm working on another record with Damon Albarn from Gorillaz. It's not Gorillaz or Blur.… It's something different, but it's really good. It's not a solo record either. He's the lead singer … but I can't really say. Hopefully, we'll finish it this year and it'll be out next year.

DJ Danger Mouse: "I'm working on another record with Damon Albarn from Gorillaz. It's not Gorillaz or Blur. It's something different, but it's really good."

By Rebecca Swanner

REVIEWS

System of a Down

***Hypnotize,* (Columbia) ★★★★★**

When System of a Down first hit the L.A. strip nearly ten years ago, no one—except perhaps Rick Rubin—thought they were going to make it, much less become one of the hottest bands of the new millennium. But their mix of updated prog-rock and politically up-front lyrics have helped them sell millions of records and consistently hit the top of the charts. *Hypnotize*, recorded with Rubin at the same time as this year's *Mezmerize*, pounds the same drum as the first, but with an underlying sadness.

That doesn't mean they've gotten soft. One of the harder tracks, "Attack," is driven by Serj Tankian's breakneck vocals and John Dolmayan's relentless drumming. On "Tantalize," SOAD begs the question about the Iraqi people, "Where did you expect them to go when the bombs fell?" There are less angry songs, too, like "Vicinity"—a strange song sung in falsetto that reveals the band's unique sense of humor. We expect *Hypnotize* to help System continue their world domination.

***Penthouse* Pick: "Tantalize"**



NOTABLE MENTIONS

Fort Minor— *The Rising Tied* (Machine Shop)

Korn— *Souvenir of Sadness* (Virgin)

Bigg Jus— *Poor People's Day* (Mush)

Your girlfriend might like: Green Day— *Bullet in a Bible* DVD (Reprise)



★★★★

Lady Sovereign

***Vertically Challenged* (Chocolate Industries)**

When Jay-Z and Usher are courting a new MC, it's time to pay attention. Until her full-length drops next year, we'll be enjoying the up-tempo "Cha Ching" and Beastie Boy Ad Rock's remix of "A Little Bit of Shhh!"



★★★★★

Trey Anastasio

***Shine* (Columbia)**

We know it won't fill the void Phish left behind, but frontman Trey Anastasio's latest solo record is full of the trademark Phish energy that may help you get back on your feet. Plus, you might even convince your non-hippie friends that Trey's cool.

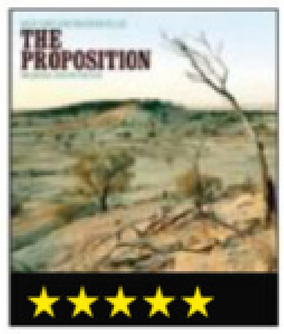


★★★

P.O.D.

***Testify* (Atlantic)**

On their last effort, vocalist Sonny Sandoval showed off his singing ability in lieu of screaming on a handful of tracks. This time, they take it a step further with a laid-back, reggae-influenced record that focuses more on harmony and lyrics than metal.



★★★★★

Nick Cave

***Proposition* (EMI)**

Last year, the king of melancholy rock broke into the mainstream. Now he's written a screenplay, and with fellow Bad Seed Warren Ellis, its soundtrack. The record features rich characters and eerie melodies, but what else did you expect?

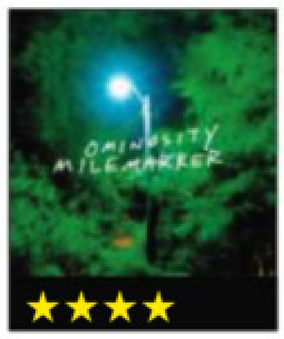


★★★

Blink-182

***Greatest Hits* (Geffen)**

When a band is "on hiatus," and they're all pursuing side projects, we assume they've broken up. For those of you holding your breath for Blink's return, enjoy this best-of record that includes the previously unreleased "Not Now."

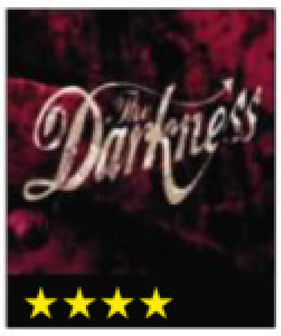


★★★★

Milemarker

***Ominosity* (Eyeball)**

This post-hardcore band garnered attention when Thrice named their breakout record after a story by Milemarker's Al Burian. Here, they show off how they, too, can be lyrically complex and dissonant one moment, and raw and avant-garde the next.



★★★★

The Darkness

***One Way Ticket to Hell ... and Back* (Atlantic)**

Apparently, despite the zebra unitards, the Darkness aren't faking it. Lead singer Justin Hawkins howls on the seventies-influenced tracks, and we were giddy to find out that there is, indeed, more cowbell.



HOLIDAY SHOWDOWN

Christmas vs. Hanukkah

Get ready to sling eggnog and fry latkes. We pitted two holiday solo records against each other to help us determine which holiday is all about the music.

BRIAN WILSON, music legend and cofounder of the Beach Boys, brings the Christmas spirit on *What I Really Want for Christmas,* his first solo record since the release of *SMiLE*.



LEEVEES (Adam Gardner, the lead guitarist for Massachusetts darlings Guster, and the Zambonis' Dave Schneider) discover eight nights of rocking, when there should have been only one on *Hanukkah Rocks.*



HUMOR FACTOR

Low. While songs like "Little Saint Nick" are cute, most are pious renditions of old standbys ("O Holy Night"). Although trying to pronounce "Auld Lang Syne" can be amusing.

High. Songs like "Latke Clan" and "Jewish Girls (At the Matzo Ball)" are funnier than a Moyel on acid.

Advantage: Hanukkah

GIFT GREED

Every year, millions of dollars spent on advertising come down to one day of presents that requires everyone to max out their credit cards.

Eight nights of presents. Need we say more?

Advantage: Hanukkah



HOLIDAY HAZARDS

Huge. Between the strings of lights, glass ornaments on the tree, endless trays of Christmas cookies, and your aunt's nasty fruitcake, you're lucky if you make it through the holiday without a trip to the emergency room.

Tiny. You're not likely to burn down your house with eight candles as long as you have a sturdy menorah.

Advantage: Christmas. The risk of danger adds to the fun.

SEASONAL SONGWRITERS

Brian Setzer, Barenaked Ladies, Kenny Rogers, They Might Be Giants, Backstreet Boys, Jethro Tull, William Hung, Barney the Dinosaur, and the list continues …

Adam Sandler and Ben Kweller

Tie: We'd take Sandler over the Backstreet Boys any day, but we can't deny the numbers behind the Christians.



POSSIBLE SPELLINGS

Two.

At least 13. See "How Do You Spell Channuakkahh?" for assistance.

Advantage: Christmas. For those of us with suspect spelling skills, we'll take simplicity any day of the week.

BOTTOM LINE

Unless you're a humbug, Brian Wilson will have you decking the halls this year with his Beach Boys–style melodies.

It's hilarious, hooky, and until David Lee Roth puts out a holiday album called *Eight "Crazy From the Heat" Nights,* we have to go with *Hanukkah Rocks*. Plus, we have yet to hear a Christmas record that addresses the burning question "Applesauce vs. Sour Cream."

WINNER: Both! Despite the massive attention devoted to Christmas, it can't blast the wry Hanukkah out of the water.

UNDER THE RADAR



THE LIVING THINGS' first record, *Black Skies in Broad Daylight,* may have been recorded by producer extraordinaire Steve Albini (Pixies, Nirvana), but it got lost in the garage-rock shuffle. Between records, the three black-clad Berlin brothers (Lillian, Eve, and Bosh) went on tour with Velvet Revolver and the Libertines, and got some much-needed face time with fans. Now, with their third Albini-aided effort, *Ahead of the Lions,* they're poised to break through.



Flawless

3 VODKA, THE ONLY VODKA IN THE WORLD DISTILLED FROM SOY.

VIBE Top Ten Must-Have Items

USA TODAY "Miraculous....A match made in heaven. A vodka distilled from soy."

COSMOPOLITAN "A drink trend that's storming the bar scene."

DRINKS MAGAZINE "3 Vodka is definitely one of the most preferred vodkas in the spirit world. The fact that 3 Vodka is distilled from elements of the soy plant, it takes the bite out of the spirit."

NIGHTCLUB & BAR MAGAZINE "It glides over the palate, then quietly slips away…a spirit remarkable in taste and design."

ROBB REPORT "Best of the best. 3 is without peer as the foundation of the ultimate vodka martini."

3 VODKA®
ASK FOR IT BY NUMBER™

NO CARBS

© 2005 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g

3VODKA.COM

ROCK BAR

After eight years, countless VIP after-parties, and a steady flow of rock stars at his East Village bar, Niagara, Jesse Malin's ready to start again with a new bar and an upcoming record.

What's cool about owning your own bar?
When you first open a place, you're excited because you're like, *Wow, I can put on the jukebox, turn it up really loud, and no one can complain! We can dance on the bar, and you and your girlfriend can have sex on the stage.* But after a while, it sometimes starts to feel like work.

You have a history with the corner Niagara sits on.
When I was a kid, I started this hardcore band called Heart Attack. Our manager told us, "I got you a gig at this hardcore club called A7. It's new, it's gritty … it's down on Avenue A." This room where we're sitting right now was the stage, and the entrance was on the side. All the equipment was nailed down—you only had to bring your guitars. I would come here to play and see the Beastie Boys, the Bad Brains, and Black Flag.

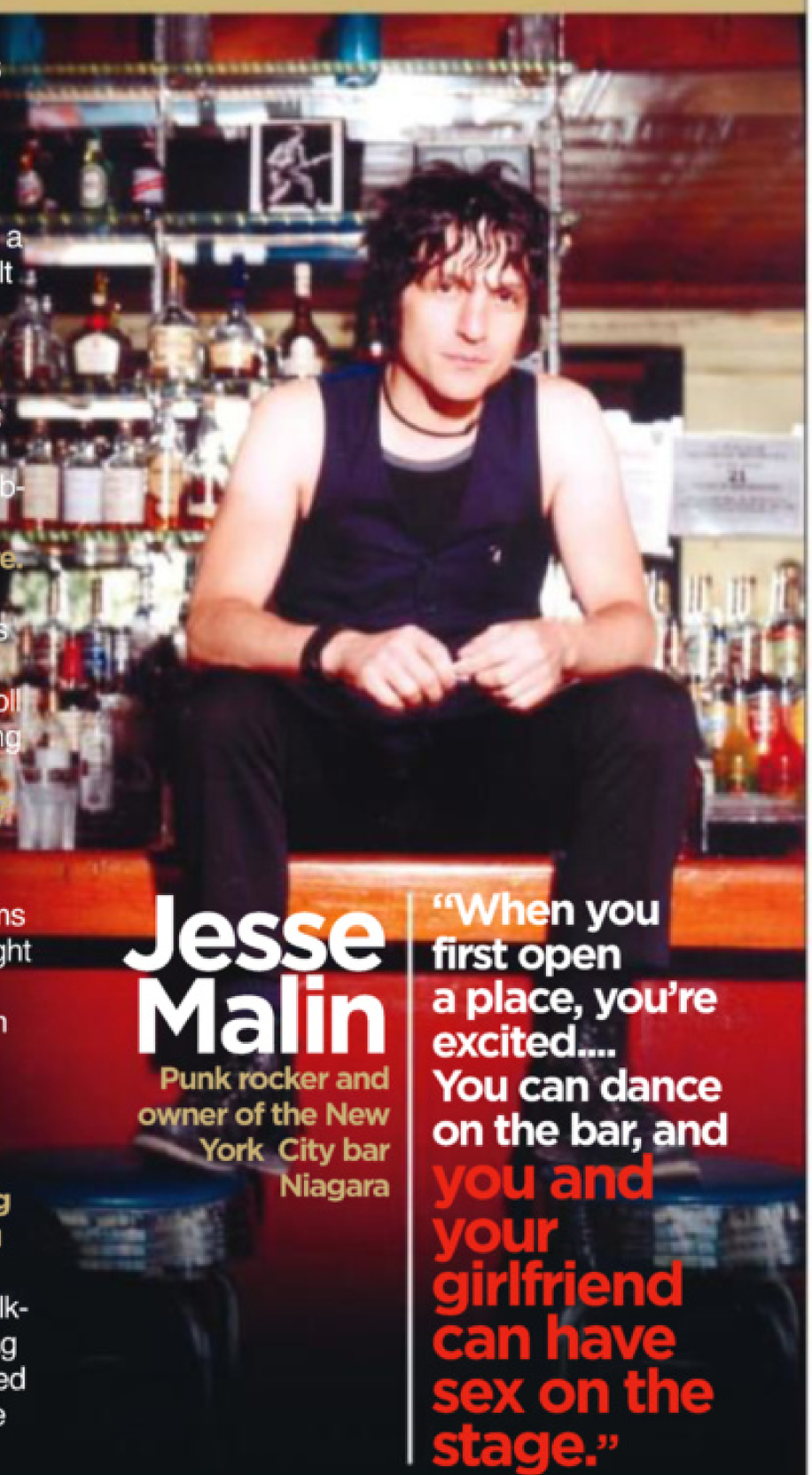
Was it hard to get a gig there?
You could just show up say, "Can we play tonight?" You couldn't make a ton of money, but you would always get $100. In the hair-band days, it became King Tut's Wawa Hut. I was the door guy checking IDs for a little while. It was my first club job, and I sat next to some guy who kept running to the bathroom. I guess he was doing some kind of substance transaction.

What made you want to open Niagara?
It came out of a Frank Sinatra fantasy. [Co-owner Johnny T and I] were wearing suits at the time—it was right before that swing thing busted out. I had all my rock 'n' roll records at Coney Island High, so we had a rule—we didn't play anything past 1963. It was a lot of fifties, Motown, and Sinatra. The tiki bar downstairs seemed to fit in, because I always like to go other places and sip big margaritas. After I got my first record deal, that led into [starting] Coney Island High, and after that I had some publishing money, which came into Niagara.

But you don't just play only oldies here.
We got so sick of hearing those fifties records. [*Laughs*] A couple of the deejays got fired, and we started mixing it up. We still have a policy of keeping it a rock 'n' roll bar. If people are yelling to play the "Thong Song," I'll give them some Public Enemy.

Does Niagara have a celebrity appeal?
Most of the people in the VIP area are friends, or friends of friends. Like, the Strokes might bring somebody in. It seems that musicians seem to unwind as the night gets later. I stay until it closes, but I don't like too many nights walking out at nine in the morning with sunglasses on. It's fun once in a while, but I like waking up the next day feeling good, going for a run. Sweat out a little booze.

Speaking of musicians, you're working on your new record right now. Do you have a label?
No. Though it's not official, we've been talking to Billie Joe [Armstrong]. They're going to start a label through Warner Bros. called Out of Line, so we're talking about maybe doing a record for them.



OTHER MUSICIAN-OWNED BARS ...

SNITCH



Though the velvet rope is difficult to penetrate, once you do, Snitch is the perfect place for drinking Bud, checking out the celebrity scene, and watching musicians rock out onstage.
Owners: Velvet Revolver and Fuel
Location: New York City

ROKBAR



With punk and rock 'n' roll theme nights, chandeliers wrapped in plastic, and every inch filled with people dancing and throwing back pricey champagne, it's no surprise Rokbar is owned by one of rock's most notorious musicians.
Owner: Tommy Lee
Location: Miami/Los Angeles

40/40 CLUB



This über-modern sports bar has two floors, sixties-style chairs hanging from the ceiling, frosted glass everywhere, and three VIP rooms upstairs, complete with giant TVs and pool tables.
Owner: Jay-Z
Location: New York City


"WINNER" "BEST PLACE FOR DINNER AND A DANCE" - Esquire Magazine
"The REMARKABLE thing is how nicely topless dancing enhances the eating of GOOD FOOD, and the other way around."
- Jeffrey Steingarten - Vogue Magazine
...it's "worth every dollar" to "FEEL LIKE A ROCKSTAR" as you eyeball the "BEST GIRLS IN THE CITY"
- NYC Nightlife
★★★★★
"5 Star RESTAURANT"
Metro TV - Naked New York
Robert's
STEAKHOUSE
Never A Cover Charge When Dining
NYC'S MOST UPSCALE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
PENTHOUSE
EXECUTIVE CLUB™
ZAGAT RATINGS:
APPEAL 25 DECOR 22 SERVICE 24
VERY GOOD TO EXCELLENT
SPECTACULAR TWO STORY ATRIUM | FLOATING STAGES | PENTHOUSE SUITES | PRIVATE THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES
PRIVATE CELEBRITY ELEVATOR | WINE CELLAR | PRIVATE DINING ROOM | VALET PARKING
603 W 45TH ST., CORNER 11TH AVE., NYC. 212.245.0002 www.penthouseexecutiveclub.com
© Copyright 2005
FOR COMPLIMENTARY ADMISSION PLEASE CALL 1.800.917.0013 OR EMAIL US AT INFO @ PECNYC.COM



"I ONLY DATE GAMERS."

What's in a name? Ask the ferocious Kat Hunter, member of professional female gaming group the Frag Dolls, cohost of *Reset* on Yahoo!, and correspondent on GameTrailers.com's *GT Weekly*.

When did you first realize you had a gift for gaming?
Five years ago, I became an obsessive Xbox player. Blame *Oddworld: Munch's Oddysee*. I was the Webmaster for GameDaily.com, and I'd stay at the office playing until 2 A.M. every night.

Why make a career of it?
Fear of poverty. I applied at Ubisoft for a job. They didn't hire me, but they were holding a casting call for a team called the Frag Dolls.... I basically had to beat the company's employees in first-person-shooter multiplayer matches.

How does it feel being the benchmark for female gamers?
Actually, it sucks. Whenever I'm labeled as such, women start shouting about how I don't represent them and they don't look like me. I'm not trying to represent female gamers, just bring them more attention.

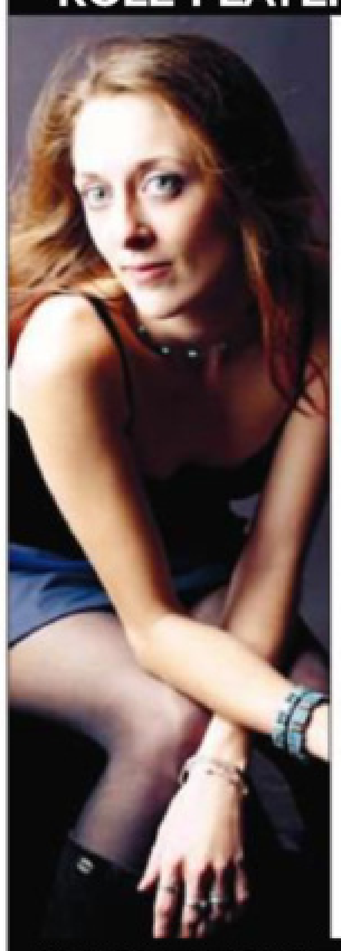
Are the rumors of attractive women playing online exaggerated?
No way! I play with a ton of hot women.

Any tips for guys hoping to get their girl into the pastime?
Don't assume she knows how blaster rifles work. She'll think she will look stupid if she has to ask. Find a straightforward game and give her the chance to play the hell out of single-player mode. She can learn the controls and can try multiplayer when she's mastered them.

What do you look for in a potential sparring partner?
I'll say this: There's nothing better than a man who knows how to give good headshots.

Catch Kat's blog at KatHunter.com.

"ROLE-PLAYERS ARE EXTREMELY SEXY!"



Sophie Blakemore, one of the designers at Creative Assembly who worked on Sega's Roman Empire–era battle simulator, *Spartan: Total Warrior*.

Growing up as a girl gamer, were you popular with the boys?
Hardly. I was an oddity. Guys would view me with suspicion.
And now?
Much the same. It's only after kicking their ass at *Counter-Strike* that I get some respect.
What do you think of the way females are portrayed in games?
Put it this way: I never understood why every female character has to have double-D breasts. But hey, sex sells.
So you're not a *Tomb Raider* fan then....
[*Laughs*] Lara Croft rocks! Guys drool over her, and why not? She's voluptuous, with an hourglass figure—she looks like a real woman. Besides, she hunts T. rexes with Uzis! All other rivals have been poor imitations.
Why are women so late getting into the game?
The competitive element is off-putting. And games' topics are all wrong. Women just enjoy the experience of playing. It's why so many love *Dance Dance Revolution* and *Donkey Konga*.
What changed?
Ten years ago, gamers were geeks. It's a social thing now, and we can't get enough.
Speaking of, you wouldn't mind mingling with couch potatoes during off-hours?
Not at all. Role-players especially are extremely sexy. They're open, friendly, and less judgmental than most.
Any tips for guys looking to hook up for a death match?
Don't hit on me during gameplay. It's not a dating service! There I'll be, stalking the halls, shotgun in hand, when someone asks me out for beers. Buzzkill!

"I LOVE TO GEEK OUT!"

Raychul Moore lives and breathes video games, whether she's reading about them or just kicking your butt in *Halo 2*.

How long have you been a gamer?
Since the first Nintendo came out with *Duck Hunt* and *Super Mario Bros*. I got lost when Genesis came out, but I picked back up with PlayStation and I've been hard-core since.
What do you like to play?
Mario, survival horror games, and first-person shooters. Anything with a lot of blood and gore.
Do you like to play with others, or by yourself?
Right now, I'm pretty much playing only online. I'm playing *Doom 3, Burnout 3,* and *Halo 2*.
What keeps you so hooked?
I think it's nice to be able to step out of the norm and do stuff like in *Grand Theft Auto*. You get to run around, run people over, sleep with hookers, and kill them. I can't do that in real life. These days, games are so big and open-ended. You can just go and have fun.
Are you playing any offline games right now?
I'm playing *Nintendogs*. It's so cute! I turn on my DS, and my little puppy is there waiting.
What kind of dog do you have?
A Chihuahua named Sweetie. She was too cute to name Killer!
What do you think is the biggest misconception about female gamers?
That we don't know how to play the big-boy games. I hate getting onto *Halo 2* when guys are like, "Oh, that's a girl gamer. She's not going to be able to play." Then you completely annihilate them and they get mad about it!
Do guys have to know about gaming for you to be into them?
I could be totally interested in a guy, and if he doesn't know about video games, that's it. There is no chance there will ever be a future. I would like a boyfriend who can play with me, and talk about the newest consoles and video games coming out, and just totally geek out. I love to geek out.
Really?
It's such a turn-on. If two guys are talking about gigabytes and megahertz, I just like to sit back and I'm like, "This is really hot." I love geeky guys!

See a *whole* lot more of Raychul at Raychul.com.



"PEOPLE DON'T BELIEVE I'M A GAMER."

Quest for Antonia spokes-model finalist Teresa Noreen is like the 60,000 women who make up 20 percent of *EverQuest II*'s subscriber base: She adores online dungeon crawling.

How long have you been gaming?
Since 1992. I was a *Dungeons & Dragons* fan back then. The guy I was dating was the Dungeon Master.
We bet he was. Any all-time favorite titles you'd care to shout out?
I'm a Super Nintendo girl at heart. *Street Fighter 2* and *Final Fantasy* are awesome. *The Legend of Zelda: Link to the Past* is also tops on my list.
Where were you when we were in Nirvana T-shirts and baggy jeans?
A small town north of Spokane, Washington. So small, in fact, I didn't know all the stereotypical connotations about females in the gaming world. Although my friends were all guys. That should've told me something.
Still bowling the lads over these days?
You bet. Granted, people don't believe me when I tell them I'm a gamer. Because I'm attractive, they think I'm only interested in clothing or makeup.
Why, of all games to fixate on, *EverQuest II*?
I've always loved fantasy. I play two high-elf female mages, one on the Antonia Bayle server and one on the Oasis server. I'm even part of a guild.
Just how much attention do you attract from horny gnomes?
A lot. The funniest was this one guy. His pickup line started out with, "I'm not a stalker, but…." That's never a good sign, is it?
What's the foremost misconception about female gamers you'd like to clear up?
We're not all ugly basement-dwellers hiding out from the real world!
Can a guy who spends all day pretending to be a necromancer really get in your pants?
Sure. Gaming takes intelligence. I find that very attractive in a man. It's sexier than being a jock.

Check out this role-player in the flesh at TNoreen.com.





BEST IN SHOW





★★★★★

GUN

(Xbox 360) Activision

Except for *Darkwatch* and *Red Dead Revolver,* the gaming industry has mostly ignored the Wild West. While settings like outer space, dense jungles, and abandoned insane asylums have become cliché, *Gun* takes a chance in tumbleweed country. From what we've seen, it succeeds. You play Colton White, voiced by *The Punisher*'s Thomas Jane (see sidebar), a cowboy out for revenge after he sees the man he thought was his father gunned down in front of him. As you journey forward to unearth his heritage, you'll witness the wild of the West firsthand. It's a place where a bad poker game will get you killed, and you can't even trust the preachers. But at least you're armed with the necessities: six-shooters, hatchets, and dynamite. Crude, yes, but effective.





CALAMITY JANE

Thomas Jane talks about what it's like being a cowboy. Or just playing one.



Are you a fan of Westerns?
Yeah. I grew up with Westerns as a kid. I was always watching John Ford, John Wayne, Sergio Leone, Clint Eastwood … all those guys.

Who would win in a fight: John Wayne or Clint Eastwood?
[*Laughs*] I don't know.… John's dead, so I guess that makes Clint the de facto winner.

Fair enough. How does voice-over acting differ from your work in feature films?
It's a lot different. In an animated movie, they'll film you while you're doing your part, and you'll act with a bunch of other actors. Then they'll animate to the voices. They don't do that with video games yet.

Did you enjoy doing it?
It's a love/hate relationship. It's a challenge. They're not making Westerns these days, so I figure this was the closest I'd get to it. I got to do the climactic good guy/bad guy scene with Lance Henriksen. That was the highlight of my *Gun* experience.

Did you change anything in the script?
When I first got the script, [Colton] had a different name, like Seth or something. I thought, *That's not a cowboy name. If I'm gonna play a cowboy, name him like a cowboy.* They then came up with Colton White, which is a lot better than what they had before.

By Rebecca Swanner

SEQUEL ALERT!





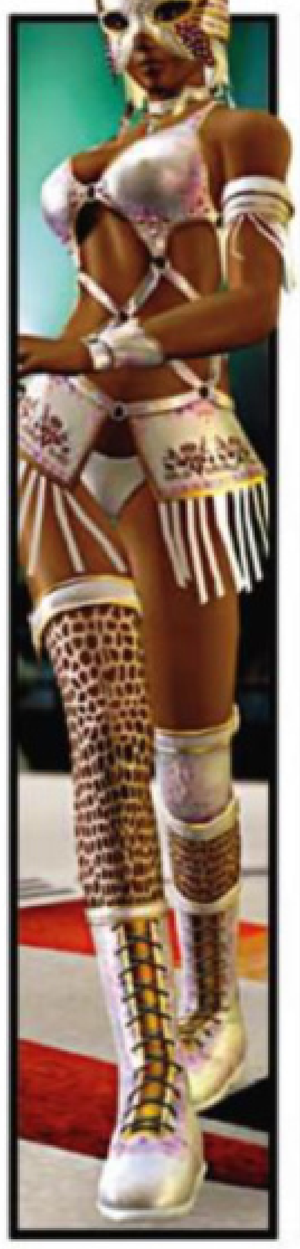


★★★★

Prince of Persia 3

(Xbox, PS2, GC) Ubisoft

Unlike, say, the *Scary Movie* series, there's a reason they keep making sequels to *Prince of Persia:* It has a great story line. This time, the evil power within the sand has awakened the Dark Prince within our hero, slowly possessing more of his soul as the game progresses. With a larger environment than the previous two titles and giant *God of War*–style bosses, the game feels more epic—but don't worry: The hand-to-hand combat is as strong as ever.





★★★★★

Dead or Alive 4

(Xbox 360) Tecmo

Both the Xbox 360 and the *Dead or Alive* series have been touted for their incredible graphics, so it's no surprise that *DOA* is one of the launch titles for the console. This time around, the fighting game brings supremely detailed visuals, a handful of new characters, and old favorites like *DOA 3*'s Brad and Christine to your living room. Plus, the online play has been bumped up by the 360's extensive *Live* features and *DOA*'s insane customization.

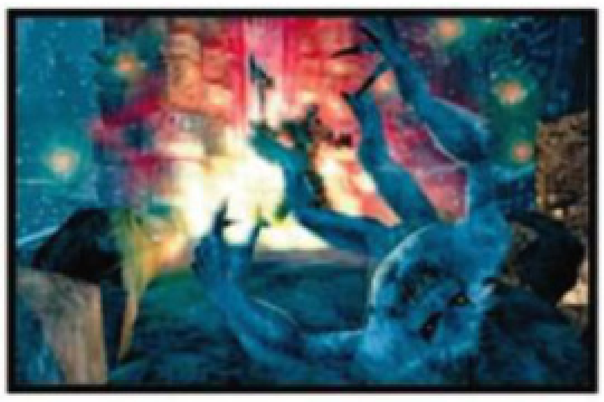


★★★★★

Call of Duty 2

(Xbox 360, PC) Activision

CoD returns with the same cinematic intensity that made the original a colossal hit among fans of war-based games. As in the original, you are able to control three Allied forces: Russia, Britain, and the United States, depending on whether you're taking Normandy's beachhead or North Africa. The controls are as precise as the first *CoD,* but we like the removal of all health gauges because it lets you keep your eye on the prize.

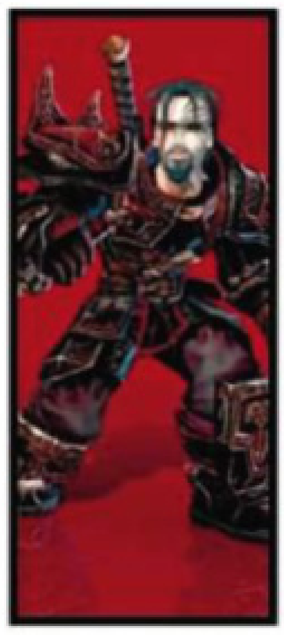


★★★

Fable: The Lost Chapters

(Xbox, PC) Microsoft

When *Fable* came out, it turned quite a few gamers' heads. The depth to which you could develop your character was great. But the length of the game—not so much. This expansion allows the *Fable* gamer to travel to nine unexplored worlds, fight more enemy types, and access a series of new weapons in the Albion universe. With room to run, you'll learn more about other characters—and yourself—than you could from the original.





★★★

Need For Speed: Most Wanted

(PS2, Xbox, GC, Xbox 360, GBA, DS, PSP, PC) EA

Speed through the streets in your pimped-out vehicle and watch your reputation soar! We loved that this grittier *Most Wanted* title continues in the series' tradition of exhilarating police chases and intensive customization. Though admittedly, even this rebel swerved off-course a handful of times and botched our time thinking about the game's sexy star, actress Josie Maran.

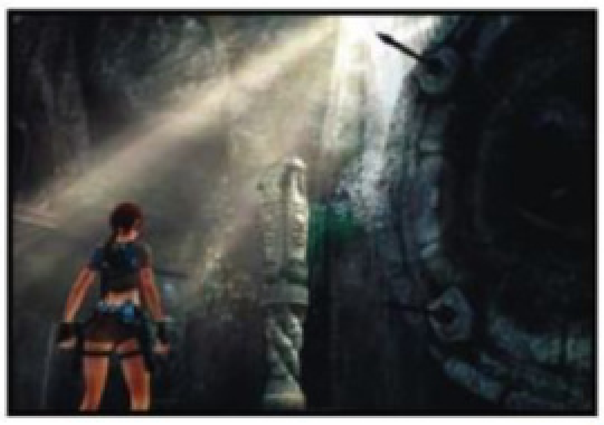
HOTTEST GAMES OF 2006



PREY

(Xbox 360, PC, PS3) 2K Games

In a gaming era bogged down with countless futuristic, sci-fi, first-person shooters, a title needs a good angle to stand out. How about the unique backstory of *Prey*'s reluctant hero, Tommy, a Native American who's hesitant to use his powers? When Tommy finds himself trapped on an alien ship complete with gooey, visceral hallways; ravenous, pissed-off beasts; and wraiths that turn children into maniacal killers, he's got to step into the spirit world and kick some ass.



TOMB RAIDER: LEGEND

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2, PSP, PC) Eidos

We loved Lara in *Tomb Raider,* but by the time *The Angel of Darkness* had come around, we were skeptical of her next move. That is, until we checked out *Legend.* Though Lara's appearance has changed a bit, she's back in the tombs doing what she does best: hunting for treasure and kicking enemy butt. Plus, she's swapped her magic backpack for a Batman-style belt, complete with a handy light and a magnetic grappling hook.



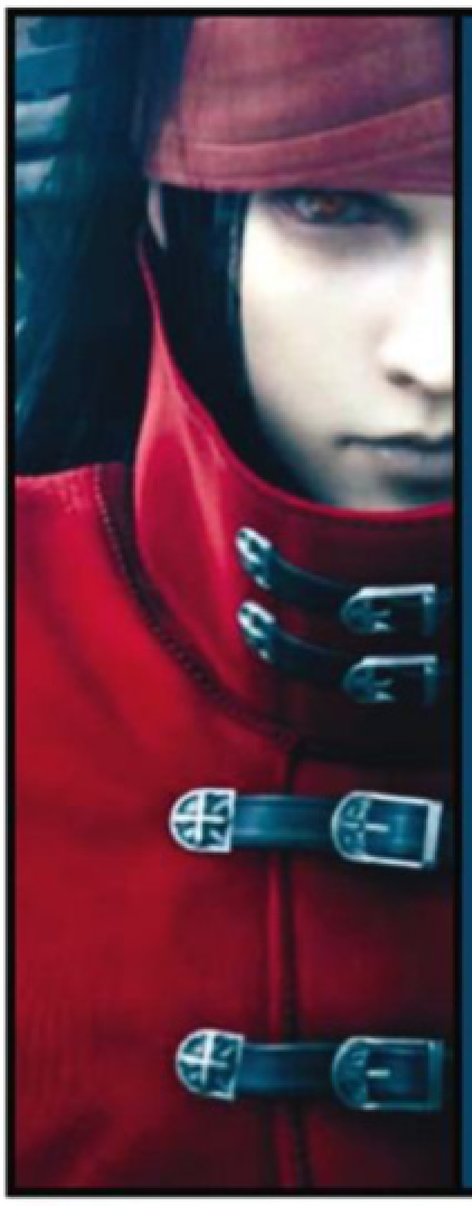


FINAL FANTASY VII: DIRGE OF CEREBUS

(PS2) Square-Enix

After seven years, Square-Enix has turned its focus back to the brilliant *FFVII* and is beginning to release a collection of games tied to the original. In *DoC,* you'll get to play as mysterious vampire Vincent Valentine. As expected, you'll employ a whole arsenal of weapons, from rifles to machine guns to your standard pistol. Our only qualm is that while the missions aren't easy, they're directed, prohibiting Vincent from roaming free in his world.

USE YOUR THUMBS



Our Favorite Handheld Games



STEALTH

(PSP) SCEA

Despite tanking this summer (even with Jamie Foxx!), the action flick *Stealth* has returned in UMD format. Included this time is a special movie edition of the incredibly addictive racing game *Wipeout Pure* that features three new levels. Plus, the disc also comes with the 2.0 PSP upgrade for Web browsing.



THE LORD OF THE RINGS TACTICS

(PSP) EA

Tactical games have often been mere placeholders for future big-name titles, though some, such as *Final Fantasy Tactics,* have taken on a life of their own. Here, the Tolkien characters from all three films (and novels) come together for great strategic action with up to three of your friends.



ADVENT CHILDREN

(PSP) Square-Enix

This month you'll be able to buy *Advent Children* for your PSP. All your favorite *FFVII* characters will be back: Cloud, Sephiroth, even Aeris. The new villains, incredible digitally rendered action scenes, and old friends should be enough to satisfy you until the remake of *FFVII* comes around.

Have You Seen The New

PENTHOUSE.COM?

30 Years of
Penthouse Pets

DVD-quality
Video Downloads

Readers' Sex
Letters Archive

& Much More!

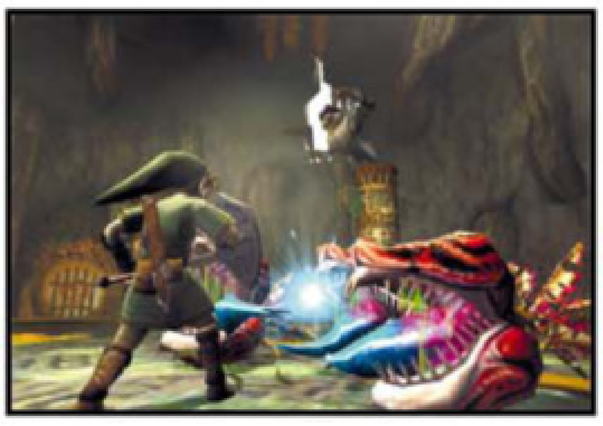


PENTHOUSE.COM

Go to Penthouse.com and See a Free Preview Today!



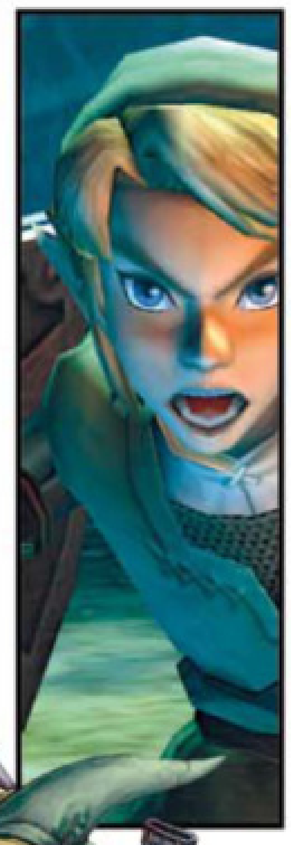
HOTTEST GAMES OF 2006



Zelda: Twilight Princess

(GC) Nintendo

First it was fall. Then winter. Then, suddenly, Zelda got pushed to next year! With almost any other title, we'd worry that there are major problems within the game. But with perfectionist Shigeru Miyamoto holding the creative reins, we know that despite our distress, the wait will be worth it. Expect an exhilarating chase scene on horseback, great combat moves, a more adult-looking Link, and enough drama to impress the producers of *The Surreal Life*.





Metal Gear Solid 3: Subsistence

(PS2) Konami

In an effort to keep rabid *MGS* fans at bay until *MGS 4* debuts on the PS3, Konami will release the first online version of the excellent series. After other FPS multiplayer games have soared in popularity, it looks like *MGS* will finally get its due. Through a variety of modes, like "death-match" and "capture the frog," you'll be able to take on others in either FPS or third-person across the online divide as one of gaming's best badasses: Solid Snake.

CUTTING EDGE

Be@rbrick, Qees, Mimobot



These "designer toys" were all conceived by individual artists, have a unique style, and come in limited quantities. One of the newest, Mimobot, is certainly cool-looking, but it's also useful. Inside each of the eight different characters is a flash drive whose size ranges from 256 megabytes to one gigabyte.

These computer critters feature the designs of Mexican artist Yahid Rodriguez and, at a little over two inches, they're smaller than a pack of gum. Though you'll be paying almost twice as much ($69.95 to $139.95) for these monsters as you would for a standard flash drive, the benefits are worth it. The Mimobots come with nine exclusive songs from drum-and-bass DJ DB, and feature a locking mechanism that ensures you won't lose the "top" of your flash drive. Up to 1,000 of each Mimobot will be produced, so unless you grab them soon, you'll have to wait for the next series, designed by a new set of artists. Lab.Mimoco.com



On the horizon:

Devil May Cry 4

Metal Gear Solid 4

GTA 4

New Super Mario Bros.

Spore

What The ...?

We don't quite understand this *Dragon Que* peripheral either, but it's big in Japan. Slime Controller from Hori. $39.99. EBGames.com



STIMULATE

your body, mind & soul

Bathe in the Caribbean's turquoise waters, bask in the tropical sun, and indulge your every desire on a 6 or 13 day expedition through paradise from just $700.

Call to learn more about our year-round Singles Only and "Pirate Certified" cruises.

800-327-2600 ext. 6261 **windjammer.com**

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises LTD.

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Tristan Prettyman

The surfer/singer trades the San Diego coffeehouse circuit for a world tour in support of her first full-length record, *twentythree*.



On Tristan Prettyman's first single, "Love, Love, Love," ocean waves lap behind an acoustic riff. "Music and surfing are the only things I've ever stuck with in my life," says the 23-year-old, who started playing to audiences at SoCal coffee bars just a few years ago. She may not get to surf every day, but thanks to loyal fans and a Virgin Records deal, she can make music whenever she wants.



When did things really start happening for you?
From the very first moment I said I was going to try this, it just never stopped rolling. I would get off one tour and get a call two weeks later with an offer for another tour. I went on tour with G. Love where I met my manager, which sparked a booking agent, and that sparked meetings with all the record labels … it just kept going.

By Jonathan Stern

Do your parents approve of what you do for a living?
My parents were like, "You should stay away from college and just go for it because it really makes you happy." After they said that, I was like, "Got a green light from the parents! Okay!"

Like a lot of musicians, you keep a blog on your Website, and you're on MySpace.com. Is it cool to be so connected to fans, or dangerous?
In some way, it could be bad. That's the whole thing about celebrity—these people that we can't touch [who] are treated like royalty. I just don't want to be like that. I think the harder you are to reach, the crazier people get. I have nothing to hide. I'm very honest with my writing, and I'm going to be the same way with my fans.

Is there anybody you're a fan of who's defied your expectations when you met him or her?
I met Norah Jones a couple of months ago, through [songwriter] Jesse Harris. We all went to dinner and she's like, "You want my meatball?" I'm like, "Hello! Norah Jones just asked me if I wanted one of her meatballs!" Here's a girl that sold a bajillion copies of her record and travels all over the world, and she's got stretchy little pants on, a Gap purse, and she's totally mellow.

You've been touring a lot. Is there a single gig that stands out as the best?
Recently I played the Oxygen Network, and it felt like I was playing a show. They were really thankful I took time out of my day to come out there and play. I walked out thinking, *I just wanted to camp out in their hallway and hand out coffee to people.*

Have you ever wanted to grab an electric guitar and rock out one night?
I want to do country! When I was making the record, my producer said that it kind of had a country feel to it. My mom said that my grandfather would bounce me up and down on his knee when I was little to Dolly Parton and Johnny Cash. So my album is dedicated to my grandma and grandpa. It's easier than naming all the hundred people I needed to thank.

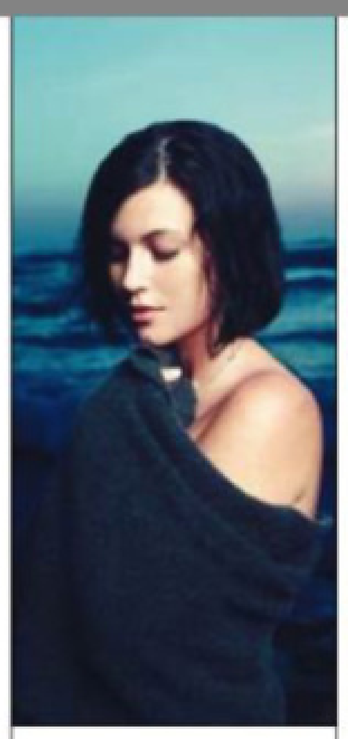
You collaborated on *twentythree* with a couple of artists, like Grammy-winner Jesse Harris. Who else?
G. Love does a little harmonica action, Lee Alexander plays bass, and Matt Johnson plays drums. When [the label] told me they had actually gotten the drummer that played on Jeff Buckley's *Grace,* I was like, "Holy shit!"

Do you find it hard to collaborate?
Yes, unless it happens really naturally, like my duet with Jason [Mraz]. In the beginning, the label wanted me to cowrite. I said, "Okay, but only with people I want to cowrite with." Jesse Harris was one of them. We sat down and I'm like, "Have you ever cowritten?" He says, "No. Have you?" We just jammed out for two hours.

But didn't Jesse cowrite "Don't Know Why" with Norah Jones?
He did. He cowrote in the sense that he wrote the songs and she sang them, but he never had actually sat down with someone and did it together.

You're not shaking him, saying, "Give me some of that Grammy gold!"
[*Laughs*] Yeah, exactly. No, no, no. We became really good friends. I think if I have to cowrite with somebody, he's the only person I can do it with.

What are you listening to right now?
Amos Lee, or this girl Brandi Carlile. My iPod has turned into my curse because there's so much music [I've listened to] that when I go to write a song, it sounds like something I've heard already.



"I think the harder you are to reach, the crazier people get. I have nothing to hide. I'm very honest with my writing, and I'm going to be the same way with my fans."



You're from San Diego and have been known to ride the waves, so I have to ask: Surfing—what's up with it?
[*Laughs*] That's the best question I've been asked in a long time. It's addicting. From the second I stood up, I wanted to go all the time, every day. Maybe it's the whole floating on water thing? You're so light on your feet when you get it right for the first time.

Is there someplace you hope music takes you geographically?
I went to Japan. I'm like, "Holy shit, I'm not on vacation. I'm here to play music in this other country."

Are you huge in Japan?
I am huge in Japan. Actually, the president of Virgin e-mailed me earlier and said, "You can officially say you're huge in Japan," because my single has been No.1 on the charts. Hey … are you going to ask me anything about *Penthouse*? Like, do I read the magazine?



Do you read it?
My boyfriend asked me if he could get a free subscription. [I told him I was doing the interview and] he was like, "What?!" I'm like, "Don't worry. They're only going to use a topless photo." [*Laughs*] Just kidding. I only get nude for one person.

By Mr. Skin

The Best Bottomless-Only Scene of All Time!

Kate Winslet

Unsinkable Kate Winslet was, of course, the star of *Titanic* (1997), Hollywood's all-time box-office champ. How much of *Titanic*'s beyond-blockbuster status had to do with Kate busting out her flotation devices? A lot more than the iceberg did, if you ask me. Yet the producers of Kate's new political epic, *All the King's Men,* obviously did *not* ask your pal Mr. Skin! The buxom Brit beauty keeps covered in this second screen adaptation of a novel based on Louisiana governor Huey Long. Fortunately, Kate has provided ample opportunities for you to bask in her clothing-free flesh. My favorite occurs in director Jane Campion's



religious freak-out, *Holy Smoke!* (1999). Harvey Keitel plays a deprogrammer who forcibly brings Kate's character to a desert shack to change her mind about a cult in which she's involved. Kate makes a break for freedom, but at the one-hour four-minute mark she returns to Keitel, wandering in from the dark sands funbags- and fur-baringly naked. She's clearly had a lot to drink out in the dunes, as she's visibly engaging in the sort of liquid dispensation that some fetish fans enjoy observing. Kate's hole-y in *Smoke* is guaranteed to wet your whistle.



Julianne Moore

The volcanic allure of the redhead is a time-honored aspect of the feminine mystique. Scarlet fever has also long engulfed Hollywood, resulting in flame-maned screen goddesses who span the decades, from Rita Hayworth to Ann-Margret to Nicole Kidman. The elegant, enchanting Julianne Moore has staked her ground in the uppermost echelons of cinema's crimson sisterhood, both as a powerful actress (*Hannibal, Boogie Nights*) and as a milky-skinned, rosy-nipped, naturally cherry-pubed knockout (*The Big Lebowski* and, uh, *Boogie Nights*). In her new crime drama, *Freedomland,* Moore claims that her four-year-old son was kidnapped by an African-American man. She may be lying, thereby providing *Freedomland* with its tension. But she's definitely not taking her clothes off, thereby giving you a reason to skip the movie. If you want to see more of Moore, my pick for her best nude scene—in fact, the best bottomless-only scene of all time—is her crotch-intensive turn in director Robert Altman's *Short Cuts* (1993). Two hours and 17 minutes in, Julianne appears wearing a white shirt … *only* a white shirt. She stays on camera for nearly a minute and a half of glorious gluteology and perfect displays of her luscious, really red, not-so-short lap-cut. Nothing about the fire on Julianne's hole will leave you *Short.*

"Kate makes a break for freedom, but at the one-hour four-minute mark she returns, wandering in from the dark sands—funbags- and fur-baringly naked."

Kate Beckinsale

Lithe English eyeful Kate Beckinsale has shown remarkable range since breaking through in the retro indie flick *The Last Days of Disco* (1998). She kept 'em flying as a Navy nurse in *Pearl Harbor* (2001), made out with her boyfriend's mother (played by Frances McDormand) in the rock drama *Laurel Canyon* (2002), and filled out a skin-tight, black leather ensemble with terrifying eroticism as a werewolf-battling vampire in the action smash *Underworld* (2003). The various fang-faces return in the sequel, *Underworld: Evolution,* as does Kate in some ultra-slinky combat gear that—despite all the paw-to-claw grappling—never manages to get torn enough to reveal the beauty's supernatural nay-nays. To see her uncovered, seek out the ultra-rare European thriller titled—aptly enough—*Uncovered* (1994). The then-21-year-old Beckinsale uncovers her high, tight, delectably demure bitables on three separate occasions, the best of which takes place at the 39-minute mark. As Kate toplessly contemplates a Chinese painting, the dragon in your pants will roar to be *Uncovered.*



www.sexyjamie.com

Visit me at my new personal website!



Set of the Year
2006
Winner: Jamie Lynn

My official website *SexyJamie.com* features special photo galleries of me that I've chosen especially for you, plus exclusive videos, candid photos, sexy live webcam shows, and my personal blog! So, visit me today at *SexyJamie.com!*

Jamie Lynn

Visit me today at
SexyJamie.com
http://www.SexyJamie.com

Well Versed in Thirst

Simply the Best



The cocktail craze of the early twenty-first century is making liquor more palatable, but has it taken us away from alcohol's simple pleasures? Enjoy a junmai sake-tini garnished with pickled ginger, or a mojito made with endangered Amazonian flora? Don't mind if we do. But isn't there a humble alternative to ultra-premium vodka flavored with squid ink and wasabi peppering an esophagus-destroying Bloody Mary?

In this spirit, we've gathered three of the world's top bar chefs to impress us with simple libations that look like their complicated counterparts, but don't require a Swiss Army array of bar tools or a visit to your local black market.

Jamie Walker

Jamie Walker has been behind a bar for most of his adult life, managing some of London's choice nightspots, such as Circus, Opium, and Alphabet. Beyond his reputation as one of the U.K.'s great bar chefs, Walker has blended booze for celebrity events like Elton John's birthday party, and the wedding of David and Victoria "Posh Spice" Beckham. As Bombay Sapphire's global brand ambassador, he travels the world looking for inspiration to create new gin cocktails.

Walker is scathing in his criticism of contemporary bartenders: "Squid ink, prawn shells, pigeon stock, cactus, and precious stones? I am inclined to believe that obscure ingredients are added to a cocktail list to gain its venue a certain notoriety. One does not want to get carried away with experimentation for experimentation's sake. The goal is, or should be, to create a delicious cocktail."

Masked Devil of Bombay

1 oz. Bombay Sapphire Gin, 1 oz. melon liqueur, 1 lemongrass stalk, 2 chili peppers, melon segments

Muddle the lemongrass stalk, melon segments, and one chili in a Boston shaker. Add Bombay Sapphire, melon liqueur, and ice. Shake the ingredients together vigorously and pour into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with two split chili "horns" on the rim.

Dale DeGroff

Known as the "King of Cocktails," DeGroff gained his reputation by tending bar at many places, but none as renowned as New York's Rainbow Room, where he created more than 400 of his own recipes. Now DeGroff tours the world, training bar staff at top hotels and touting his book, *The Craft of the Cocktail*.

One mixture, the Flaming Orange Gully, was created after members of the culinary Website eGullet.com challenged him to concoct a cocktail. DeGroff professes that he has no idea where the name came from, but the flame in the orange gully does add a bit of bar flair to the mix.

Flaming Orange Gully

1½ oz. Stolichnaya Ohranj, ½ oz. fresh lime juice, two dashes Angostura bitters, ¾ oz. Velvet Falernum liqueur, 1 oz. fresh orange juice, fresh-grated nutmeg

Shake the ingredients well with ice and strain into a chilled martini glass. Slice a strip of orange peel and flame it: Hold the strip a few inches above the glass, peel-side down; light a match, holding it between the drink and the peel, and squeeze the peel so the oils from the orange ignite. Garnish with the flamed orange peel and fresh-grated nutmeg.

Ben Reed

London-based mixologist Ben Reed has traveled from Hong Kong to the U.S. slinging drinks and authoring books on mastering his art. From working at popular West End hangout Woody's to writing drink manifestos like *Cool Cocktails* and *The Art of the Cocktail*, Reed is always two steps ahead of young socialites and their drinking habits. He also works as a consultant for IPBartenders and VOX vodka.

VOX Star Anise

1 part VOX vodka, dash of star anise–infused dry vermouth, star anise

Infuse the star anise in three ounces of dry vermouth overnight. Taint the ice in a mixing glass by adding a splash of vermouth. Add vodka and stir. Strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with a star anise in cocktail.

By Jonathan Stern • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh



COMING SOON





TO A TV NEAR YOU!

Every night is party night as the most incredible women in the world join millions of viewers of *Penthouse*'s new broadcast network. To find out when you can join in, check PenthouseTV.com!

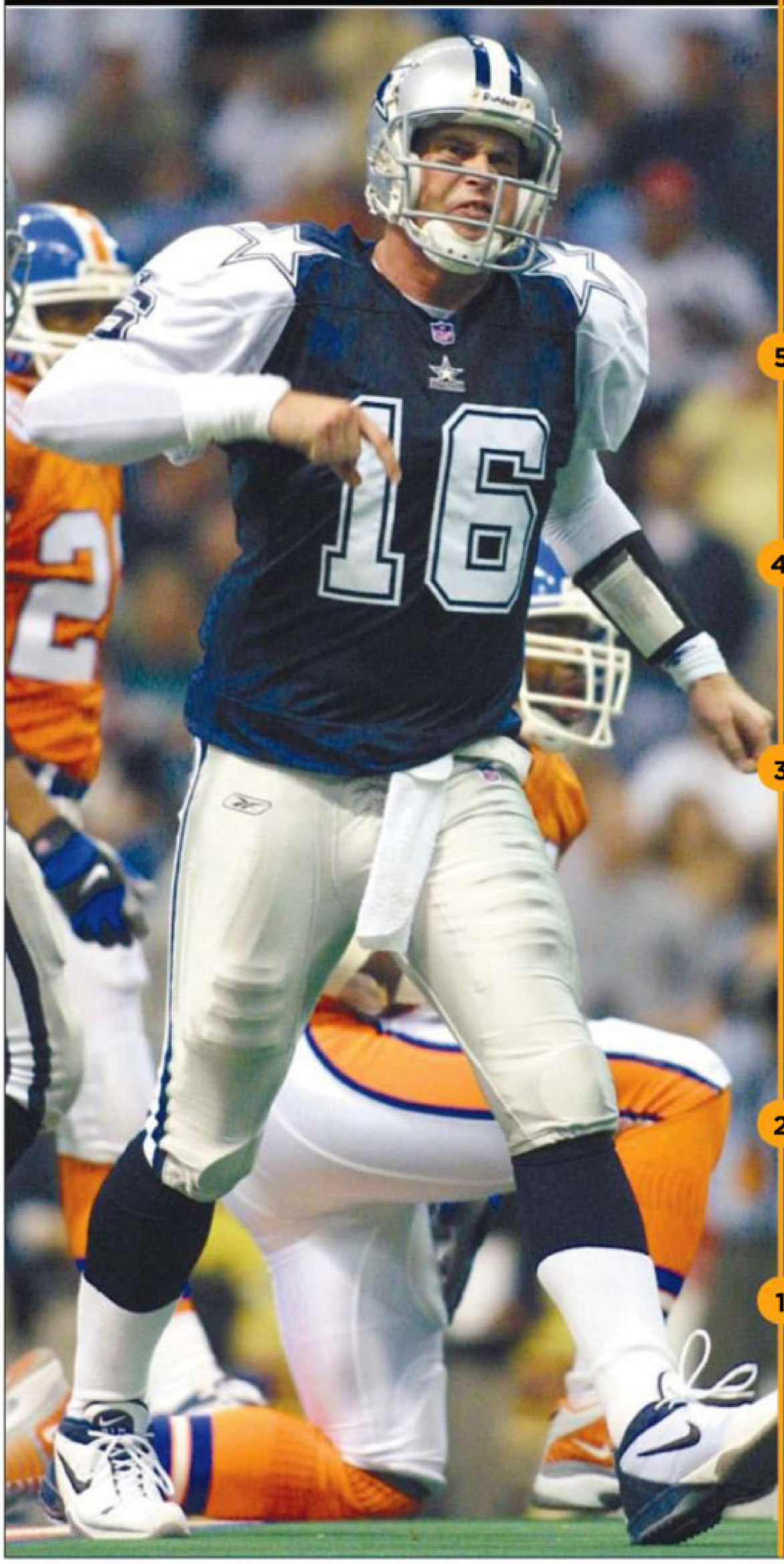
GAMETIME

This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

PENTHOUSE TOP 5

COLLEGE HEROES, PRO ZEROES

FOOTBALL EDITION



They're handing out the Heisman Trophy this month, and we're sure the guy who wins it will be pumped. But history suggests maybe he shouldn't be: The trophy has put a lot of recent winners on the fast track to NFL Palookaville. Think Andre Ware, Gino Torretta, and Eric Crouch. Then again, this phenomenon is by no means limited to Heisman winners. So which college football stars have been the biggest pro washouts?

5. **Rashaan Salaam—**Foreshadowing Ricky Williams, this 1994 Heisman winner (2,055 yards rushing that season) blamed marijuana addiction for his half-baked NFL career (three decreasingly productive seasons with Chicago). Weed might have contributed to his 14 fumbles in 31 games, too.

4. **Blair Thomas—**The No. 2 pick of the 1990 draft, Thomas went from running wild in Happy Valley to lead-footing it in the Meadowlands, marshy home of the New York Jets. True, Thomas ran for five yards a carry in his rookie year, but that dipped to 3.9 the following year, and he was out of the league by '96.

3. **Andre Ware—**The 1989 Heisman winner left the University of Houston after his junior year and, at a predraft workout, a scout tabbed him as "the next great quarterback in the National Football League." Didn't happen—not in the NFL, and not in the Canadian Football League either. After four fruitless seasons stateside, Ware tried his luck north of the border with the Ottawa Rough Riders (not to be confused with the Saskatchewan Roughriders, also in the CFL that year. Really). He sputtered in Canada as well, and finally called it quits in 1997.

2. **Tony Mandarich—**The No. 2 pick of the 1989 draft—selected ahead of Barry Sanders and Deion Sanders—made the cover of *Sports Illustrated,* held out for a huge contract, and then … not so much. The beast (6'5", 315 pounds) was a bust.

1. **Ryan Leaf—**After lighting it up at Washington State, Leaf (left) went No. 2 in the 1998 draft behind Peyton Manning. In three years, he started 18 games, going 4-14 with a pitiful 48.8 quarterback rating. Worse, he displayed the emotional maturity of a four-year-old, regularly erupting at fans, the press, and teammates. One of the latter, All-Pro linebacker Junior Seau, put it best: "Ryan's worst nightmare has always been Ryan."

By John Bolster

Book Drop

A scattershot roundup of recent sports books.

What's My Name, Fool? **(Haymarket Books), by Dave Zirin**
Sometimes you *can* judge a book by its cover: The front of Zirin's book shows Muhammad Ali in a classic mugging pose. Inside, you'll find a rollicking, entertaining, and edgy survey of sports renegades, from lefty scribe Lester Rodney to Ali to controversial '68 Olympic medalists Tommie Smith and John Carlos.

52 Weeks: Interviews With Champions! **(The Lyons Press), by Dave Hollander**
Frequent *Penthouse* contributor Hollander has collected a year's worth of stellar, off-the-beaten-path interviews with a wide range of athletes, and combined them with priceless nuggets of sports-related personal history. Insightful, surprising, and very funny.

Smithsonian Baseball: Inside the World's Finest Private Collections **(Collins), by Stephen Wong**
Viewing the history of the grand old game through the prism of obsessive memorabilia collectors is a lot more entertaining and informative than you might think. (The Sporting Life Game of Baseball, at right, is from 1887.) The rich, handsome design alone is worth the cover price.

America on the Ropes: A Pictorial History of the Johnson-Jeffries Fight **(Casey Press), by Wayne A. Rozen**
This is a stirring look at the 1910 heavyweight title fight between Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion, and James Jeffries, the undefeated "Great White Hope," who was summoned out of retirement by no less a figure than novelist Jack London to return the title to white America. Equal parts history, sociology, and morality play, the book also includes a riveting, round-by-round pictorial of the bout.

Shadow Boxers: Sweat, Sacrifice & the Will to Survive in American Boxing Gyms **(Stone Creek). Photographs by Jim Lommasson**
You can smell the sweat and hear the pounding of the heavy bag in this collection of 175 photos and 20 essays on boxing gyms across the United States. The gyms range from the Kronks and Gleasons to hardscrabble proving grounds in places like East Oakland, California, and Newark, New Jersey.

The Education of a Coach **(Hyperion), by David Halberstam**
How did the New England Patriots build a dynasty in the NFL's age of free-agency, salary caps, and me-first athletes—aka the Age of Parity? Find out in Halberstam's fascinating portrait of Bill Belichick, one of the greatest football minds of all time.



HOT BUTTON:
Bowl Championship Series vs. Playoffs

Should the NCAA institute a playoff to decide the national champion in college football, or are the bowl games, with their 100-plus years of tradition, good enough?

PLAYOFFS, PLEASE


Playoffs—*play*offs?!—in college football? Yes, Jim Mora, the time has come.

The Bowl Championship Series exists to pair the top two teams in the country for a national championship game, but it rarely produces two clear-cut contenders—that is, *only* two. Take the 2003 season: Oklahoma, LSU, and USC all finished the regular season with one loss each and a legitimate claim to be in the national-title game. The BCS computers spat out a title matchup between LSU and Oklahoma, leaving the Trojans out in the cold. Sure, they finished atop the AP poll, but that created a split vote for the national champion—exactly what the BCS was created to prevent. It proved that there's only one way to get an indisputable national champ: on the field, in a playoff.—*J.B.*

IT AIN'T BROKE


It says here: The BCS crowns legit champs, like Matt Leinart, Pete Carroll, and USC.

A college football playoff system would water down and trivialize the regular season. If there were a playoff, every powerhouse program would schedule cupcake nonconference games, because instead of only the top *two* teams in the nation being paired off in January, it would be the top eight. None of the contenders would want to risk their lofty national ranking. Did you enjoy that Ohio State-Texas battle early this season? Kiss blockbuster games like that goodbye if there's a playoff. With the BCS, the regular season is all-important: Every game is do-or-die. Want to play in the national championship game? Schedule the best competition possible, and win every week.—*Peter Schrager, FoxSports.com*

What Type of Fantasy Football Freak Are You?

Your fantasy football season is heading into the homestretch right about now, so all of your fellow owners have had time to show their true colors. See if you can spot them in the following fantasy-owner personality profiles. (Hint: As in poker, if you don't know who the sucker is in your league, it's you.)

The Homer: This guy has to pick players on his favorite team despite their fantasy shortcomings. He's the one wearing his team's jersey and has a bunch of scrappy, Wayne Chrebet–types on his roster.

The Merchant of Dreck: He's the one who shakes his head in disbelief when you laugh at his propositions, such as, "I'll trade you Rod Smith, Kevan Barlow, and my third-round draft pick for Marvin Harrison."

The Invisible Man: You know him, or at least you used to. He was gung-ho once. Now he's married with three kids, two jobs, and he's M.I.A. When you ask him about it, he says, "Where am I in the standings?"

The Tank: The moment he starts to fall behind in the standings, this guy throws in the towel. Javon Walker still starts at WR for him.

The Sucker: Unlike the Tank, who at least started with a clue, this guy never had one, and probably never will. He was the quiet one at the draft. Yet sometimes, the Sucker does surprisingly well because of …

The Mel Kiper Wannabe: On draft day, he had dozens of sleepers, and he needed your picks to select all of them. But he gets desperate at the trading deadline. Wait him out and you may end up with a fantasy stud for the stretch run.

The Heartbreak Kid: Every year he has a great selection of players, but they all seem to be wearing the cursed Hawaiian tiki medallion from that old *Brady Bunch* episode. Season after season, his players go down to the strangest assortment of injuries.

The Eternal Optimist: He finished in last place two years in a row, but still believes in his players. This is definitely the year they'll break out and live up to expectations.

The Impatient Imbecile: Always cuts players the year *before* their breakout season. A list of his former players reads like a Pro Bowl roster.

The Winner: He's won his keeper pool ten years straight. Just when you thought his reign was over, he landed Peyton Manning, Randy Moss, and Priest Holmes…. Yeah, we hate him, too.



Sports IQ

Think you know sports? Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies with the questions.

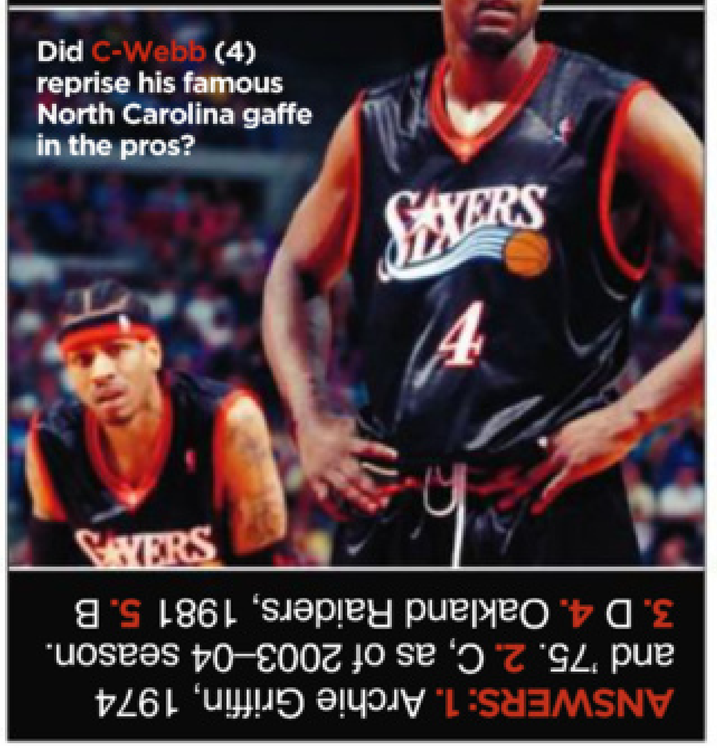
1. USC quarterback Matt Leinart could become the second player in college football history to win two Heisman Trophies. Who was the first?

2. The number of American-born players in the NHL doubled from 1980 (55) to 2000 (112). What is the current percentage of U.S. players in the league?
A. 24; B. 8; C. 16; D. 41

3. The first college football game took place in 1869, between which two teams?
A. Harvard and Yale
B. Wisconsin and Minnesota
C. Texas and Texas A&M
D. Princeton and Rutgers

4. The Broncos (1998) and the Ravens (2001) are two of three teams in NFL history to have won the Super Bowl as a wild-card playoff team. Who was the first team to do it?

5. I am the only player in NBA history ever to dribble out the clock in a playoff game when the score was tied. Who am I?
A. Chris Webber
B. Derek Harper
C. World B. Free
D. Rasheed Wallace



ANSWERS: 1. Archie Griffin, 1974 and '75. **2.** C, as of 2003–04 season. **3.** D **4.** Oakland Raiders, 1981 **5.** B

Getting Into the Game, Literally

Last season's Pacers-Pistons melee certainly was ugly, but it was not quite the harbinger of the apocalypse that many scribes made it out to be. In fact, it's only one item on a long—very long—list of fan-player fiascoes. Here's a small sampling:

Blotzed (May 1912): The universally hated Ty Cobb charges into the stands at Hilltop Park, then the home of the New York Yankees, to take on hecklers who'd been riding him for the past two days. Unfortunately, the man Cobb singles out for a beating, later dubbed Otto Blotz by the press, has only one hand and can barely defend himself.

French-Canadien Revolution (March 1955): Montreal Canadiens fans riot after NHL prez Clarence Campbell puts superstar Maurice "Rocket" Richard on ice for the rest of the season for deliberately injuring Hal Laycoe of the Boston Bruins. When Campbell shows up at the Canadiens' next home game, Habs fans pelt him with eggs and vegetables. The game is canceled, the Montreal Forum evacuated, and a full-blown riot erupts outside, lasting until 3 A.M. and causing $500,000 in damage.

Fight Night at the Garden (December 1979): During a postgame scuffle between the Boston Bruins and the New York Rangers, a fan grabs Bruins winger Stan Jonathan's stick and starts waving it over the players. Jonathan gets hit—either by the stick, a fan's punch, or a thrown object. Whatever the case, Bruins right wing Terry O'Reilly vaults the glass and goes after fans. Several of his teammates, including defenseman and current New York Islanders GM Mike Milbury, follow him. Milbury strips off a fan's shoe and beats the man with it.

Hamburg Horror (April 1993): A crazed fan stabs Monica Seles, the world's No.1–ranked women's tennis player, during a changeover in her German Open match with Magdalena Maleeva. The man wants Steffi Graf to regain the No. 1 ranking, which is exactly what happens after Seles misses more than two years due to the attack. The assailant gets a two-year suspended sentence from a German court.

A Ligue of Their Own (September 2002): Thirty-four-year-old William Ligue Jr. and his 15-year-old son inexplicably leap from the stands at Chicago's Comiskey Park and attack Kansas City Royals first-base coach Tom Gamboa, who is rescued by Royals players.







The history of player-fan fiascoes includes Richard (left), Cobb (above), Milbury (below, center) and Seles (top), whose career was permanently damaged after a crazed tennis fan attacked her.



Ask a Sports Geek



Q: Why is it called a puck?

A: It's not because "dirty little bastard" was taken, as New Jersey Devils goalie Martin Brodeur (left) once said. And it has nothing to do with Shakespeare, or *The Real World*. The vulcanized rubber disk used to be called a black biscuit. That name, for obscure reasons, gradually changed to *puck,* which is a translation of "pake," "put," or "pock," depending on the language of origin. It's an English word, circa 1890, that means "to poke, hit, alter"—as hockey players poke the puck with their sticks.

What You Don't Know About

T.O.

Philadelphia Eagles wide receiver Terrell Owens is a study in contradictions: In the NFL, he's T.O.—a superstar talent prone to over-the-top touchdown celebrations, loose-cannon comments about teammates, and audacious contract demands. Away from the game, he's Terrell Owens, a reserved—even guarded—man of faith who donates time and money to charity, keeps his private life private, and battles demons from a tortured adolescence. So who is the real Terrell Owens? We sent **Dave Hollander** to try to find out.

Photographs by Mark Mann





Grooming by Andie Markoe-Byrne

"If I wasn't playing football, I'd probably get into modeling. I feel like I am a nice-looking guy. I'm good on the eyes."

There are a lot of things you might have wrong about Terrell Owens, starting with his name. It's pronounced TEAR-ell (like Carroll), *not* Tuh-RELL. That's the first thing. And there's a lot more.

"What?" you may ask. "Isn't it all out there for us to see? Hasn't T.O. gone out of his way to thrust himself into the spotlight?" You saw him infuriate the Dallas Cowboys by running to the blue star on the 50-yard line at Texas Stadium and exulting after scoring. You saw him pull a Sharpie from his sock, autograph the football he had just caught for a touchdown, and hand it to his financial adviser in the stands. You heard his innuendos regarding his former San Francisco 49ers teammate Jeff Garcia's sexual orientation. You witnessed his controversial appearance with a naked Nicollette Sheridan for a *Monday Night Football* promotion. You heard him dis Eagles teammate Donovan McNabb for supposedly getting tired in the Super Bowl. You watched as he demanded a renegotiation of his seven-year, $48.97 million contract with the Eagles after fulfilling only one year of it, creating turmoil in the team's camp in the run-up to the 2005–06 NFL season.

What have you missed, exactly?

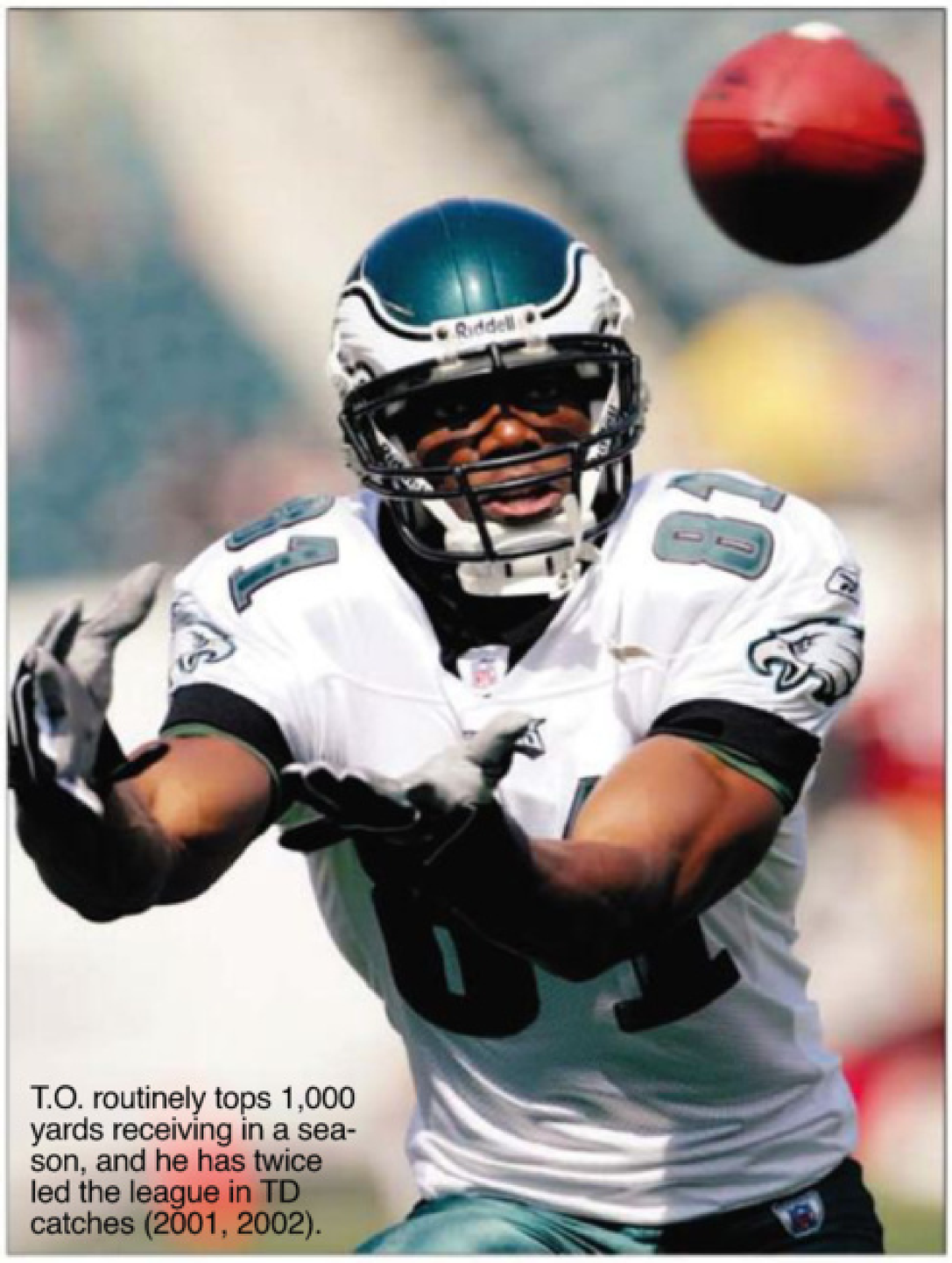
A lot, it turns out: The firestorm of controversy that seems to follow Owens wherever he goes creates enough smoke to obscure other aspects of the man. Owens was drafted out of the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga by the 49ers in the third round (89th overall) of the 1996 draft. He wasn't expected to do much more than carry water for the Niners' heir apparent to Jerry Rice, former UCLA star J. J. Stokes. Instead, he made the most of the opportunity when Stokes and Rice went down with injuries, and rocketed to NFL superstardom, pushing Rice out of San Francisco and sending Stokes into relative obscurity. Owens has made the Pro Bowl five times and set an NFL record for receptions in a game, hauling in 20 catches for 283 yards against Chicago on December 17, 2000. He is rapidly climbing the all-time list in career TD receptions. In the 1999 NFC wild-card game, he made a courageous touchdown catch with only three seconds left on the clock, holding on to the football as he was crunched between two Green Bay Packers defenders. The catch gave the 49ers a victory, and it stands as one of the most memorable plays in playoff history. Yet his most dramatic performance came in Super Bowl XXXIX last year, when he returned to the field only six weeks after surgery for a broken leg and a severely sprained ankle. Against his doctors' advice, and with a plate and two screws in his leg, Owens caught nine passes for 122 yards in a losing effort against the New England Patriots. Win or lose, though, it was a performance for the ages.

Talent and passion. Competitiveness and courage. These are some of Owens's traits you may have overlooked. You might also be unaware that he is a man of faith who overcame a difficult upbringing. He was bullied as a kid, embattled as a teenager, confrontational as a collegian—and he's driven the NFL crazy. He also auctioned off his NFC Championship ring on eBay for $48,000 and donated the money to the victims of Hurricane Katrina. Yet even that goodwill gesture was spiked with its opposite: When asked why he would sell that keepsake, Owens said it was nothing against the Eagles, but the ring stood for "second place. And who cares about being second?"

What's the pattern here? Does Owens misunderstand the world? Or is it the other way around? We wanted to find out.

So who is Terrell Owens, really?
I'm a laid-back guy. I think I'm misunderstood with a lot of things I say because I'm very straightforward. You've heard the phrase "brutally honest"? Well, sometimes I'm just that.
Who would you say are your best friends among NFL players?
[*Long pause*] Um … best friends … [*pause*] On the Eagles or in the whole NFL? I mean, there's a number of guys I'm friends with, from Takeo Spikes to Carlos Emmons. As odd as this may seem, I consider Donovan [McNabb] a friend. I consider myself a friend to a number of guys, so I don't want anybody to be offended if I don't mention their name. I'm a good teammate to everybody. I feel like, if you dislike me, there's something wrong with you. It's discouraging and kind of mind-boggling to hear people say I'm a bad teammate and selfish when all the things I've done have been to help the team.
You've never won a championship at any level—high school, college, or the pros. How come?
[*Long pause*] I honestly feel like a lot of people should listen to what I say when it comes to making plays on the field. If they would take into consideration what I see, especially at the receiving end, that could be the difference. I feel I can take over a game. Look at the Super Bowl I played in. Even though I came off of a career-threatening injury, I did damage, and I could've done more damage had they come to me in certain situations. That could have been the difference in the game. I'm not saying that to be selfish, but I think there's a number of people who agree.





T.O. routinely tops 1,000 yards receiving in a season, and he has twice led the league in TD catches (2001, 2002).

What do you do for fun?
Fun for me is simply being with genuine people—no controversy, just a good time without all the negative stuff. That's it. There's nothing really special or over the top.
Is there a special someone in your life right now?
The lady in my life now is Felisha Victoria Terrell. It's a unique story how we met. My last year in San Francisco, around December, my friend Pablo, who occasionally does some security work for me, was surfing the 'Net, looking at some cheerleaders from different sports, and I came over when he was looking at the Phoenix Suns dancers. And I'm like, "Man! Who is that?" It was Felisha Terrell. So I called my guy with the 49ers PR department and said, "I want to get me a ticket to a Suns game." But he never got back in touch with me. Months passed. Season ended. I signed with Philly in March, then went out to Arizona to train with Donovan [McNabb] in July. Me and Pablo were chitchatting at the Kona Grill outside the shopping mall. These two girls walk by, and all I saw was their backs and—
One of them was Felisha Terrell?
Hold on, I'm getting to that. I pointed at the tall one and said, "Man, she is fine!" We waited an hour until they came back out of the mall. We motioned for them to come over. I didn't want to really, you know, just go right after them. I said, "Pablo, you got to talk to them for me." He made plans to meet them at the bar in the James Hotel. At the hotel, Felisha started talking to Pablo, and I was talking to her friend. I still didn't know this was the Felisha from the Website. I'm talking to her friend, but I'm really listening to Pablo and Felisha. Felisha's telling him she does pharmaceutical sales and cheers for the Suns, and when she said that, me and Pablo looked at each other like, "Oh my God!" What was so funny is that she pronounces her last name "Tuh-RELL," the way people mispronounce my first name. So we dated for a while, had our ups and downs. But when it really got rocking, I knew this was meant to be. We got engaged the beginning of September.
Your love life never makes the headlines. How are you so good at keeping that part of your world on the down-low?
A lot of people have gotten the buzz that I'm engaged, and they've tried to get in contact with us to get information. We try to keep my private life private.
What do you look for in a woman?
Somebody that's laid-back like me, has a sense of humor, likes to have fun, and definitely has a spiritual background. Last year, before games and especially when I got injured, she'd call me and we'd pray together.
Are you a "ladies first" type of lover?
Yeah, I try to be. Growing up, there wasn't a whole lot of affection in our home. There wasn't a lot of "I love you," or a lot of hugs and kisses. That's a shortcoming of mine that surfaced in dating, including with Felisha. With her, I came to realize that I wasn't as affectionate as I should've been.
Last year's *Monday Night Football* spot with Nicollette Sheridan is now etched into NFL and pop-culture folklore. It looked like she bared it all. What exactly did you see?
Well, that's how TV is. It gives you that perception that she was nude, but she wasn't. It was something that I thought was totally harmless, but it rubbed some people the wrong way.
There was a backlash from fans, media, the NFL, and the FCC. Why all the fuss?
Black guy and a white woman. You know, I can't really understand why when people start talking about racism, they say it's pulling the race card. But why was [that spot] such a big thing when there are so many interracial relationships in America, even in Hollywood?
You're currently in Jillian Barberie's NFL's Sexiest Man contest on Fox. Where do you hope to end up in the polls?
I've had some women on my Website comment that they enjoy the specimen that I am. I take pride in that. I work hard and try to stay in shape. If I wasn't playing football or basketball, I'd



probably get into modeling. I feel like I am a nice-looking guy. I feel like I am handsome. I'm good on the eyes. So I'm hoping I finish at the top.

In your fifth year with the 49ers, you officially took the place of your childhood idol, the great Jerry Rice. What did you learn from Rice?

Patience. I wanted to succeed so bad, right there and then. The thing I had to learn was patience. I had to play behind Jerry, J. J. Stokes, Nate Singleton, and others. I looked up to those guys. I had opportunities when unfortunate injuries in my first year put J. J. Stokes down, and the next year, when Jerry was out the entire season after tearing his ACL. Jerry stuck by my side, told me to be patient, and told me to let the plays come to me instead of me trying to rush everything. Last year against Baltimore was a big game for me. Everyone felt like I stiffed the Ravens for the Eagles. I knew it was going to be a physical game, guys going after me. I felt like I had a target on my back. And that was a game [where] I really had to tell myself, "Be patient." I had my game jersey from that game framed up and sent to Jerry with some words and sentiment at the bottom. A lot of people don't understand that I'm very appreciative for what he's done for me. I don't think it's come across the right way in the media. But if you get a hold of him, I'm sure he'll tell you what I wrote.

How did Jerry feel about you taking the spotlight on his big day at Candlestick Park back in 2000, when, on what was supposed to be a kind of farewell party for his final home game as a 49er, you caught 20 passes to break a 50-year-old NFL record for most catches in a game?

I'm pretty sure it wasn't a fun feeling for him. Dr. Harry Edwards told me at breakfast that day, "Remember, this is a day for Jerry." I knew what he was getting at. Tone it down. He said, "If you score in the end zone, pitch it to him or something like that." That situation never presented itself. It was just unfortunate that he went out on that type of note. Everybody was like, "How could you do that on his last day?" What did they want me to do? Drop 20 passes, so the media would've said, "Wow, this is the guy who's supposed to take over for Jerry Rice?" That day was so special and so ironic. It was a day of passing the torch.

Who is the greatest receiver of all time?

Jerry Rice is.

Which guys in the NFL do you look at and say, "I'd like to play with him"?

Definitely a guy like Peyton Manning, or Tom Brady. I wish I was with a guy like that for seven, ten years, like Jerry had with Steve Young and Joe Montana. If you look at who was throwing to Jerry, the talent didn't slack off too much. You went from Montana to Young. Even the backup, Elvis Grbac, was Pro Bowl–caliber. The numbers I've put up thus far have been done without the caliber of quarterbacks like Steve Young or Joe Montana. Marvin [Harrison] had Peyton, and Randy [Moss] had Daunte [Culpepper]. You put me with a guy like that for the same number of years, it wouldn't be a question of who is the better receiver. The stats would tell you.



"People called me selfish for trying to come back [for Super Bowl XXXIX]. You put Brett Favre in the same situation, and he's labeled a hero."

You grew up without a father, but with a domineering grandmother and a mother who kept you socially isolated as a child. How did that shape who you are today?

The way I'm reserved, quiet, and to myself directly correlates to how I grew up. A lot of people don't understand that. They feel like they know me because I do certain things or don't do certain things. They just don't understand that everybody's shaped and molded differently. My grandmother was very strict and stern with me and my siblings. Because she whupped us, they wanted to be away from her. For some odd reason, I didn't. I mean, she beat the devil out of us sometimes. We had the worst whuppings. But I still wanted to be around her. If you talked about going to Grandmother's house, my siblings started crying hard because they knew how it was around her. She didn't take any mess. She wasn't a perfect person. One minute she's in a church, then she would go to drinking and backsliding. And I was around it always. Anybody that knows any history of us, they'll tell you: They saw her, they saw me.

In your autobiography, *Catch This!,* you say that your success comes from "real faith and paying attention to what comes your way and knowing what to do with it." What's an example of that?

Look at the Super Bowl situation. With that type of injury, a lot of doctors around the country said I wouldn't play. Bill Belichick told me at the ESPYs that his doctors said, No way he'll be back. Little did they know—I did come back. I relied on my faith. I knew that God was going to allow me to come back no matter what anybody said. What's so strange about it was the way people called me selfish for trying to come back. You put

Brett Favre in the same situation, and he's labeled a hero.

So why do you get treated differently?

Honestly, it's not me pulling the race card, but deep down I think it's racism that's involved. That's just reality. Whether people want to admit it or not, that's another thing.

Kids were mean to you growing up. While you were sleeping on a bus ride home after a high school football game, another kid spit in your mouth. How did unpleasant experiences like that strengthen your faith in God?

I think there's a number of things that have sparked me to never forget where I come from, and never forget who's really in charge. He's in charge of waking me up every morning, the clothes I wear, the job I have, and the inner strength to endure the good and the bad. I think what happens to a person is God's way of showing you things and making you the person you are. Obviously for a reason, these are things that happened to me.

You never questioned why other kids picked on you?

At that age I did. I was like, "What am I doing so different from everybody else that I'm getting picked on and I'm not accepted as well as the other kids?" Look, I really still don't know. But it happened.

Is it unfair of people to say that Terrell Owens thrives more in an environment of adversity than harmony?

That's very unfair. I think I became more of a personality once I started making plays and started dancing. A lot of people didn't like that. But it wasn't such a big deal back in the day when everybody else was doing dances. But now I step on the scene, and it's like I'm the outcast.

Again, why are you treated differently?

I don't know. It makes me laugh when I hear all these people say negative things about me on TV because I feel like God put me in other situations before to withstand all that. I'm mentally stronger than what they're throwing at me. It's like they're trying to turn the whole world against me by what they're saying. No matter what they say, I'm going to come out on top.

What part of your faith is humility?

[*Long pause*]

Some people practice kindness or charity or chastity in their faith. What part of your faith is humility?

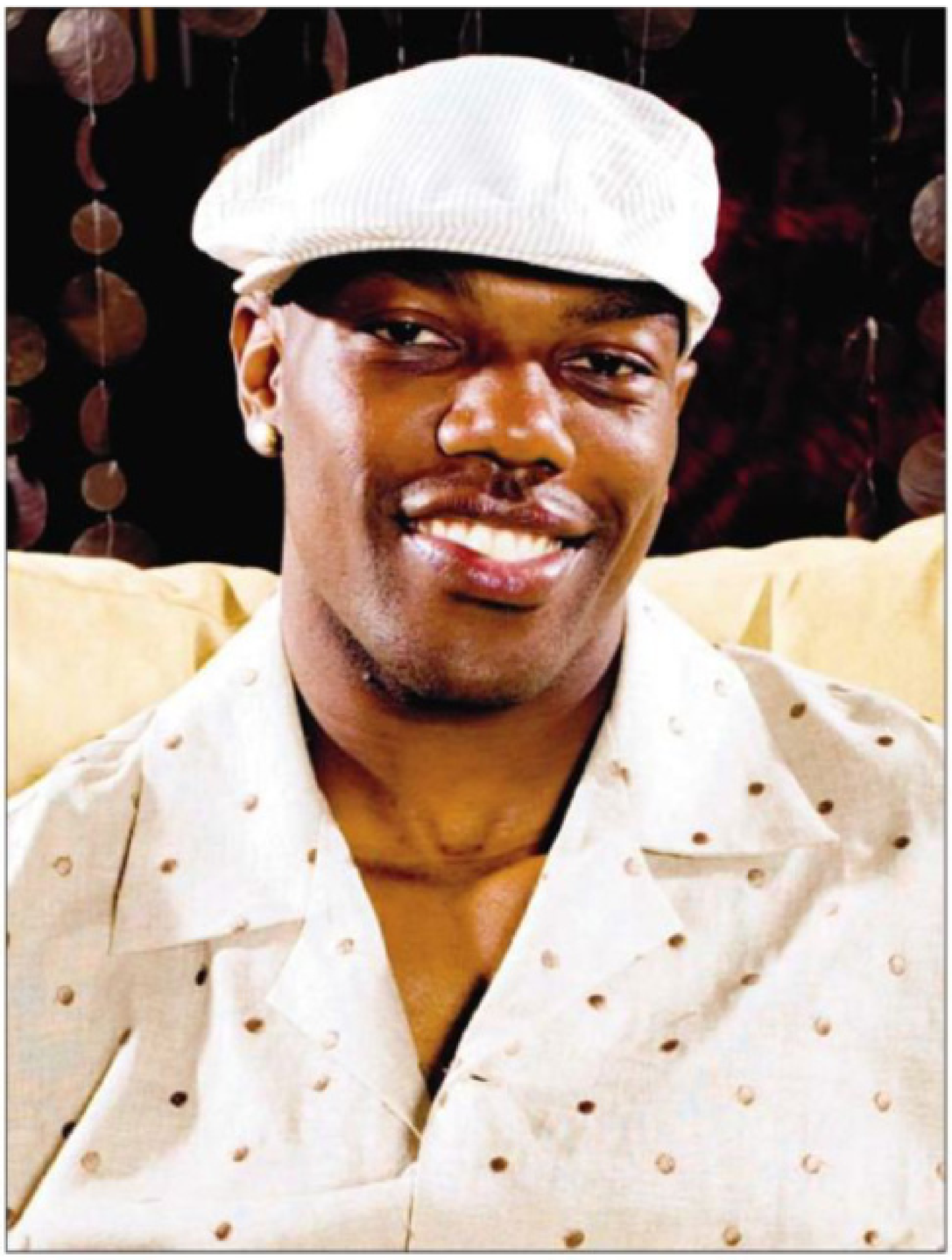
The humility part for me is that I do a lot of things that don't get publicized. And I don't try to get it publicized. In San Francisco, our head PR guy could tell you how many times I've donated money to schools in the Bay Area. Last year I donated one of my game checks to the tsunami [relief effort]. That's like 20 grand. Nobody knows that but me. I went down to Houston for the Katrina victims. I didn't tell people I was going. You know, everybody gave all the praise seeing Peyton Manning and his brother, making a big spiel about them going down there and giving food. But you only heard little splashes [about] me going down there. I took time out of my schedule in a short week. Sometimes I think I should tell the press, to change people's perception of me, but then I'm like, "Who cares?" The only person that really matters is God.

In Alexander City, Alabama, your mom worked hard in the Russell Athletic mill, which pretty much owned the town. How much of a part did that play in you toeing the line, or not, as a company man?

[Russell] could've used me in their marketing, but they didn't. It was disheartening. We set up a meeting, and they stood us up. I knew it would've been totally different if our high school quarterback, Adam Burnett, had become big time. I've seen other athletes' hometowns where they get a big billboard, or they call it "Terrell Owens Town." None of that has happened to me—nothing, with all the success that I've had.

Where does Joe Horn's cell-phone stunt rank as a touchdown celebration?

I don't know how you can rank something that's a duplication.



The funny thing about it is, he got fined 30K. I never got fined for any of my celebrations.

Your pom-poms celebration brought attention to a silly NFL rule: Why can't players fraternize with cheerleaders?

It's just downright ridiculous. I mean, if you want to, you can do it regardless. People have gotten away with it. I know for a fact there a number of players who have dated cheerleaders. I know some who have married cheerleaders. I know there's people in the front office that have dealt with cheerleaders. So I don't really get why they try to separate the two when we should all be just one family.

You've said the NFL is just entertainment. With all the controversy, the touchdown celebrations, the off-field soap opera—which part of it is just an act, and which part is really you?

I think 90 percent of it is entertainment. A lot is real. It's emotional. I'm human. It gets to me a little bit. But then I try to have fun with it at the same time. Like when I got sent home in preseason, I could've taken it as negative. A lot of commentators reacted in a negative way, but I used it as a positive. I had fun with it. I got people talking about establishing a workout video for your driveway [where reporters filmed Owens doing sit-ups]. You never know.

Do you ever get confused about where the real Terrell Owens ends and T.O. begins?

No, not at all. I know when I step on the field, that's T.O. Outside of that, I'm Terrell. Felisha has a hard time with the two people.

At the end of the day, when you look around and see where you've been and where you are now, are you happy?

I am. I've accomplished things, and I'm in a better place in my life. When I go to work, I take it for what it is right now. Sure, I could be happier, but I am happy. I don't think my life is terrible. It could be worse. Anybody on the outside looking in can say, "What should he be sad about?" They're right.

Blonde on Blonde

A day at the spa often brings girlfriends
closer together, and after relaxing naked in the sauna,
it's only natural that Sophie would bare
all at home, pampered and prepped to play with Kylie all night.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**

Every inch of skin is silky smooth from the raw-sugar buffing they received, and the girls can't stop caressing and nibbling each other's velvety-soft curves and sweet flesh.



The massage from a pro relaxed Kylie, but a rubdown from Sophie is so much sexier! Sophie knows just how to touch Kylie to rev her up and make her melt.



The only problem is deciding who gets the full-body treatment first, but best friends always share. After a long, sensuous kiss, each takes a thoroughly satisfying turn on top.



TOTAL TRAVEL

The Ultimate Source for Hot Spots and Cool Bargains



Spring Breakers Don't Get Burned

Every winter, scammers use the Internet, flyers on campuses, unsolicited faxes, and direct-marketing phone calls to collect money for trips that either never happen or are so awful, you'd be better off staying under a comforter at home.

Here are things to watch out for if you get a fabulous offer to spend spring break in Mexico, Florida, or the Caribbean:

- If you receive a phone call and are told you must commit immediately to receive a special deal, hang up. No reputable travel salesperson demands an on-the-spot decision.

- Don't give your credit card information out to someone you don't know. Ask to call them back and check if they're a real travel business by contacting a Better Business Bureau or the American Society of Travel Agents, ASTAnet.com.

- Remember: A "cruise" can be a barge with deck chairs. A "free hotel" may involve sitting through a sales pitch for a time-share. And an "entire vacation" may not include airfare.

- Find out exactly what you're buying, and get it in writing. Check the airlines and hotels that a salesperson mentions. Have a clear understanding of all charges.

- Winning a "free" vacation in a contest you can't remember entering is a common telemarketing ploy. When they ask for a processing fee, hang up.

By Rudy Maxa

Temp Work

Ever wonder what it would be like to be an off-Broadway actor? A creative director at an ad agency? A cattle rancher in Oregon? For anywhere from $350 to $9,000, a company called Vocation Vacations will match you with professionals in a variety of businesses that allow you to test-drive a job for a few days.

Hey, it could be a cheap way to find out if being a member of a pit crew is as glamorous as you've always imagined.

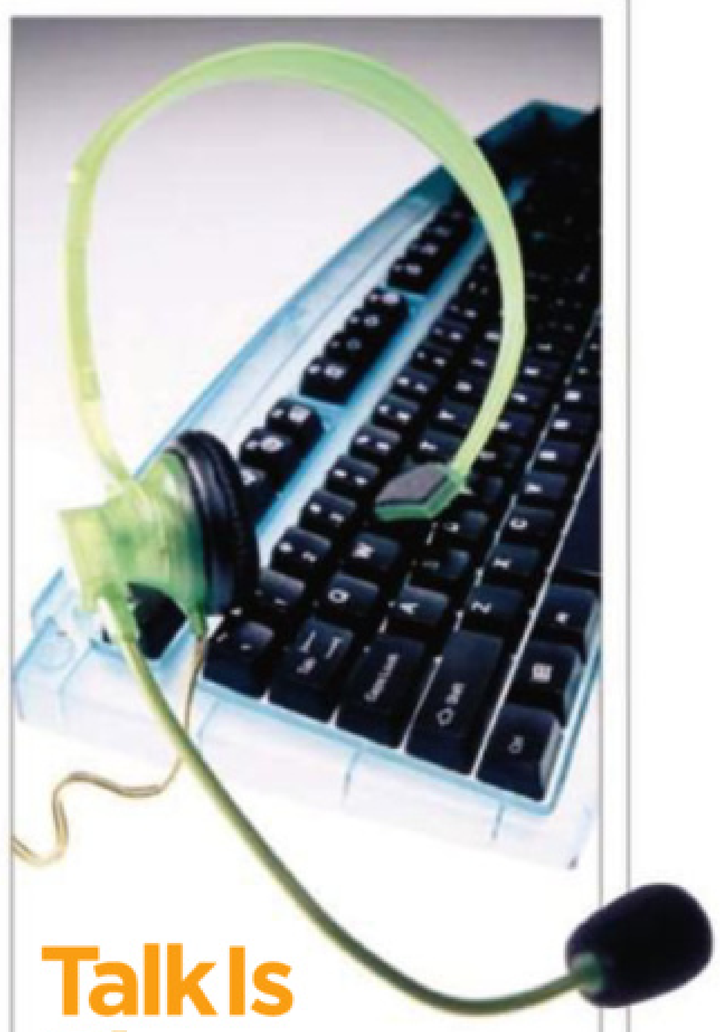
The Oregon-based company makes arrangements for wannabes in a dizzying array of businesses. Some professions available for testing include: bed-and-breakfast owners, television producers, disc jockeys, makeup artists, talent agents, wedding coordinators, professional gardeners, wardrobe stylists, fashion buyers, cheese makers, architects, and animal therapists.

Try your hand at wine making, and you can work at the highly regarded Wolffer Estate Vineyard in the Hamptons, or the Larson Family Winery in Sonoma County, California. One customer worked as a baseball announcer at a minor-league baseball game in Oregon; another found out what it's like to be a brewmaster up close and personal. A sister company in England will set you up as the manager of a pub in West Sussex for a couple of days for about $600.

Check out the available gigs at VocationVacations.com, or call 971-544-1535.



pit crew,



Talk Is Cheap

Need to talk to someone long distance? Forget about paying costly phone rates or monthly Internet charges. Instead, make calls for free or almost free by taking only 15 seconds to download Skype (Skype.com). Using a headset or microphone in your computer, you can call other Skype members who are online—for free. Better yet, if you're traveling with your laptop and have a high-speed connection, you can connect to phones in many countries around the world for less than two cents a minute. You'll find a country-by-country price list on the Website.

Fair Airfare Rates

Do you often travel abroad to visit family and friends? Chances are you're paying too much for international airfares. To save money, contact a travel agent who caters almost exclusively to immigrant neighborhoods. They often receive bulk numbers of airline seats at below-retail prices to countries that appeal to their customer base. Want to fly to Korea cheaply? Call a travel agent in Los Angeles' Koreatown. If you're a student, check out the special fares only offered on Korean Air's Website, KoreanAir.com. Interested in visiting India? Check out a Website operated by Indian tour operators called MakeMyTrip.com. Airlines are looking to cash in on the ethnic market by selling at wholesale prices directly to the public. For years now, Cathay Pacific has offered monthly specials for inexpensive travel only on its Website, CathayPacific.com. Lufthansa has launched a specialized Website, WeFlyHome.com, that offers tickets several hundred dollars below the price on Lufthansa's regular Website to destinations in India, Israel, Egypt, Greece, Poland, and Russia. Anyone can book seats on the site, and Lufthansa says it will add more destinations over time.

VICES & VANITIES

Sex From Z to



By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Victoria's Holiday Booty



Treat Her Right

Give her gifts that keep on giving: sexy *Penthouse* lingerie by Coquette (Coquette.com); ice from the *Penthouse* jewelry collection; or a bullet vibrator by Cal Exotics (Libida.com).



Hands On

Get physical with massage gloves and a fur collar (MinkGlove.com); nipple and clitoral jewelry (TabuToys.com); holiday vibrators (ChocolateFantasies.com); and dildos by Phallix Glass (PleasureMeNow.com).



Wet Christmas

Set the mood with festive holiday candles from Primal Elements (PrimalElements.com); then lather up with the Water Gems vibrator by Cal Exotics (PleasureMeNow.com)—it's 100-percent waterpoof.

Red e-GLASS Ruby Slipper massager by Adam & Eve, and Red Lollicock Penis Sucker, both available at KittyLixx.com.

ASK DOC ZDROK

Spreading the Love

A few days after my first sexual encounter, I discovered that I'd caught herpes and genital warts. I admit I didn't wear a condom, but I trusted her. Now I'm single and horny as hell, but I'm one of those guys you're supposed to avoid! How do I get laid without spreading STDs?—T.L., Arizona

Because herpes is highly contagious, your best bet against spreading the virus is to date women who already have it. Obviously, "I have herpes" isn't the greatest pickup line ever, but there are online dating services for people with STDs. A recent national study showed that as many as one in four women carry the herpes virus, so it won't be slim pickings.

The most important thing is honesty—your partners have the right to make an informed decision. But if I were really into a guy, I wouldn't care if he had herpes or warts. Women are suckers for vulnerable men! Make sure to take your anti-herpes medication, as it reduces viral replication. Ask her to use a female condom in order to cover as much surface area as possible when you're having sex. And since researchers are working on two new anti-herpes meds, check with your doctor regularly for updates on treatment options.

That Hits the Spot

I met this girl in my tennis class at college. I think she's into me, and I dream of kissing every inch of her perfect body and tonguing her G spot for hours. Teach me some tricks, Dr. Z—I want to impress her if we ever hook up!—B.P., Iowa

If you can tongue her G spot, you already know more tricks than I do! If your tongue can reach a dime-size spot that's two or three inches inside her vagina, why don't you get your penis to vibrate and rotate, too?

It's possible you're confusing the G spot with the clitoris. If that's the case, you need to take Female Anatomy 101. The clitoris can be stimulated manually, with your tongue, with a vibrator, or using the Coital Alignment Technique—it's like the missionary position, except you rock back and forth so the base of your penis stimulates her clitoris.

Her G spot can be stimulated by massaging the front wall of her vagina in a "come here" motion with your finger, or by using a curved G-spot massager. The best way to reach it during intercourse is in an upright doggie-style position, or by elevating her hips with a pillow in missionary. To really impress her, combine these to stimulate her clitoris *and* her G spot. They're old tricks, but they'll work wonders for new dogs like you!

"Massage the wall of her vagina in a 'come here' motion. To really impress her, stimulate her clitoris *and* her G spot. They're old tricks, but they'll work wonders for new dogs like you."

Child Proof

My girlfriend just dropped a bomb on me—she's preggo. But the last time we had sex, she had her period and I pulled out. She swears she didn't sleep with anyone else. Is there any chance in hell that I'm the father? Do I have to wait until the kid is born to find out the truth?—P.A., Oregon

Good news! There's a chance that your girl is faithful and you're the baby's daddy. Pulling out is an unreliable birth-control method because some sperm is released in pre-ejaculate fluid. Sperm that get past her cervix can live up to a week. Here's where the baby-making comes in: Most women ovulate about two weeks after their period starts, but some have short cycles and ovulate before the bleeding stops. It's possible that your sperm hung out long enough to rendezvous with her egg.

There's even a chance that she wasn't on her period. Some women experience spotting during ovulation that they mistake for menstruation. (Nature has ways of tricking us into procreating!) If you're still suspicious, a DNA test can be performed as early as ten weeks into pregnancy, but your girlfriend has to allow it—and sugar works far better than vinegar, if you get my drift. If you've falsely accused her, she'll be one pissed-off pregnant lady.

Lovesick

I've been wrestling with this psychological problem for a while. I have a deep-seated infatuation with a gloriously beautiful sexpert, Dr. Victoria Zdrok. Please tell me how one gets out of this morass. Or is this the end of life as I once knew it?—H.V., Georgia

Infatuation is driven by an amphetamine-like brain chemical called PEA. The condition seriously interferes with a person's normal ability to think rationally. Why else would anyone obsess about a person he's never met?

Idealization and unavailability are catalysts of infatuation. You see my Photoshopped pictures and let your imagination run wild, envisioning the bliss of screwing me. To get over it, picture me with no makeup, frizzy hair, morning breath, and flatulence. If that doesn't burst your bubble, let time do the trick. You'll eventually move on to a hot girl who's within your reach.



GETTING TO ME!
If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit *Penthouse.com/drz,* **e-mail** *victoria@penthouse.com,* **or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse,* 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.**

TOP 10

... Reasons She'd Cheat on You

1. Your idea of a romantic date is watching *Monday Night Football*.
2. The only cultural programming you watch is *Naked News*.
3. You wash your car more often than your genitals.
4. You know all the phone-sex operators on a first-name basis.
5. You tell her how she compares to the models in *Penthouse*.
6. You get fired for crashing your office computer by surfing for Internet porn.
7. You nicknamed your penis "the Gun" because it's so quick to fire.
8. You think *clitoris* is Latin for some exotic flower.
9. You say your blow-up doll was the best lay you ever had.
10. Your definition of foreplay is taking off your socks.

SPEAK HER LANGUAGE

Five Vital Phrases to Learn

"Fine": The word she uses to soothe your ego when she knows she's right.
"Five minutes": **1.** If she's getting dressed, this means half an hour. **2.** If she's putting on her makeup, this means an hour. **3.** If she's giving you five more minutes to watch the game, it means *now*.
"Go ahead": "Don't you even *think* about it."
"Nothing": A word used to hint that, yes, something is wrong, and you'd better keep asking questions to figure out what it is.
"That's okay": One of the most deceptive statements a woman can make. You are about to be punished, as soon as she measures the severity of your transgression.



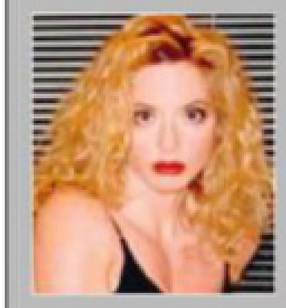
SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Fun Factory Toys

What: Fun Factory is a German manufacturer of funky designer sex toys that are imaginative, colorful, quiet, powerful, and waterproof. With names like Gigolo, Galan, Heartbreaker, and Baby Bug, these super-high-quality silicone dildos and vibrators are amazing and amusing. There is even a line for the astrologically obsessed, with the appearance and surface texture of each toy based on an astrological sign.
How: These vibrators and other sex novelties come in attractive packaging, with instructions in four languages and even a packet of sample lube. My favorite is the Flexi Felix Silicone anal-bead chain. (It's the one in my hand that looks like a caterpillar.)
Downside: They look so much like kiddie toys that she may regress to an infantile state and start looking for her favorite blankie after using them.
Bonus Point: They look so much like kiddie toys that she will forget about her favorite blanket and sleep with them instead.
Where to get it: FunFactory.com, or PleasureMeNow.com

Girls just want to have fun. If you don't believe us, try tearing Victoria away from her Fun Factory playthings.

SEX ED



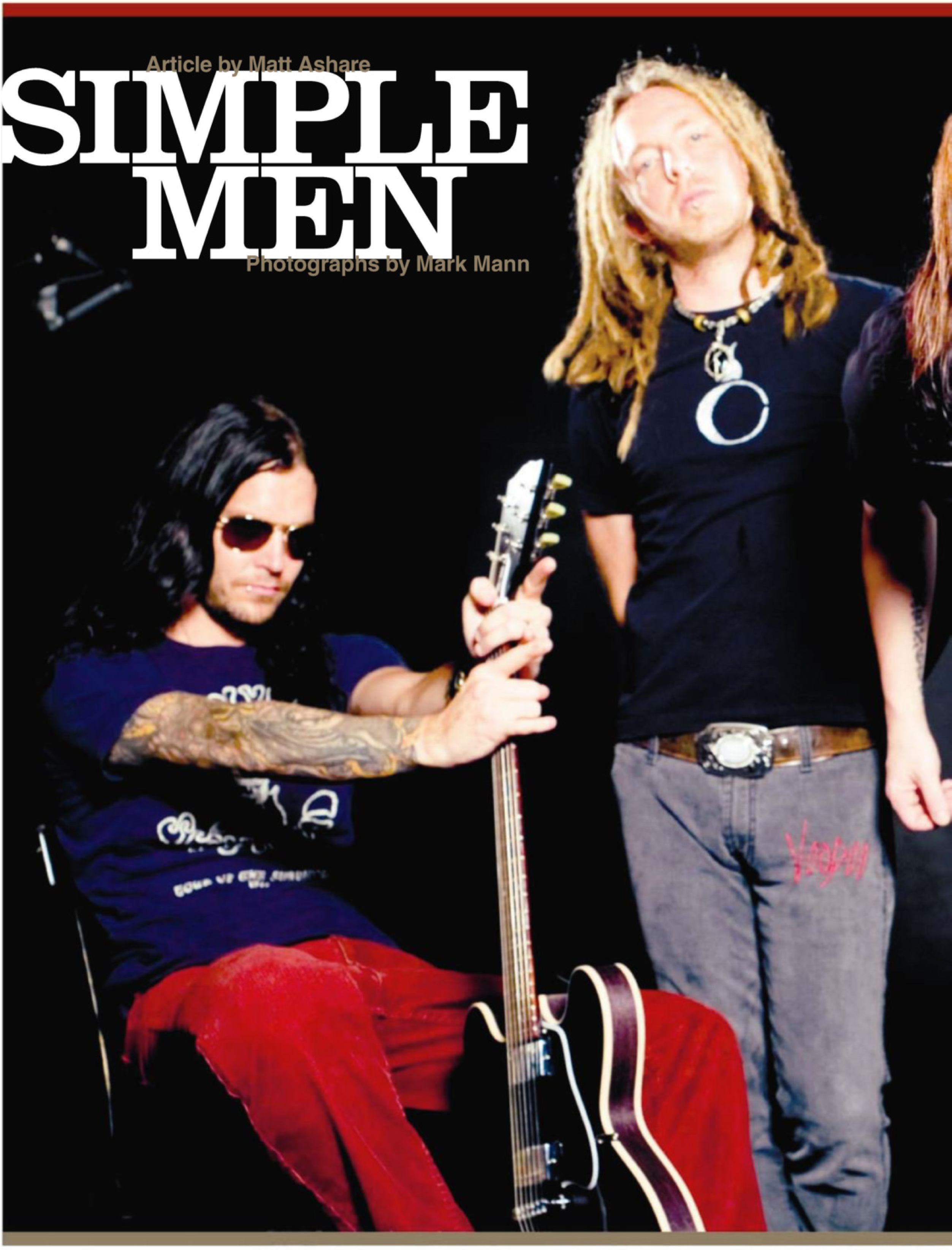
Hot Tip From a Sexy Author

"The payoffs for anal stimulation are potentially high. For men, this can often be the only way they will ever experience orgasms that are as intense and full-body as the orgasms they have been watching their female partners have over the years. Many men are actually quite jealous of the orgasmic potential of women, and long to feel sexual pleasure that is internal and overwhelming. Over the years I have witnessed thousands of male orgasms, and some barely rivaled the physical magnitude of a sneeze. However, with anal penetration, I have seen men completely overcome with pleasurable sensation, which has often culminated in an emotional release as well. Tears of joy are not required, but also not uncommon for the man who has his first anally aroused orgasm."
—**Veronica Monet,** *Sex Secrets of Escorts: Tips From a Pro* (Alpha Books, 2005)

Article by Matt Ashare

SIMPLE MEN

Photographs by Mark Mann




With their
new album, the
hard-living
Shinedown guys
strike gold
somewhere
between hard
rock and
Southern style.



Shinedown are rocking their low-down Southern style (left to right): Barry Kerch, Jasin Todd, Brad Stewart, and Brent Smith

"Those guys are badass-looking. Lynyrd Skynyrd were the going to be scared of Linkin Park, but those guys would kick

In the stifling heat of a summer afternoon, a mini-fleet of high-end cars—a Benz, a Beemer, and a Jeep—pulls up to a small club in Jacksonville, Florida. Four long-haired, tattooed badasses step out into the sun. This isn't just any Monday in August: A few hundred miles west, Hurricane Katrina has just made landfall in New Orleans, marking the start of one of the biggest natural disasters in U.S. history. But here on the eastern coast of Florida, the sky's clear and the ocean is calm.

The members of Shinedown, Florida's newest hard-rock heavyweights, collect their gear and head inside the Freebird Live rock club. This isn't just any Freebird joint—it's *the* Freebird, owned and operated by Lynyrd Skynyrd frontman Ronnie Van Zant's widow, Judy, and their daughter, Melody. They've got a Hard Rock Cafe's worth of gold and platinum Skynyrd albums around the bar to prove it. The Shinedown guys have keys to the club, thanks to guitarist Jasin Todd, who happens to be Melody's husband. It's only two in the afternoon, but Todd's already passing around plastic cups of Bud Light and firing up the first of many Camel Lights underneath a sign that reads THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING.

Someone fidgets with the PA, and the first anthemic strains of *Us and Them,* Shinedown's sophomore album, fills the space with Barry Kerch's pounding backbeats, the thunder and lightning of Todd's guitar and Brad Stewart's bass, and singer Brent Smith's soulfully savage yet vulnerable croon, which conjures images not just of the departed Van Zant, but of more recent rock 'n' roll casualties, such as Damageplan's Dimebag Darrell and Alice in Chains' Layne Staley.

"We played a lot of shows with Damageplan," Todd says with a slight wince. "We played on the same stage

[where] Dimebag was shot just three days before it happened." His voice trails off, but the implications are clear: Shinedown have taken their own dangerous route into rock 'n' roll's heart of darkness. But they're not about to turn back. Todd points to a vintage photo of Skynyrd—a 1977 *Street Survivors* tour poster. "Those guys are badass-looking," he says with admiration. "They were the outlaws. I mean, you're not exactly going to be scared of Linkin Park, but those guys would kick your ass. I'll talk about the South all day. We all grew up extremely poor—I don't know how you can sing the blues if you don't."

It may have taken nearly two years on the road and an extra push from their record label, Atlantic, but Shinedown's 2004 debut, *Leave a Whisper,* eventually went platinum. Along the way, they were helped by a happy accident involving a radio interview and an old Skynyrd song. The band had already gone two singles into *Leave a Whisper* when Todd and Smith played an impromptu acoustic version of "Simple Man" at a radio station in Boston. "Jasin and Brent had played the song once here at the Freebird just for fun," Stewart relates. "But they really nailed it on the air. It was just an acoustic version, but Brent went into his soul-singing thing and it became a hugely requested song. It let people know we were for real."

Todd adds, "The first single, 'Fly From the Inside,' was crazy produced, with ten or 12 guitar tracks and, like, 15 vocals. It didn't get much airplay. The next one, '45,' was more stripped down. And then it was our studio version of 'Simple Man,' which they added to the second pressing of the album, that had the biggest impact. With each step, the production got smaller, and people seemed to like it more and more."

On the surface, and certainly without "Simple Man," *Leave a Whisper* is just another nü-metal creation. You would've needed to see Shinedown live to realize the Staley-esque soul at the heart of Smith's singing; the lean, mean Led Zeppelin blooze bends of Todd's guitar riffs; and the power of a rhythm section brought up on Metallica, but schooled in the groove of good ol' Southern R&B.

"I think nü-metal is a joke term that somebody made up," Smith says. "Nü-metal is a term radio came up with to sell the music. The good stuff is all just rock music."

"And without R&B there would be no rock 'n' roll," Todd interjects. "All that great stuff came from the South, all the Stax stuff."

"Yeah, there's no sex in nü-metal," Smith shoots back. "That groove on the drums is where it all comes from."

"It doesn't matter what genre they label us," Kerch weighs in. "If it's good music, we listen to it—everything from Coltrane to the new Mars Volta. Of course, we are a rock band from the South, so we're a Southern rock band."

"Everybody says that because of the Skynyrd cover," Todd explains. "But we have no affiliation with Skynyrd—the new Skynyrd—at all. Of course, we listen to all that old Skynyrd."

"It's music we grew up with," Stewart says. "But it's one of the many pieces that made us who we are. It's a small piece in a big puzzle."

Of course, Todd *is* married to Melody. He's got keys to the Freebird. Judy Van Zant is his mother-in-law. And his five-year-old is Ronnie's granddaughter. As Shinedown promote their new album, living down Skynyrd comparisons may be less difficult than living up to the Skynyrd legacy.

"I've heard people say we got signed because of Skynyrd," Todd says, "and that's so far from the truth. We don't even *know* those guys. I mean, I do, but only a little. We did get to play a show with Skynyrd, but then we didn't even get invited onstage to play with them. I was pissed."

"What built this is Jasin, Brad, Barry, and Brent: three B's and a J," says Smith, who grew up in Knoxville, Tennessee, before hooking up in Jacksonville with the two B's and a J in 2001. "We mean absolutely no disrespect whatsoever to Skynyrd or to the Van Zants. I mean, Judy helped me out when I got down to Jacksonville. She housed me for six months for free. Brad, Jasin, and Barry all housed me, too. We're a family. I came from a different state, left everything I had and everyone I knew behind, and all the pieces fell into place here in Jacksonville."

Jacksonville's musical roots run deep and wide. Skynyrd, Molly Hatchet, and Tom Petty, who emerged from nearby Gainesville, tend to get the most notice, but as Todd is quick to point out, "Derek

outlaws. I mean, you're not exactly your ass."—Jasin Todd, guitarist



Trucks and Susan Tedeschi live right up the road from here. Everybody always talks about Limp Bizkit and Cold being from here, but that band Evanescence are here right now. And Judy hangs out with Otis Redding's wife all the time. It's a lot deeper here than people know."

As each new *Us and Them* track begins, Todd offers a running commentary. "This song was inspired by drugs, rock 'n' roll, pussy, and alcoholism," he says of "Atmosphere," after admitting that the solo is a "note-for-note rip-off of the solo in the Skynyrd song 'Gimme Back My Bullets.' " Todd may romanticize crash-and-burn rock 'n' roll ("I spend all my money on guitars and cocaine," he boasts after explaining how he recently tore up his knee in a dirt-bike accident), but for all his talk, he's got a good head on his shoulders. He makes sure the bar's cleaned up before we leave, and, along with Melody, he runs a studio in town called Made in the Shade, where most of the first Shinedown album was recorded. The new disc was recorded at Todd's house. "People aren't even going to know that, because on the CD it says 'recorded somewhere in Jacksonville.' "

With their matching dreadlocks, Kerch and Stewart look like the quintessential nü-metalheads of the band—especially Stewart, with his nose ring and his vintage Metallica *Metal Up Your Ass* tour T-shirt. But looks are deceiving: Both earned science degrees before Shinedown came together, Stewart as a chemist and Kerch as a biologist. Stewart, who has a black belt in karate, ended up working for a liquor company in a role he was "perfectly" suited for: analyzing the purity of rum. Meanwhile, Kerch was working for the state of Florida cleaning up lakes. "We got two scientists and two bums," Todd jokes.

But there's a bittersweet aftertaste to the laughter because, while Todd, Kerch, and Stewart have all bought houses and nice cars, Smith remains essentially homeless. "This guy's crazy," Todd says with a nod toward Smith. "I remember one time his clothes were so messed up, he just took them off and went into Target with just his boxers on. So he goes in and puts on some Wranglers and a shirt, goes up to the register, pays for them, and walks out."

"I care about these guys," Smith says of the band, "but I don't care about much else. The band is everything. I live and die by it. I don't even really know what home is anymore. I try to have normal conversations with my mom and my dad, but I just can't."

For Smith, Shinedown are more than a band. "Each person in the band has a different meaning to the other," he says. "When I'm with them, I have no fear at all when I get up onstage. And I count on our fans, too. I remember when we first started out, I noticed all these bands who just didn't acknowledge their fans. That's one thing that I've always felt is really important."

Indeed, a typical Shinedown show is peppered with Smith sharing his thoughts with the crowd between songs in a way that's more intimate than your usual "Hello, Cleveland" banter. Kerch agrees, saying, "If it weren't for the fans, we wouldn't be where we are."

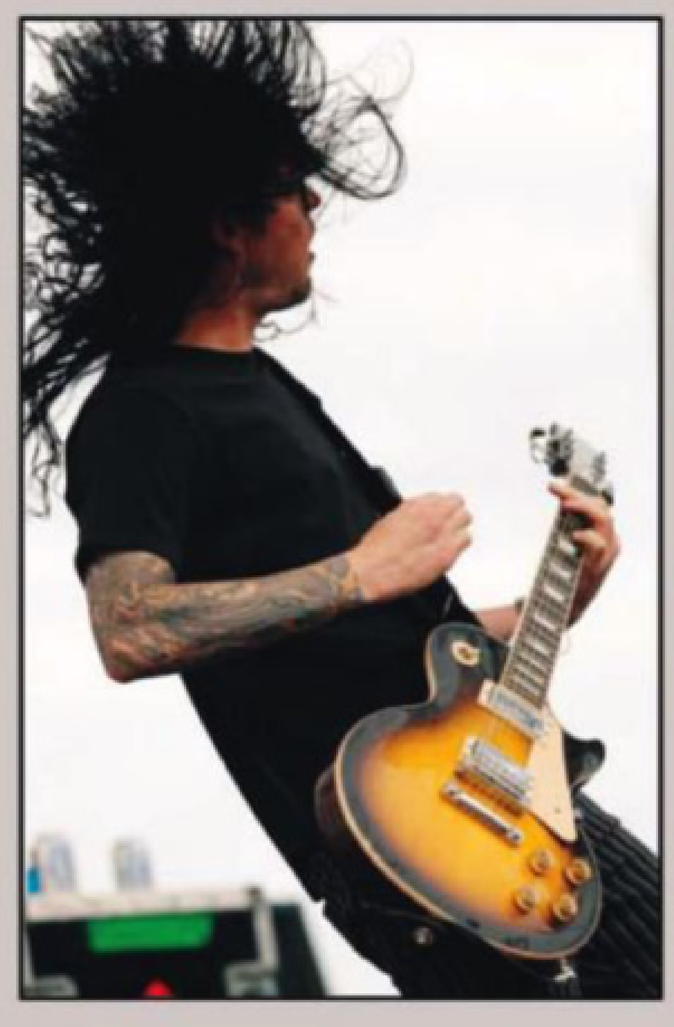
"And," Todd interjects, "where *exactly* is that?"

That's something Shinedown are going to have to figure out over the next year. They're aware of the price paid by those who buy into rock's most destructive romantic myths, but it doesn't take a genius to realize that Shinedown have all the makings of something major—either a breakthrough or a breakdown.

ALL IN THE FAMLIY

The Van Zant clan's musical influence extends way beyond Lynyrd Skynyrd.







Guitarist Jasin Todd (left): "It gets all mixed up because I'm married to Melody [Van Zant]. But I knew her way before any of this Shinedown stuff. I grew up around the legends. My daughter's grandfather is the godfather of Southern rock [Ronnie Van Zant, above]. To try to live up to that isn't easy. So you just have to shake it off every day. You can't let it weigh you down."

Photograph at bottom right: Mark Mann

"Nü-metal is a joke term that somebody came up with. The good stuff is all just rock music."—Brent Smith, lead singer



FREE DVD! WITH ORDER*

AN OFFER YOU DON'T WANT TO PASS UP

12 ISSUES FOR ONLY $19.95

At a savings of 80% off the newsstand, *Penthouse* has even more to offer. More coverage of sports, music, cars, video games, and health and fitness.

And of course, there's more of the beautiful women you expect from *Penthouse*. With a two-year subscription at $36.95 you'll save even more – $162!

Credit-card holders call toll-free:

1-800-455-2392

Via Internet

www.penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE®

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send $38.95 (includes GST) for 12 issues. All payments must be in U.S. dollars and checks must be drawn on a U.S. bank. Annual price is $99.88; regular subscription price is $46. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. *Free DVD sent upon payment and is for U.S. residents only. Offer expires 2/28/06. PEN 6601AH

© 2005 General Media Communications, Inc.



DESERT FOX

Our fearless Pet of the Month, Heather Vandeven, loves getting in touch with nature, whether she's surfing in Costa Rica or pursuing other outdoor pleasures.
"I'm always up for an adventure," the 25-year-old model says. "Once, on a long hike, my lover and I stopped to make love on a pile of stones underneath a waterfall, with the sun streaming down on us."



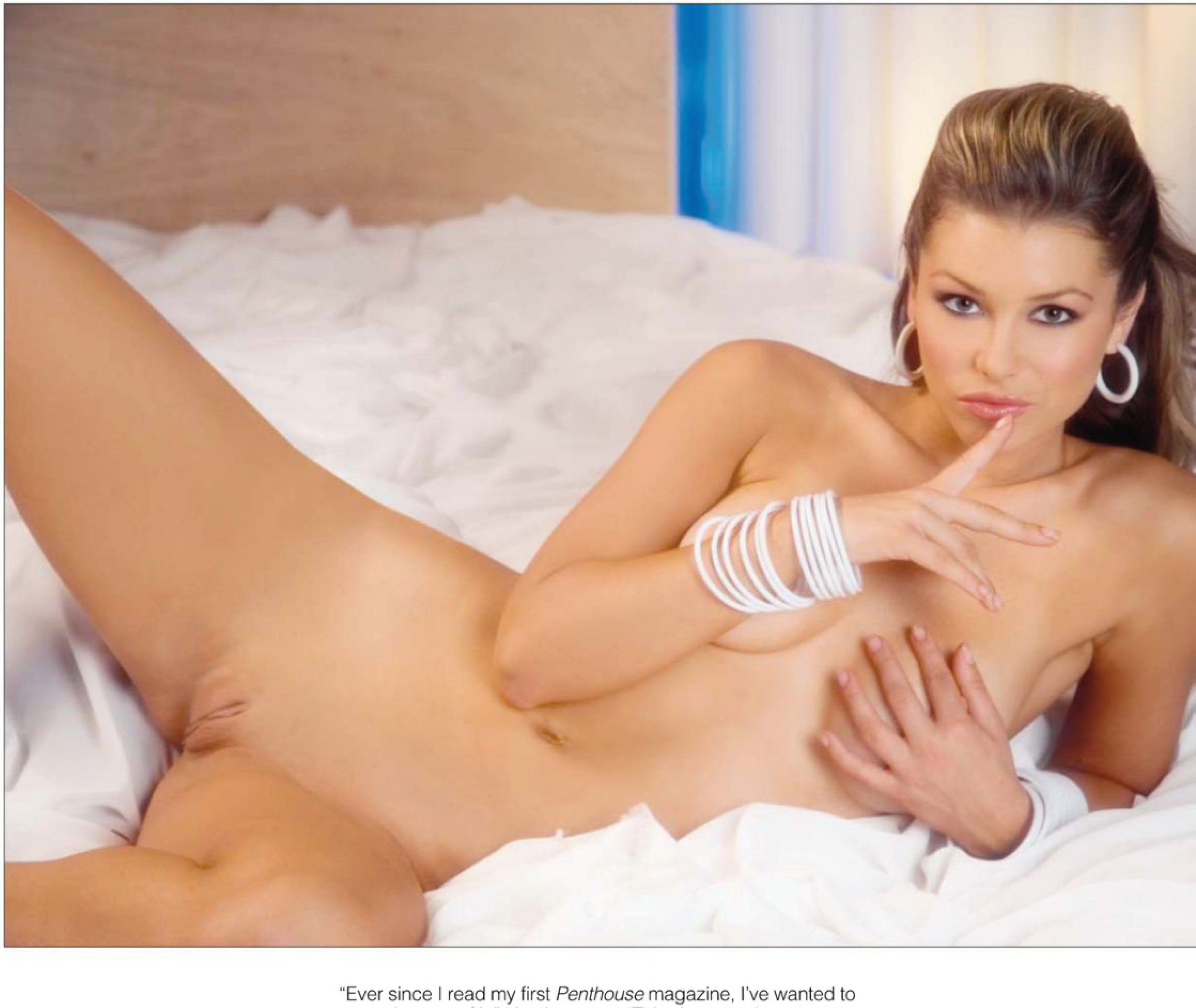
We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com



Our jet-setting Pet's hottest fantasy involves meeting a stranger in an exotic land and "getting so excited that we jump on each other like animals. When we're finished, we zip up and leave without a word!"







"Ever since I read my first *Penthouse* magazine, I've wanted to be part of it," Heather says. "This shoot made me feel beautiful and sexy. What more could a girl ask for?"



"After a long day, I like to chill out with a good book," Heather tells us. "But of course, there's nothing more relaxing than getting off—with a guy or on my own!" Unwind with her at Penthouse .com/heather.



MISS HEATHER VANDEVEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







JANUARY 2006



Heather

VITAL STATS:
25 years old, 34C-24-36

FAVORITE FOOD:
sushi

FAVORITE DRINK:
herbal tea

FAVORITE SPORT:
basketball and gymnastics

FAVORITE MUSIC:
classic rock

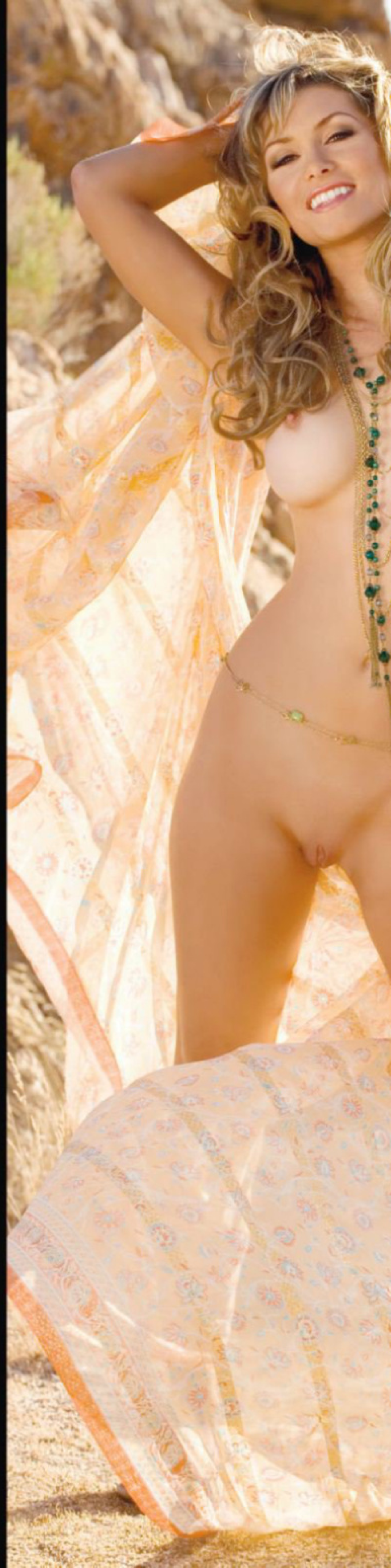
FAVORITE VACATION SPOT:
Costa Rica—beautiful people and perfect waves for surfing!

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D: ...
build a home in Costa Rica and go to school to become a doctor of natural medicine.

PET PEEVE:
people who talk too much

MY IDEAL DATE:
a delicious meal, a Rolling Stones concert, and some good loving





MISS HEATHER VANDEVEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



PENTHOUSE

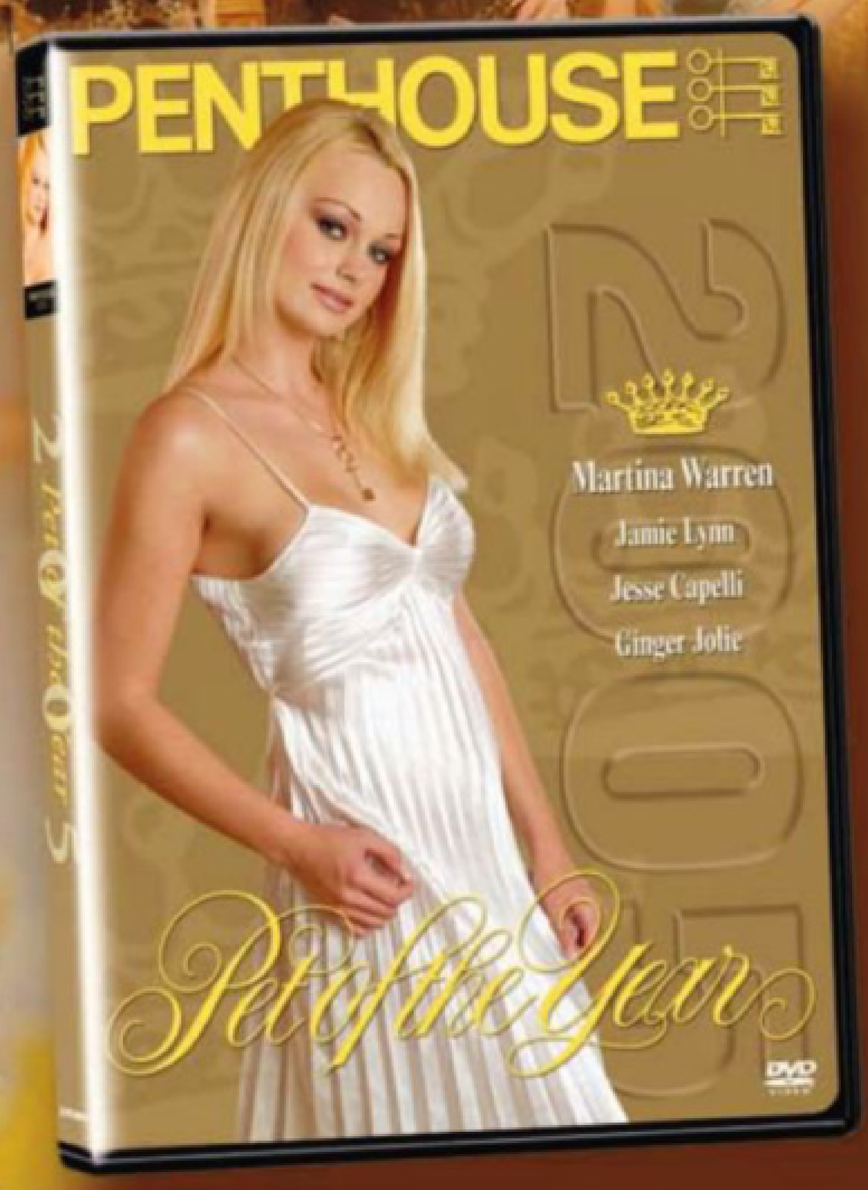
NEW ON DVD!

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR

Martina Warren

Featuring





2005 will always be remembered as one of *Penthouse* Magazine's finest. Martina Warren was crowned Pet of the Year, and when it came to the selection of the three other Penthouse Pets to appear in her Pet of the Year video, we created one of the most extraordinary ensembles in video history. Selected to appear were Jesse Capelli, Jamie Lynn and Ginger Jolie—a gorgeous collection of sexy ladies who create one of our finest videos ever! You'll be satisfied in more ways than you can imagine!

AVAILABLE AT

TRANS WORLD ENTERTAINMENT

AND FINE RETAILERS EVERYWHERE!

©2005 Penthouse Media Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Everything but ...

We've all heard the cliché that men want sex at all costs, while women try to get away with as little action as possible. I've always considered that an outdated way of thinking, but recently two friends—of the very nontraditional variety—showed me just how hot *not* putting out can be, for both the girl and the guy.

My friend Serena is married now, but in her single days, "hooking up" meant everything but sex—not because she's a prude, but to protect herself from getting too attached and clingy. "I knew if I slept with a guy, I'd get emotionally invested and lower my standards for who they had to be to be my boyfriend. I'd lose my perspective and wind up driving them away, and it wouldn't be fun anymore."

The most surprising thing? Instead of being turned off, guys were lining up at her door. "Men want to have sex, of course, but they also feel pressure about it—how long will they last?" Serena says. "This way, they could enjoy themselves and not have to worry." And the lack of straight-up nookie actually spiced up her sex life. "Men were excited by it. We weren't just making out. There's plenty you can do without intercourse, and I did it. I just felt that once there was a cock inside me, it would change everything." She adds that it was also a way to keep men wanting more. "A guy friend of mine who's happily married says that the only ex he doesn't stop thinking about is the one who wouldn't sleep with him."



For Nancy, avoiding sex saved her from post-breakup stress. "I definitely would've felt guilty if I'd slept with someone and they dumped me," she says. "But if I just fooled around with them and they didn't want to see me again, I'm fine with it."

Not going all the way gave Serena the freedom to experiment. "I was able to hook up with guys who were friends, and there was nothing awkward about it. If we got naked and fooled around, fabulous. It was a part of our friendship that was lovely and fun. But if we'd had sex, even though it sounds very technical, the act of him putting his cock into me—it's like suddenly everybody expects we should be having a relationship."

Another reason girls may not go all the way is to keep their number of sex partners down. At the end of our talk, Nancy sheepishly admits to this. "I've had this conversation with five or six friends, and everyone has admitted that we want to keep our numbers down. I don't want to tell my future spouse I've had sex with *x* number of people—or have to lie about it. It's so superficial, but it's absolutely true."

But when I tell this to some other friends, they protest wildly.

"What about the number of dicks you sucked? It's like the Catholic girls who only do anal," says my best friend, disgusted.

"When did intercourse become the be-all, end-all?" asks another friend indignantly. "With a casual lover, I'd be much less likely to give him a blowjob than to fuck him. That's more intimate to me."

Is there a happy medium between uptight prudishness and sexual self-protection? I think there is, and Nancy and Serena are quick to differentiate themselves from the stereotypical squeamish-about-sex girls. "It only works if it's not a strategy," Nancy tells me. "If you're doing it to woo men, it becomes transparent. It's instantly obvious, and that's not sexy."

Serena is proud of her sexual prowess. As she sees it, she was able to get off *and* get respect. "It was nothing like *The Rules,*" she says. "It wasn't about trying to get men to like me more. I did it for selfish, this'll-be-more-fun-for-me reasons. It just happened to work very nicely."

I've never thought of it this way, so my friends' outlook gave me plenty to mull over. I'm usually the one who goes all the way, both because I want to please the guy and I want to be pleased. But I'm starting to see the appeal of the slow reveal, the sexy tease, the promise of something more. So the next time a girl wants to do "everything but," don't sulk—enjoy the ride.

"I'm usually the one who goes all the way because I want to please the guy and I want to be pleased. But I'm starting to see the appeal of the sexy tease, the promise of something more."

Illustration by Janet Woolley

Your Guide to Looking Good

Go for the Bronze!

Your girlfriend has never faked it (not with you, anyway), but maybe it's time *you* have. If winter has you stationed in your basement playing video games, but you'd rather look like you've been kicking back at the beach, consider these sunless options.



Go Ahead, Rub It In

Looking just to test the waters? Try Clinique Skin Supplies for Men Non-Streak Bronzer. It's strong enough to last through rain or a swim, yet it washes away easily with soap and water (Clinique.com)…. Exfoliating is key to getting the best results. Smooth skin means even coverage—no dark spots or shading. Xen-Tan's bright-green Body Scrub may look funky, but it's perfect for priming the skin for tanning. Follow up with the brand's self-tanning Mousse, and complete the job with the Tan Extender (Xen-Tan.com)…. At TanTowel, the philosophy is to "look good naked," and tanning by towelette is one of the easiest ways to get glowing. A few swipes with these wipes are all you need for full-body coverage that lasts up to a week. Make the most of your faux glow by coupling with the X-Foliator and X-Tend products. The complete TanTowel line is easy to carry, easy to use, and easy to clean up (TanTowel.com)…. ClarinsMen Self Tanning Gel works instantly and moisturizes as it darkens skin, for a subtle and natural-looking tan (Clarins.com)…. What month is this? Banana Boat will leave you looking like it's July instead of January with its Summer Color Instant Bronzer and Sunless Tanning Foam. And since the convenient pump is similar to many shaving creams you may have tried, you're likely to find this foam easy to apply. The more you use, the darker your hue (BananaBoat.com)…. Fake Bake Self-Tanning Lotion eliminates the guesswork—did I get that spot?—with its built-in color guide, a dark temporary hue that lets you see where you've been. Apply at night with gloves, then shower off the color guide in the morning (FakeBake.com)…. Pump it up with California North's citrus-scented Titanium Self Tanner, complete with SPF 7 to protect from the sun's rays during daily activities like beer runs and picking up the mail (CaliforniaNorth.com)…. With Insta-Tan, there's no exfoliating, rubbing, or waiting. Spray on, let dry for 20 seconds, and see instant results (InstaTan.com)…. And remember, the idea is to look natural, so keep in mind that your palms don't tan. To rid your paws of the telltale signs of sunless tanning, try St. Tropez Self-Tan Remover. It takes away self-tanner stains up to four hours after use (StTropezTan.com).

Tint Tip: We know what you're thinking: How am I gonna get my back? Xen-Tan suggests tearing off a long sheet of plastic wrap, folding it lengthwise until you have a two-inch strip, then dotting it with your product of choice. Slide the strip back and forth across your back, covering top to bottom.





GET SPRAYED

If the thought of do-it-yourself keeps you from getting the job done, seek out a professional. Spray-on tans are available almost everywhere these days, and at many salons you'll find Mystic Tan. The company is an industry leader, with more than 3,200 tanning beds worldwide and more than ten million individual sessions to its credit. Each Mystic Tan booth is a private, self-contained unit. Step inside, get naked, press a button, and relax as a fine mist of aloe vera–enriched solution uniformly covers your skin. The whole process takes only seconds, but the results last from four to five days. The company also has a line of products to optimize your look: Exfoliant to prep your skin; Maintainer to lock in color; and HyperTan, an accelerator that was designed specifically for use with the Mystic Tan process (MysticTan.com).

TINT TIP: Once you've been sprayed, stay away from the shower for at least four hours. Showering too soon after a session can diminish the intensity of your tan.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

If rub-on or spray-on isn't for you, UV tanning salons abound. But remember that tanning beds mimic the sun's harmful rays, so protect your skin—as you would outdoors—and take a gradual approach. Trained salon professionals should regulate your exposure to ultraviolet light as you slowly increase your time spent under the lamps. And don't forget eye protection. Super Sunnies shield your peepers from UV damage and are perfectly sized to prevent those unsightly white circles your regular shades leave behind (LucasProducts.com).

TINT TIP: Got ink? Guard a tattoo against fading by covering it with lip balm, like Banana Boat's Aloe Vera With Vitamin E Sunscreen Lip Balm (BananaBoat.com).



Where the magazine comes to life!

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance.

Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful girls.

DALLAS, TEXAS
8550 N. Stemmons Freeway
214.267.8550

DENVER, COLORADO
4451 East Virginia Avenue
303.322.1717

PHOENIX, ARIZONA
1902 Black Canyon Highway
602.352.0240

NEW YORK CITY
603 West 45th Street
212.245.0002

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
1401 Mississippi #10
Sauget, Illinois
314.721.6008

MYRTLE BEACH, SO. CAROLINA
2554 Jason Boulevard
843.626.0192

WELLFORD, SO. CAROLINA
10243 Greenville Highway
864.439.5500

HOUSTON, TEXAS
2618 Winrock @ Westheimer
713.974.2100

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
727 Iberville Street
504.524.4354

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO*
Avenida Paseo de la
Reforma 35
011.52.55.5905.4280

*OPENING FEBRUARY 2006

The PENTHOUSE Club

www.PenthouseClubs.com

On Top of



Photographs by Lionel Deluy



"Where I'm From"

Born Jayceon Taylor in 1979, the Game grew up on the mean streets of Compton, California. He still lives in the area, but recently moved to a heavily guarded block where he resides with his two-year-old son, Harlem. When Taylor was in third grade, his sister accused their father of molesting her. As a result, he and his siblings were split up among various foster homes. By the time he was reunited with his family six years later, Taylor was a streetwise teen. Not long after, he got his first taste of inner-city life when one of his brothers was shot and killed. His brother would be the first of many loved ones Taylor would lose to gang violence.

Before he found success as the Game, Taylor was just a fledgling rapper who dealt drugs and gangbanged. At age 21, his life nearly ended. He paused his game of *Madden* to answer a knock at the door and was greeted with a hailstorm of bullets. "I think getting shot actually saved my life because it was a big wake-up call," he says. "It really motivated me to go in a different direction with my life." This new direction included sharpening his rap skills, which caught the eye of hip-hop's legendary producer, Dr. Dre.

In hooking up with Dre, the Game found not only a mentor, but also an expressway to stardom. When he released his first major-label record, *The Documentary* (Interscope/Aftermath), last January, it soared to No.1 on the *Billboard* charts.

"300 Bars"

Three hours late, the Game finally arrives for our interview. He's in town to host a launch party for his new line of Hurricane sneakers that'll hit store shelves this holiday season. "They ain't no knockoff Air Jordans, no knockoff Guccis," Game explains. "The good thing is, they're comfortable, but they're not ugly."

The Game might have been excited about his sneakers, but what I really cared about was the escalating feud between him and 50 Cent. The beef had started months earlier when 50 Cent, during an interview on New York City's hip-hop radio station Hot 97, said he was kicking the Game out of his G-Unit crew. It resulted in one of the Game's entourage getting shot in the leg.

A week later, on March 9, 2005, it looked like the two rappers had made up. They held a press conference and donated money to two inner-city charities. "I did the conference for my son, for the fans, and for my endorsements," says the Game. "I don't think [50 Cent] was thinking about anybody but 50 Cent. I thought the dude was sincere at the conference, but three days later, he was back on the radio talkin' about me."

Fast-forward a few months. The Game is getting ready to perform at Hot 97's Summer Jam at Giants Stadium in New Jersey. By then the truce had already been broken, so the Game was busy contemplating his next move. "Ten minutes before the show, I'm in my dressing room thinking about it," he says. "I get out there, do 'Westside Story' and 'Hate It or Love It.' Then I stop the music. It didn't feel right. I just said '50 Cent,' and everybody's jaw dropped 'cause they knew it was on." Then the Game threw his G-Unit chain into the crowd and treated the audience to a fury of chants including, "50 Cent can suck my dick. G-Unit can suck my dick. Tony Yayo can suck my dick."

Today, in front of radio stations and stores, Game supporters march holding signs proclaiming 50 CENT IS A RAT. "Fiddy dry-snitched on me," says the Game. "He says I sleep with an AK-47 in my couch. He ain't never even been to my house. Man, G-Unit is the new Murder Inc. But you're not gonna Ja Rule me."

In New York, Queens-born 50



Cent has the upper hand. But that doesn't stop the Game from dissing Fiddy on his own turf. "I'm here in N.Y. I ain't hiding," the Game continues, sharing his thoughts about the rest of the G-Unit team. "Yayo was in jail, but wasn't doing hard time. He went to Camp Snoopy. And Olivia is a man."

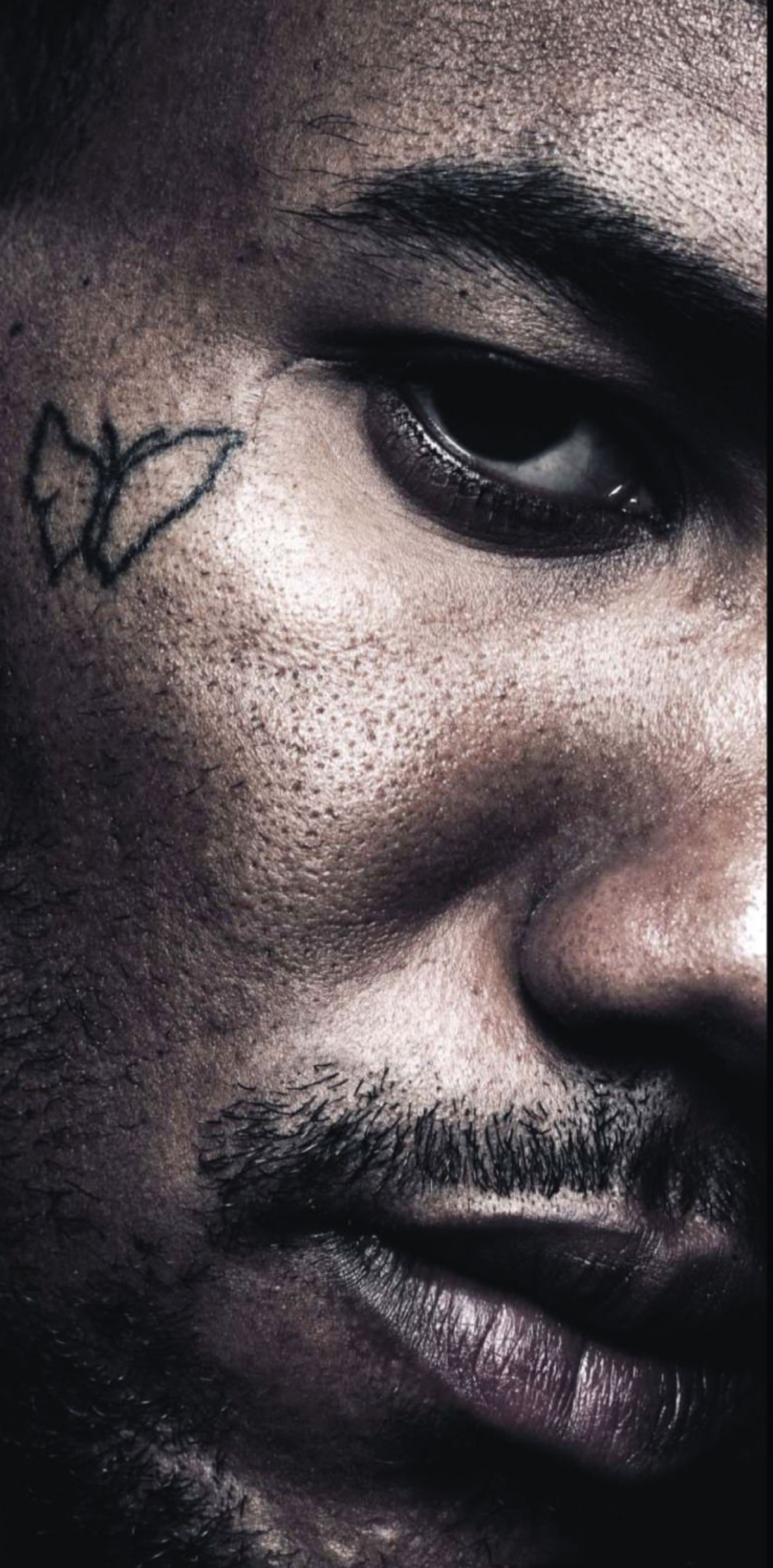
It doesn't stop there. In the Game's impressive freestyle riff "300 Bars and Runnin', " he raps, "You wanna rhyme like Lloyd Banks? Repeat after me / I'm a G-Unit toy soldier / On Sesame Street doing voiceovers / Bitch-ass nigga need a rhyme dictionary, to rehearse his lines / Sound like Oscar the Grouch, with them nursery rhymes." The Game says this was a preemptive move, something for his rivals to think about after he left for his overseas tour: "I started working on it after the Hot 97 thing, just to have some ammo ready. They tried to defame my character. I wanted to leave that in their motherfuckin' heads because I knew they'd be talking shit while I'm in Europe." But don't expect a follow-up. "I'm stopping there," he says. "There won't be '400 Bars' unless someone really pisses me off."

"Runnin' "

It turns out that this afternoon the Game is scheduled to play in a charity basketball game on an outside court in Harlem's Rucker Park. On our way to the car, a dapper British gentleman in our elevator notices all the bling the Game is wearing, including a pendant as big as his head. He asks, "Are those genuine?" The Game seems miffed. "Genuine?! Are you kiddin' me?! Man, this is the real deal. This is about 100 Gs right here. Man, I got a Bentley hanging around my neck." Then he rolls up his sleeve, exposing a bling-encrusted watch. "And here's a Mercedes right here."

We pile into one of several black vans, and are soon joined by members of the Game's posse. Sitting close to the rapper, I notice he's sporting a new tattoo—a *butterfly,* under his eye. He explains that the

"Ten minutes before the Hot 97 Summer Jam, I'm in my dressing room thinking about it. I get out there, do 'Westside Story' and 'Hate It or Love It.' Then I stop the music. It didn't feel right. I just said '50 Cent,' and everybody's jaw dropped because they knew it was on."



curious tattoo is in honor of his grandmother. “Besides, the chicks like it,” he adds. Under his other eye is a teardrop tattoo, which in gang circles signifies you’ve either been in jail or committed murder. The Game makes a point of noting that he’s never been to jail. I ask if he’d like to elaborate on what he’s implying by saying that, and he gives me a hard, silent look.

The Game pulls down his baseball cap to shield his eyes from the sun, rests his head against the window, and sighs. The driver starts to run red lights to avoid sitting idle at intersections where someone might be tempted to “pop a cap in our ass.” Great.

When we arrive in Harlem, there’s tension in the air. We enter behind the police barricades that have been erected to keep fans—and would-be assailants—at bay. We soon realize that many of the spectators are Crip members. The Game is connected to the Bloods, a rival gang. There are also 50 Cent fans. One of the Game’s management team isn’t liking this at all, pointing out there are “Crips forty-deep in the stands.” He predicts the situation could quickly turn bad. But the Game’s not worried. He and his entourage prepare to play, taking the time to remove all their jewelry.

The game starts, but it’s slow because the action stops every time a brawl breaks out. During major fights, the Game’s lookout gives his special call and a crew swarms the rapper to defend him. Guys seem to appear out of nowhere from all corners of the park, rushing to join the fray. Near the end of the game, one of the fights grows so big that it includes most of the crowd. There’s yelling, swearing, and fists flying—and the Game dives toward the free-for-all. Amid the violence—and with half the players no longer on the court —the officials call off the game.

That doesn’t stop the violence, though. The fight continues in the stands. The rappers make a beeline for the cars, and I scramble out with a manager and some posse members. They repeatedly warn us to be alert because “them gangbangers are circling, and it’s tricky right

here." We quickly make our way to our cars as people begin storming the barricades. The walls are only waist-high and won't do much good if someone tries to take a shot at us, which the posse feels is pretty likely. We escape unscathed, but the Game's manager, Jimmy "Henchman" Rosemond, isn't thrilled. He says, "The kid comes up here and gets these Crip brothers all fired up—that's crazy shit." But when it comes to the beef with 50 Cent, Rosemond is supportive: "I can't tell him just to take it and not to be a man. I ain't gonna tell him just to be somebody's bitch."

"Hate It or Love It"

About a week after my Harlem adventure, the Game had an encounter with Death Row's Suge Knight near a Los Angeles club. A member of Suge's crew reportedly tried to grab a chain from the Game's neck, and chaos ensued. "It was just a little run-in," explains the Game. "Suge tries to do his thing, where he wants to try and punk rappers and see if he can get the upper hand. But he met his match in me. I'm not having it. I'm 25 years old, a grown man, and I should be respected. I take care of a lot of people, and all I want is respect. They came at me. I didn't start this. But I'll sure as hell be glad to finish it."

Despite these high-profile beefs, the Game is moving forward with his career. Starting this November, his fans can catch him on the big screen in *Millionaire Boys Club,* then in *Waist Deep*. "I play a gang member," he says. "How true to life is that? It shouldn't be too hard, but I'm really excited and looking forward to the challenge." Fans won't have to wait too long for the next record either, as he's already started writing it. "My new album's gonna be better than the first one. I haven't lost it. I'm still on the streets and still hungry. If anyone's looking for me to fall off, it's not gonna happen."

Bring the Bling

Every time we turn around, a rapper is launching a clothing line or putting his name on a product. Here are five of the hottest.—*Rebecca Swanner*



Artist: **Eminem**
Company: **Shady Ltd.**

From T-shirts and skullcaps to puffy outerwear, Slim Shady's line takes it back to the streets of Detroit. ShadyLtd.com



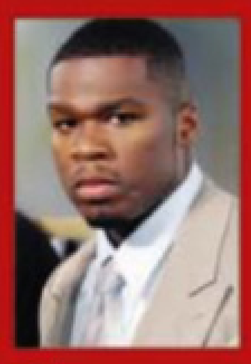
Artist: **Sean "Diddy" Combs**
Company: **Sean John**

If you've got to clean up to go out on the town, Diddy's sharp suits will get you past the velvet rope with ease. SeanJohn.com



Artist: **Nelly**
Company: **VOKAL**

This sporty collection is full of clothing so comfortable, you won't take it off—no matter how hot it is in *herre.* VOKAL.com



Artist: **50 Cent**
Company: **G-Unit**

Produced by Ecko, the sporty, Fiddy-inspired line stays true to the game, even without a bullet-proof vest. G-UnitClothing.com



Artist: **The Game**
Company: **310 Motoring**

These hot sneakers anointed with the Game's nickname, "The Hurricane," are the first athletic shoes produced by the luxury shoe line. 310.com



Christmas Thong Trio

Light her fire this Holiday season with three sparkley thongs: red satin, rhinestones & ruffles, black sequins, and marabou pom-poms.
S,M,L. *All 3 for only $45*





Order by Dec.1st and get a FREE Wet, Wild & Wicked DVD

800-726-7035
www.panties.com



PEEK INSIDE

Wild, Wild Midwest

At the Gateway to the West, you'll find the gateway to good times and gorgeous girls.

St. Louis can already lay claim to Chuck Berry, Budweiser, and Dirty South rap. Now the Lou has another reason to brag. The St. Louis Penthouse Club is a gentlemen's club worth writing home about. (Depending on whom you're writing to, you may want to leave out the part about the contact lap dances.)

Take in the scene from the cushy couches or step into a private room, where you can get a lap dance from the comfort of a chaise lounge or easy chair. At first, you probably won't notice the plasma TVs throughout the club—those Midwestern girls can be distracting, so your eyes will be glued to the four granite stages. And if you're looking for a more private way to take in the action, champagne suites hold eight people and offer butler service and an Xbox.

No matter how long you stay, you won't go hungry—or thirsty. Order premium liquors at the bar, request a bottle from the full wine list, or enjoy a cigar from the well-stocked humidors. At the on-site restaurant, the business-lunch special includes an eight-ounce steak, fries, and a vegetable for a wallet-friendly four bucks. (Seriously. Four bucks.)

You could argue that the club is already doing plenty for mankind, but it's also raising money for great causes. Recently, a club-sponsored golf tourney raised $13,000 for the Southern Illinois Healthcare Foundation's Mother and Child Services, and a poker run raised $9,800 for Bikers Against Child Abuse. These events always feature plenty of hot girls, including a few Pets! Is there a better excuse to get in touch with your charitable side? We don't think so!







Sure the dancers are stunning, but the guests at the St. Louis club are pretty sexy, too! At a recent bash, October '05 Pet of the Month Melissa Jacobs (top, left) hangs with a hottie in the VIP room.

ST. LOUIS

PENTHOUSE DANCER OF THE MONTH: MERCEDES

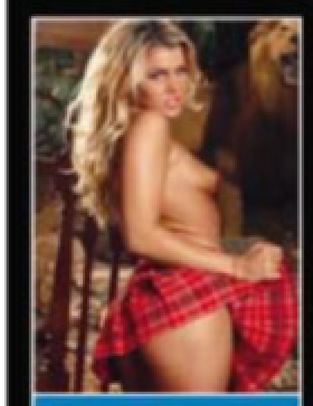
MORE ST. LOUIS FAVORITES:



SAVANNHA
Loves: Guys who can make me smile



SKYLAR
Loves: Dancing and getting paid for it!



KRIS
Loves: Going fishing at sunset



"Come on in—I promise you'll be back!"



GET TO KNOW MERCEDES

Turn-ons: a guy with great lips and a sexy smile
Turnoffs: ugly feet and mullets
My ideal man is: sweet and kind.
My ideal date is: a date where I don't have to pay for anything! If he's paying, I'll go anywhere.
Best thing about the St. Louis club: All the pretty girls I work with!

WHAT'S HAPPENING

ST. LOUIS:

January 4: Centerfold Search
Stunning girls in the Midwest vie for *Penthouse* glory. Get a first look at future centerfolds.

January 12: Meet the Pet
See which *Penthouse* vixen is making an appearance in the Lou!

PHOENIX:

January 7: *Penthouse* Poker Run
Get ready for a wild game of cards.

January 11: Amateur Centerfold Search
Who'll get a shot at *Penthouse* fame?

January 14: Meet the Pet
One of our gorgeous Pets is dropping by!

January 26: Showgirl Super-fights
See the sexiest showdown in the Wild West.

DENVER:

January 7: Amateur Centerfold Search
Watch hot girls compete for a spot in *Penthouse*!

January 13: Meet the Pet
Get up close and personal with a familiar face from the pages of *Penthouse*.

January 25–28: Anniversary Week
Celebrate the Denver club's one-year mark!

Cell Phones Off ☑

Significant Other ☑

Fur-Lined Handcuffs ☑

10 Kinky, Mind-Blowing Ideas
Inspired By Variations.com! ☐

VARIATIONS.COM

Hot Sex Stories, Lusty Letters,
Fetish Videos & More!

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS ONLINE



Pet of the Year



We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**



JAMIE LYNN

Our readers really had their work cut out for them this year. Picking a favorite from our 12 gorgeous finalists couldn't have been easy, but we're sure you had fun trying. Our new Queen made her first appearance in these pages exactly one year ago—in our January 2005 Pet of the Year issue. That's when sultry Jamie Lynn began dreaming of being Pet of the Year herself. As these photos prove, she's always been a winner!

Photographs by Ken Marcus



"I'm looking forward to traveling around the country with all the sexy ladies of *Penthouse*," Jamie Lynn says. The 23-year-old, 34D-25-34 beauty is excited to give something back to her fans. "I can't wait to launch my new Website with *Penthouse*. It will definitely have something for everyone!" See for yourself at SexyJamie.com.







"I am a woman who loves to have fun, and isn't afraid to take risks," Jamie Lynn tells us. When she's not partying with *Penthouse,* she enjoys fishing, barbecuing, drinking beer, and hanging out at strip clubs. Tattoos are one of her biggest turn-ons. But she adds, "I'm looking for a man who wants to have a good time, loves to laugh, and knows how to satisfy me. And I'm very loyal because I don't like to share."



Jamie Lynn admits she has a one-track mind when it comes to her favorite pastime: “My favorite way to get a work-out? Sex. And my favorite way to relax? Sex.”

Now that she's Pet of the Year, is there anything else Jamie Lynn dreams of? "My ultimate fantasy is to have my own sex slave who would do *everything*," she says. "He'd get turned on by letting me experiment on him, and we'd try anything my devious mind could imagine." Somehow, we don't think she'll have any trouble finding a volunteer.





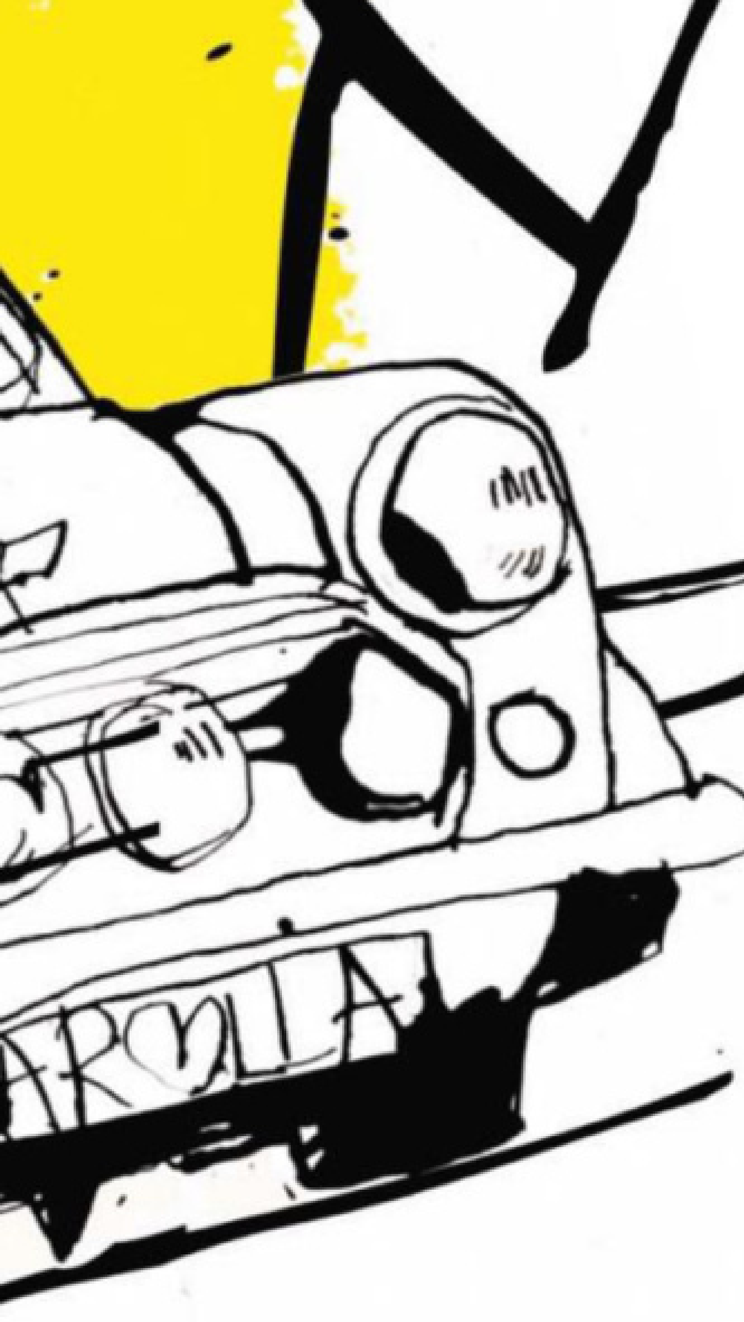




Just think—if fate hadn't stepped in, Jamie Lynn could be selling houses right now. Real estate was her backup plan when she started modeling. "Then I became the January centerfold last year, and the rest is history," she says. "This is a great accomplishment. I'm so excited to be the first Pet of the Year for the new *Penthouse*. I love what I do, I'm great at what I do, and I go all the way for my fans!"



Scotti Jack and Sole



Former boxing instructor Adam Carolla may be the busiest man in Hollywood: He's about to take over for Howard Stern on the West Coast—and he already stars in a radio show and two television shows. We asked Kevin Hench, head writer on *Too Late With Adam Carolla*, to describe a day in the life of a man juggling four successful projects at once.

8:42 A.M.

Like any good boxer, Adam Carolla is a constantly moving target.

You just can't pin him down. Not comedically, not politically, and certainly not physically. He's a blur of perpetual motion. Carolla may weigh in at cruiserweight—six-two, 185—but his footwork is pure welterweight: He's never in one place long enough to get hit. Here is a recent day in the life of the heir apparent to Howard Stern's title of King of All Media:

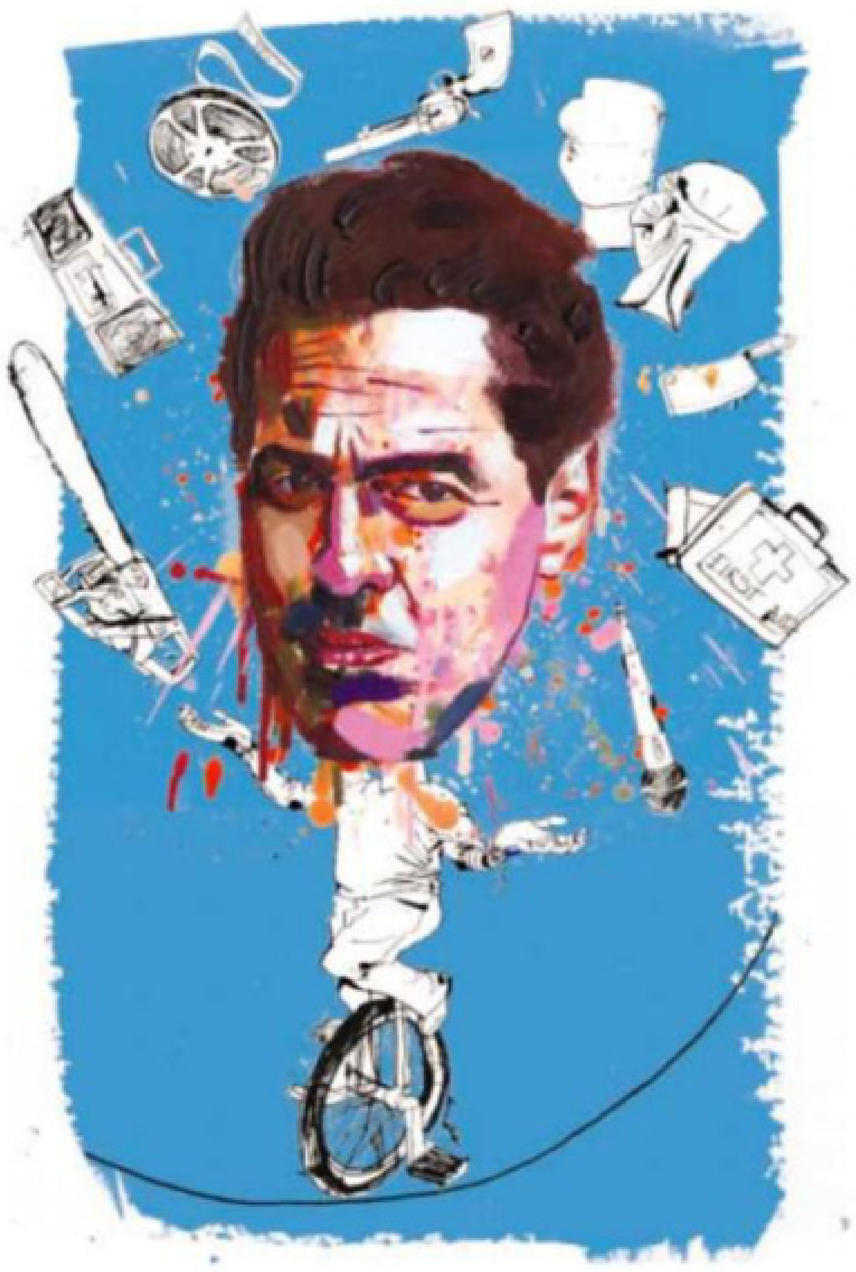
Carolla, who for the past ten years has cohosted a nationally syndicated late-night radio show called *Loveline*, has been asleep for about five and a half hours when his doorbell rings. He knew he was hosting a 9 A.M. meeting with Infinity Broadcasting president of programming Rob Barnett, which is why he set his alarm for 8:45. His wife, Lynette, informs him that Barnett has arrived early.

Illustrations by Richard Stanley

Carolla will spend the rest of the day telling anyone who will listen how much he prefers that someone be ten minutes late than 18 minutes early. But Infinity is preparing to make him its morning drive-time voice on the West Coast, so Carolla hastily readies himself for the meeting.

9:10 A.M.

Jimmy Kimmel, Carolla's longtime friend, collaborator, and producing partner, arrives for the meeting. Though he lives just a few minutes down the street, Kimmel has thoughtfully given his buddy his preferred ten-minute cushion. Kimmel met Carolla in a boxing



gym in 1994, when he enlisted his future partner to train him for a boxing tournament among on-air personalities at KROQ in Los Angeles. (Carolla had been working as a carpet cleaner, carpenter, and boxing instructor.)

During these tutorials, Kimmel noticed that his rangy, southpaw sparring partner happened to be funnier than anyone he worked with at the radio station. Kimmel urged Carolla to start doing radio.

Now, slightly more than a decade later, the former *Man Show* cohosts sit with Barnett discussing Carolla's move into the slot heretofore occupied by the biggest name in radio history.

10:15 A.M.

After a productive meeting of the minds, Carolla must dart to the location of the show he is doing for TLC—a part-home improvement, part-reality show called *The Adam Carolla Project*.

Though he owns a fleet of cars, most notably (and handsomely) a racing-green Aston Martin DB9, Carolla usually chooses his Mini Cooper for easy travel around his native Los Angeles.

10:32 A.M.

For most TV stars, pulling up to the job means a parking space with their name on it, a bowl of fresh fruit waiting in their dressing room, and a small coterie of hair-and-makeup people waiting to beautify the talent. Not on *The Adam Carolla Project*. When he pulls up to the job site, it's, well, a job site.

Carolla is overseeing the renovation of his small, charmless boyhood home in the San Fernando Valley. This project provides the setting for the show. It's a frenzied day at the site, and Carolla's crew is stomping around in a foul mood. During the weekend, someone broke into the site and stole all of their tools. The angry builders are whipping one another into a bloodthirsty vigilante mob.

Ray Oldhafer, Carolla's friend since childhood, has lost all of his new drills and thinks he knows the guys who stole them. His prime suspects live just down the street. But before Carolla's crew can mete out some frontier justice, the show's star has headed off the problem. He has contacted Hitachi, provider of the show's tools, and the company is happily replacing all the missing items.

When the new gear arrives, it's the construction equivalent of a Roman bacchanalia—an orgy of power drills, circular saws, and belt sanders. The crew dives in with abandon.

1:10 P.M.

Carolla wheels his Mini into Hollywood Center Studios, home to his late-night show on Comedy Central, *Too Late With Adam Carolla*. Like a battlefield surgeon, he addresses his various competing projects with an element of triage. It's a non-tape day at *Too Late*, so the pace is decidedly less furious than on days when cameras roll. For this show, he does have a parking space with his name on it and lunch is waiting for him, courtesy of executive producer Daniel Kellison. Kellison, who also produces *The Adam Carolla Project*, is tackling his daily quandary. He has an extensive list of elements for the show that he needs to discuss with Carolla, but he also has to quickly dispatch his host for a field shoot.

Between bites of their turkey sandwiches, they cram in as much business as humanly possible.

1:47 P.M.

Carolla pops into my office. But before we can begin discussing prospective comedy bits, his cell phone rings.

It's David Abraham, executive vice president and general manager of TLC, telling him how happy the station is with the first installment of *The Adam Carolla Project*. Carolla is pleased and genuinely appreciative of Abraham's praise. He tells me the good news, then he's off again.

2:03 P.M.

About an hour later than the field department had hoped, Carolla hits Melrose Avenue to shoot a man-on-the-street piece called "Show Me a Scar, Tell Me a Story." Though his writing staff openly doubted his hypothesis that lots of people have scars they'd be willing to show on TV, and interesting stories to go with them, Carolla is once again vindicated.

He approaches two young black men and cavalierly throws out, "I'll bet you guys have been stabbed and shot."

It's a classic Carolla moment: Has he crossed the line? Will these guys be offended? Will we see a repeat of the tense moment from the *Too Late* pilot when a man-on-the-street subject pulled a butterfly knife on him?

None of the above. The guys just laugh and proudly confirm the host's suspicion, one displaying the scar on his hand where he was stabbed, and the other revealing the indentation in his leg where he was shot with a pellet gun.

Later, a young woman denies that she has any scars, but offers a peek at a bug bite on her ankle. "Wait a minute, what's that?" asks Carolla, pointing to the woman's foot in her open-toed sandal. The woman recoils when the prominent scar running the length of her metatarsal is discovered.

"Was that a bunion?" Carolla asks, and the woman shrieks in a combination of confession, humiliation, and revulsion. Her friend informs the inquisitive TV host that the woman is very sensitive about her feet.

"Well, then don't wear sandals!" says Carolla. "I have a hairy ass, but you don't see me walking around in chaps."

The bit goes well, yielding a remarkable and varied collection of dog-bite scars, skateboard wounds, a boob-job scar, and one spectacular zipper scar on a woman who had to be opened up so doctors could remove a needle she had swallowed.

It's almost 5 P.M., and the boxer's feet are moving again.

5:07 P.M.

The shrill alarm of the electronic round bell blares in a small boxing gym. Carolla and actor/director Peter Berg (*Friday Night Lights*) are sparring under the watchful eye of Terry Claybon, who trained Denzel Washington for his Oscar-nominated performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter.

Like most people who see Carolla's boxing prowess up close, Berg, who portrayed a palooka in *The Great White Hype,* is surprised and impressed.

Maybe it's the skinny arms, or the nasally voice. But people just don't see Carolla, who was an All-League football player in high school, as a pugilist. The producers of Fox's *Celebrity Boxing* once tried to coax him into fighting female wrestler Chyna, an invitation that Carolla deemed a lose–lose situation and declined. Now, in addition to his two TV shows and booming radio career, Carolla is developing a feature film—a comedy set in the world of amateur boxing.

6:38 P.M.

Though his swirling schedule reflects the anarchical quality of the man himself, there is an organized chaos to the daily fire drill that Carolla endures. Perhaps the most sacrosanct sliver of his schedule is the afternoon nap. Today it's later than usual, and is therefore all the more needed. When you are the generator for two television shows, a radio show, and a movie, you need to recharge your batteries regularly.

For most Americans, waking up for work is the worst moment of the day. Monday through Thursday, Carolla experiences it twice.

7:30 PM

His second wake-up is much less jarring than the first. Instead of springing into a power meeting, he enjoys a leisurely dinner with Lynette.

On most nights, he would skip rope before heading to *Loveline,* but between the steamy hours taping on Melrose and his session at Claybon's, Carolla is content to take it easy.

9:34 P.M.

Time to go to work. With fewer cars on the streets and room to maneuver, he opts for the raw power of his Nissan Z.

As much as he might like to sit back, relax, and listen to Pachelbel's Canon on the way to the radio show, he uses the 20-minute drive to go over notes from an earlier *Too Late* field shoot with the director.

10 P.M.

Carolla settles in for his nightly two-hour conversation with Dr. Drew Pinsky and their mostly young callers, who seek advice about sex, drugs, romance, and relationships. Though the subject matter is certainly juicy, it is the meandering, casual nature of the show, and Carolla's sharp, off-the-cuff witticisms, that have given it such broad appeal.

The time flies by. When midnight hits, Carolla is on the move again, peeling off his headset and bolting the studio. Though they've just spent two hours talking to each other, the cohosts usually continue their conversation via cell phone on their respective drives home.

12:23 A.M

It's almost time for Carolla to kick back with a glass of red wine and enjoy his standing date with his beloved TiVo—he's got *Kimmel* and a History Channel profile of the battleship *Missouri* lined up—but first he has to field one more call about work, from yours truly. We go over the comedy segments for upcoming shows and form a game plan for the following week.

Now he's free. Finally. The wee hours are all his.

Yes, Adam Carolla does quite a bit during the course of a day—everything, it seems, but linger. He bounces from his office to Kellison's office to the editing suite to the writers' room, and—thanks to a steady flow of coffee—makes frequent trips to the bathroom.

Though most critics might disagree, Carolla really defies categorization. He's a junior-college dropout who for more than ten years made his living cleaning carpets and working construction. He is a resolute recycler who one minute hectors his staff for wasting energy by leaving the porch light to the office on all day. The next minute he'll rant about suspecting "tree-huggers" of delaying the development of the bullet train to Vegas to save some spotted lizard.

Liberals love his ardently pro-choice position on reproductive rights, but wince when he defends the conditions in Guantánamo Bay and Abu Ghraib.

Conservatives embrace Carolla when he says he favors racial profiling in the war on terrorism, but are forced to disavow him when he dismisses religion as a mental illness.

The truth is, no political ideology can claim him. Which is just how he likes it.

It's the first rule of boxing: Be hard to hit. The best way to do that is to keep moving. Carolla's collective opponent—an odd alliance of critics, conservatives, and liberals—might cock a fist and throw a haymaker. But try as they might, they won't lay a glove on him.

He's already gone.







PARTY CENTRAL

Pet of the Year Jamie Lynn wants to ring in 2006 in style, so she and her new partner in crime, Runner-Up Cassia Riley, opt for an intimate—but far from low-key—evening with a small group of friends, including the leggy and luscious Courtney Taylor.

Photographs by Ken Marcus



Jamie Lynn, Cassia, and Courtney have no intention of waiting till the ball drops to get the party started. The trio immediately captures the spotlight, and their sexy stripping inspires an enraptured audience to drop the formalities … and their inhibitions!





Jamie Lynn and Cassia turn their attention to Brittney, welcoming her and Nicole into the centerfold. Then the earthly beauties align under the moonlit sky at midnight and add their own breathtaking scenery to the gorgeous view. They're all looking forward to a very satisfying 2006.

We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**







SEX IS NOT ALL
FUN AND GAMES.

OH, WHO ARE
WE KIDDING?
YES IT IS!

GO BEHIND THE SCENES,
BENEATH THE SURFACE AND BETWEEN
THE SHEETS WHEN YOU LOG ONTO

PENTHOUSEFORUM.COM

LETTERS, INTERVIEWS, SEX ADVICE, NEWS AND MUCH MORE!

By Kara Wahlgren



NUTRITION

CHEW ON THIS

Almost every food in the supermarket has been red-flagged by one diet or another. But have no fear—there are still some foods you *can* eat, like sweet potatoes and a slab of beef.

Enough about all the shit you can't eat. Here are 15 foods you can chow down on without feeling an ounce of guilt.

Beef: There's nothing wrong with having a little beef. (Just ask 50 Cent.) A four-ounce slab of lean beef packs B-vitamins, cancer-fighting antioxidants, and more than 60 percent of your daily protein.

Black beans: One cup has more than half your daily dose of fiber, along with plenty of iron, vitamin B1, and protein.

Blueberries: They're heavy on vitamin C, and have more antioxidant power than red wine. Down the road, they may even save your brain and your vision.

Brown rice: Don't boycott this wonder-carb. Rich in B-vitamins, iron, and fiber, brown rice pummels white rice in the nutrients department. Plus, whole grains may lower your cancer risk.

Cantaloupes: Half a melon has almost twice the RDA for vitamin C, and twice as much potassium as a banana.

Chili peppers: Capsaicin, the chemical that sets your mouth on fire, can lower blood pressure and cholesterol. It also soothes digestive problems, so if your buddy uses that "weak stomach" excuse on wing night, it means he just can't take the heat.

Mangoes: One of these gives you most of your daily vitamin C, plus a big helping of vitamin A and fiber. The tropical fruit may even prevent arthritis and boost your immune system.

Oatmeal: It's got fiber and antioxidants to spare, and besides, it's Oatmeal Month! Seriously.

Quinoa: Like most whole grains, quinoa is rich in iron and protein, but it's actually a seed. That means you also get fiber, magnesium, and B-vitamins.

Red onions: The quercetin in red onions is a powerful antioxidant. They're best chopped, but if you can't stomach them raw, roast them in olive oil.

Salmon: This fish is chock-full of omega-3 fatty acids, which sound unhealthy, but actually fight heart disease and prevent blood clots. If you buy it canned, you'll get some calcium as a bonus.

Spices: Curry may help fight cancer and Alzheimer's disease. Garlic lowers cholesterol. Ginger soothes nausea. And cinnamon may help regulate blood sugar.

In fact, most herbs and spices are healthy, so go ahead and pile 'em on.



Illustrations by Chris Hiers

NUTRITION

Spinach: This leafy, green vegetable may reduce the signs of aging, and it's full of vitamins and antioxidants. Cooking spinach makes its antioxidants easier to absorb.

Sweet potatoes: They're actually one of the best veggies out there, with lots of soluble fiber and plenty of vitamins A, C, and B6.

Tomatoes: Thanks to its lycopene, a tomato a day can cut your risk of bladder, stomach, and colon cancers in half. Drizzle with olive oil to help your body absorb the lycopene.

Don't worry—you don't have to spend two hours a day on the treadmill. Even small bursts of exercise can add up to big weight loss in the long run.

FITNESS

TEN WAYS TO BURN 100

Working off an extra 100 calories a day consistently could add up to a ten-pound weight loss by the end of the year. Even the most stagnant guy should be able to swing getting that much exercise. The best part? It only takes a few minutes.

- Playing cards: 43 minutes
- Cleaning: 21 minutes
- Walking the dog: 17 minutes
- Washing your car: 17 minutes
- Shoveling snow: 13 minutes
- Sledding: 11 minutes
- Golfing (no cart): 20 minutes
- Jogging: eight minutes
- Going clubbing: 15 minutes
- Getting laid: 17 minutes

All figures are based on a 180-pound man.

HEALTH NEWS



CROC BLOCKING

The cuddly reptiles best known for feasting on unsuspecting golfers may someday save countless lives. Crocs have stronger immune systems than humans, and recents tests show that their antibodies can fight off penicillin-resistant bacteria and even HIV. Now Australian and U.S. scientists are extracting crocodile blood in the hopes of isolating those antibodies to develop better disease-fighting meds. But don't go croc-hunting the next time you get a paper cut—researchers warn that it may take years until the antibodies are ready for human consumption.

They're not exactly man's best friend, but crocodiles could be lifesavers. Someday, their blood may be the key to fighting off nasty infections.

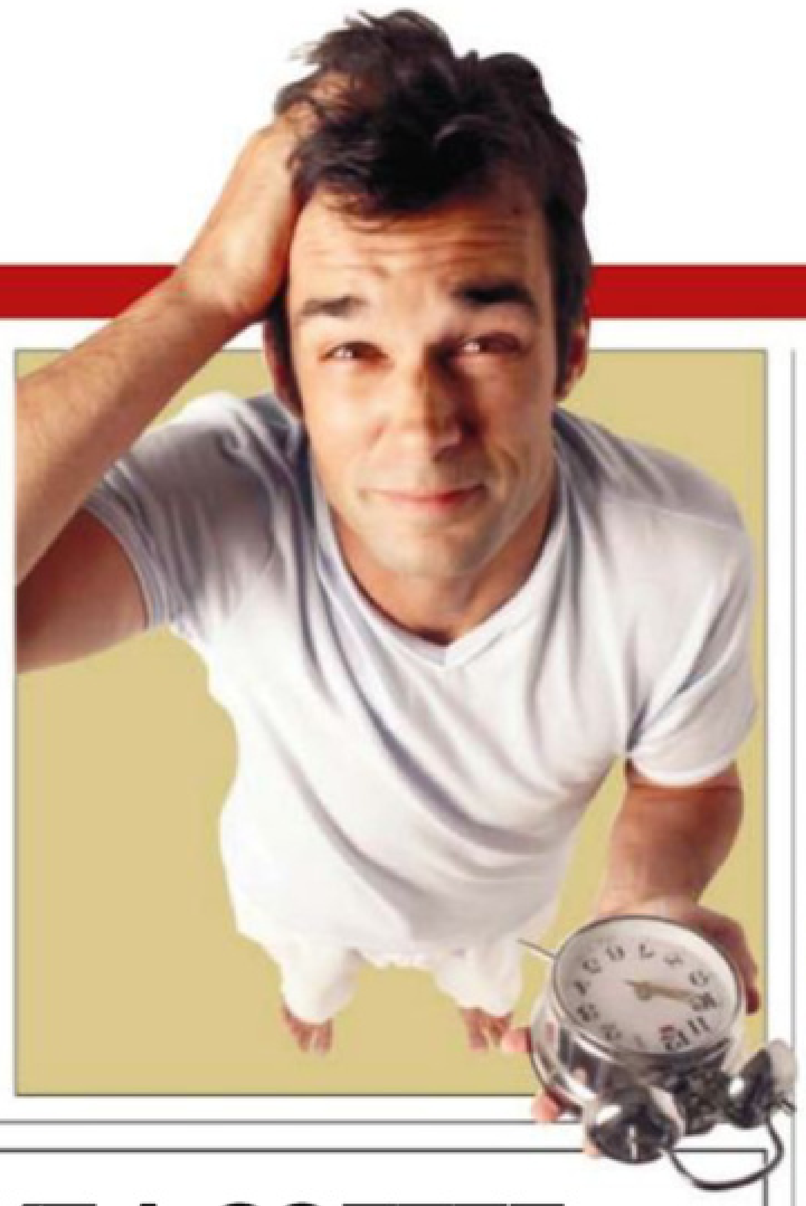
CONTACT HIGH

Next time you miss that fly ball or fumble that pass, you may not be able to blame the sun's glare. Nike has teamed up with Bausch & Lomb to develop tinted contacts that work like a built-in pair of sunglasses. The contacts block 95 percent of UVA and UVB rays. They can't break if you fall, won't fog up, and you can wear 'em under a helmet. (Brian Roberts of the Baltimore Orioles nabbed a pair for the 2005–06 season.) MaxSight lenses go for $20 a pair, and require a prescription and fitting, even if you have perfect vision.



WAKE UP!

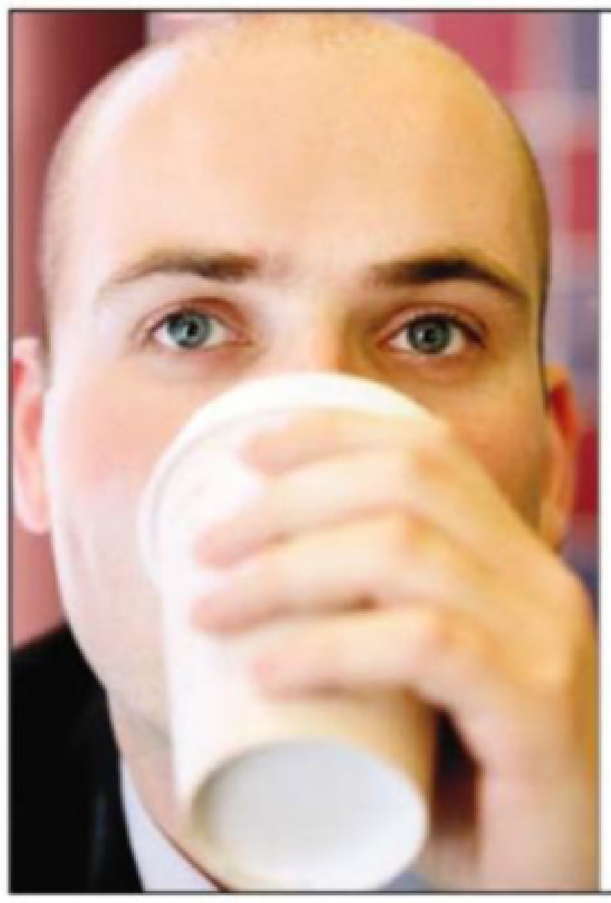
No self-respecting man gets enough sleep. But whether your late nights come from playing *Halo* or getting laid, an experimental drug called CX717 may one day make up for lost zzz's. A lucky group of rested monkeys took performance tests, then took the tests again after 30-plus sleepless hours. Their performance sucked, obviously. But after a hit of CX717, the monkeys rocked the tests despite their lack of shut-eye. The drug has also shown positive results in humans, and could someday be an aid to military personnel, docs on call, and late-shift workers.





HERBAL LETDOWN

Got an earthy friend who's always raving about his herbal remedies? Now you can put him in his place. Two new studies have delivered a blow to a handful of so-called herbal wonder drugs. In the first study, researchers at the University of Virginia found that echinacea doesn't prevent colds or lessen symptoms. The second study, at the University of California, San Francisco, tested the effectiveness of kava (for anxiety) and valerian (for insomnia). You guessed it: Neither fared better than a placebo. Guess it's time to go back to chugging cough syrup.



TAKE A COFFEE BREAK

From the files of scientific studies that sound suspiciously like they were conducted by Starbucks: The main source of antioxidants in the American diet is *coffee*. Not broccoli. Not pomegranates. Not tomatoes. A study at the University of Scranton (an actual university, not a coffee shop) found that the amount of coffee we drink each day makes it a prime source of the cancer-fighting compounds.

But before you order a gallon of joe, keep in mind that all those antioxidants aren't necessarily absorbed or utilized by your body. The best antioxidant sources are still fruits and veggies.

SUGAR WARS

Sugar's been taking a lot of heat for the obesity crisis in America, with the bulk of the blame falling on high-fructose corn syrup—the extra-sweet ingredient added to ice cream, soda, ketchup, and other processed foods. The sugar industry has fired back, arguing that sugar has zero connection to obesity. Their argument? Weight gain is caused by a plain-and-simple overdose on calories.

Now there's more bad news for the sugar supporters. Experts are suggesting that fructose, a naturally occurring sweetener, affects the way our metabolism works. A recent study found that fructose impedes the body's ability to feel full. Another study linked fructose to increased fat storage: Mice that consumed fructose-sweetened beverages had an impressive 90 percent more body fat than mice that only consumed water. Even though the fructose-chugging mice ate less, they actually gained more weight. So unless you're going for that "big teddy bear" look, watch for the F-word on your food labels.

Fructose doesn't just add calories to your diet—it may actually screw with your metabolism, too. Definitely *not* sweet.



Interview by Dave Hollander

THERE'S S

Pro-surfing hottie Mary Osborne talks

SOMETHING ABOUT MARY

etiquette, dating, and sex, and—more important—shows us what a champion longboarder is made of.

Photographs by Lisa Boyle



The Rob Machado/Kelly Slater rivalry is pretty intense. How cut-throat are rivalries in women's surfing?
Probably worse than the guys. In longboarding, we try to be friends. But in shortboarding—I've heard a lot of stories. There's definitely hatred. When it gets to money rounds, it gets a little crazy. There's yelling, pulling leashes, paddle battling.... Paddle battling happens all the time now.
Paddle battling?
It's when you're paddling next to someone and trying to get into position. People get angry, and a lot of words are exchanged.
Is marketing making surfing too crowded?
[*Laughs*] Yes! You see surfing everywhere—on billboards, commercials—everywhere! It's good and bad. Yeah, you paddle out on the water and it's crowded, so it sucks. But on the business side, it's good for us because there's more money involved. More people want to do the sport—it's more popular and growing. So everyone benefits, but it does suck because you can't just paddle out in the water and be by yourself anywhere in the world nowadays.
How far do you have to go to find a break without any kooks surfing it?
You gotta go far sometimes. In Ventura, [California], if you're lucky, maybe early in the morning or in the afternoon—but it's luck. Or you gotta get on a long plane flight, and still it's crowded there!
Have you ever been a victim—or an enforcer—of localism?
I have three older brothers, so I won't say I've really ever been a victim—maybe more of an enforcer. But I'm a minority in the water, being a female, so it's not like I'm trying to pick any fights or do anything like that.
You've never had to deck another surfer in the parking lot?
No, but I've wanted to.
You won the 2003 MTV reality show *Surf Girls*. How much of what they aired was reality?
If I had my own hidden camera, I could've made a better show. There were so many good fights they missed—so much of the girls bitching at each other. Fifteen girls in one house and no men. I thought, *This is gonna be awful.* After a while, you start thinking, *Hey, the cameraman's hands are kinda cute.* When we got to Australia and they brought out some men, I thought for sure there



MARY OSBORNE BECAME THE FIRST WOMAN TO GRACE THE COVER OF EURO-SURF MAG "THE SURFER'S PATH." SHE ALSO WON THE LONGBOARD COMPETITION ON THE MTV REALITY SHOW "SURF GIRLS."







were gonna be fights.

Could you ever date a guy who doesn't surf?

That's a good question. Sometimes, I never ever want to date a guy who surfs. And then I date a non-surfer, and he doesn't understand why I'm late to dinner, or not showing up because the waves are good. You kinda don't see eye-to-eye in certain areas.

Where does the relationship go bad with another surfer?

You never see each other outside of the water. I dated an ex–pro surfer for a while, and we were always in the water together for, like, hours. And that's cool, but after a while you're like, "C'mon! Let's go!" Or I would come home after a huge swell, and he'd taken off to the islands for a few days and I wouldn't see him.

It's like you were a jealous lover to the water.

Exactly. I don't think I could ever date someone who travels as much as I do. A lot of stuff happens on the road. [*Pauses*] I'm good … I'm very well behaved. **[*Looks at her skeptically.*]**

Swear to God!

Is your ideal couple the Surf Camp owners Doc and Juliette Paskowitz: married, surfing, and—

—and still wanna be grabbing each other when you're 85? Yeah, that would be my ideal.

What do surfers know about sex that non-surfers don't?

Sometimes, I don't think they know anything. [*Laughs hysterically*] Just kidding, really. Maybe they're a bit more free-spirited.

How difficult is it to get busy on a surfboard?

Haven't done it yet. No famous sex on the beach. But doing it on longboards would definitely be easier than shortboards.

Is Mother Nature a single mom, or is there a Father Nature around the house?

There's gotta be a Father Nature. Maybe they're bisexual. Or one's a tranny! We just did a tranny bar last week in San Francisco. It was the funniest thing I've ever seen. You ever been to Asia SF? It's super-hot women—but they're *men!* It was a little scary because the guys were loving it.

I've heard that "pornaoke" is all the rage in San Francisco—instead of singing, you improv sound effects to classic porn.

Shut up! No way! Is that real? We might have to do that next time.

TECHNOMANIA

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century



GoodCall

From music to messaging, the latest cells aren't just for phoning home. (clockwise, from left)

The **Motorola ROKR** is the first cell phone that comes with iTunes. Using a USB connection, you can transfer up to 100 songs from your Mac or PC's iTunes library to the ROKR. One button lets you switch between music and talk mode. It has dual built-in stereo speakers with stereo headphones that double as a headset, a VGA camera, and a TransFlash memory expansion slot. It's available exclusively at Cingular stores. $249. Motorola.com

The **MDA** from **T-Mobile** is like having a laptop in your pocket. You can access your work and personal info, and send and receive e-mail. Other features include text and instant messaging, Windows Mobile 5.0 to view and edit Microsoft applications, and Wi-Fi speed for Internet access. This phone has a full slide-out keyboard, an MP3 player with a mini SD memory slot, a 1.3-megapixel camera, and Bluetooth capability. $399. T-Mobile.com

The newly upgraded **BlackBerry 7105t** is smaller (4.69 inches by 2.28 inches) than its predecessor, the 7100, and has a 2.2-inch screen that can display up to 65,000 colors. The 7105t is supported on 850, 900, 1,800, and 1,900 bands, and on T-Mobile's GPRS network. Use it to send and receive e-mail, view attachments, and schedule meetings. It comes with Bluetooth version 2.0 and weighs just 4.23 ounces. $299.99. T-Mobile.com

By Ken Sander • Photographs by Robert Lorenz



The **Motorola i836** is more than the average phone—it also features **Nextel**'s famous walkie-talkie service. This sleek-looking device is Web- and e-mail capable, with a 65,000-color display. Other features include speaker-phone, voice-activated dialing, preloaded ring tones, and games. It weighs 3.6 ounces, provides 120 minutes of talk time, and 80 hours of standby time. $324.99. Sprint.com and Motorola.com

The **W800 Walkman** by **Sony** is a digital music player that comes with a 512-MB Memory Stick—that's 150 music tracks, or ten to 15 CDs. You can expand the memory up to 1 GB, and use ripping software to help you manage your tunes. This phone is also a 2-megapixel camera with video recording capability, so you can store your images on the phone or transfer them to your PC. $499. SonyEricsson.com

Location, Location

GPS devices to keep you and your best friend on track.



Magellan's **RoadMate 760** is the first portable GPS system that audibly announces upcoming streets and turns. The SmartDetour feature offers travel options if you run into roadwork or traffic delays. It has multi-destination routing, password protection, and a color touch screen. It plugs into any car's cigarette lighter. $1,154.99. MagellanGPS.com



With the **GlobalPetFinder,** you can let the dogs out. This GPS collar sends a message to your cell phone, PDA, or computer when Rover roams out of bounds. Or dial F-O-U-N-D from any wireless device, and you'll receive your dog's location. It's water-resistant, and runs on three AAA batteries. $349.99 activation fee; $17.99 per month. GlobalPetFinder.com



Time Is on Your Side

It's all in the wrist, so treat yours to a device that's high-tech *and* hip.

Suunto's **n6HR** watch is a heart-rate monitor and a SPOT device that receives MSN Direct content—customized weather, news, movie listings, and sports scores. The watch automatically updates the time and local information when you change time zones. Receive text messages, and sync notes and appointments with Microsoft Office. $399.99 for the watch; $59.95 for one year, full content. SuuntoWatches.com and MSNDirect.com

The **Outdoors** chronograph/tachymeter **1015** by **Jeep** is a rough-and-ready watch housed in a sturdy 44-mm stainless-steel case. The natural rubber wristband has a compass, and the hands and numbers are ultraluminescent and easy to read at a glance. The watch movement is os10, and it's water-resistant to 16 feet. Battery life is three years. This is a great watch for those weekend hikes. $240. JeepWatches.com

The **Aquaracer Calibre S** by **TAG Heuer** is designed for competitive boat racing and yachting. This watch, inspired by sports car tachometers, has a Regatta countdown function that makes it one of the world's most readable chronographs. One touch to the crown allows you to switch between standard, Chronograph, and Regatta modes. The dial is available in blue or anthracite. $1,750. TAGHeuer.co



The **MacGyver MP3** watch by **Skullcandy** has a five-mode audio equalizer, 3-D stereo sound, music shuffle, voice recorder, and an integrated USB cable. It plays WMA and MP3 formats, and functions as a thumb drive to store and transfer data. It provides up to five hours of playtime, and has a built-in microphone. $149.95 for 256 MB, $199.95 for 512 MB, and $269.95 for 1 GB. Skullcandy.com

The **SleepTracker** by **Innovative Sleep Solutions** is a sleep monitor and alarm. Throughout the night, the watch tracks your near-awake moments. Then, within a time frame of your choice, the watch selects the optimum wake-up time for you. At the first indication of your near-awake state, the alarm will sound and you'll wake up more refreshed. $149. SleepTracker.com

Airtime

Satellite players to tune in and take with you.



The **AirWare XM 260** from **Pioneer** is a portable **XM** satellite radio that you can listen to indoors, outdoors, or in the car. You can even take it on a run in the park. It has 128 MB of memory, which allows you to record up to five hours of XM broadcasts for playback when reception is inaccessible. $330, plus monthly XM subscription. PioneerElectronics.com



The **Sirius Sportster SP-TK2 Replay** satellite radio works in your home or car. You can pause, rewind, and play the most recent 44 minutes of broadcasts. It has GameZone to program your favorite sports teams. Traffic Jump provides local traffic and weather info. Sportster Replay, $219.97. Boombox, $99. Sirius service, $12.95 per month. Sirius.com

Best Last-Minute Gifts



You've put it off all season, so you'd better get your ass in gear and start stocking up on presents. Not to worry. Here are some great ideas for under-the-wire holiday shopping.

Help for Humbugs

Hate all the holiday hoopla? Give your girl this sexy lingerie and you'll be filled with the holiday spirit. She'll look so good, you'll want to celebrate every day of the year. Prices vary. Coquette.com

Lingerie photo courtesy of Coquette.com



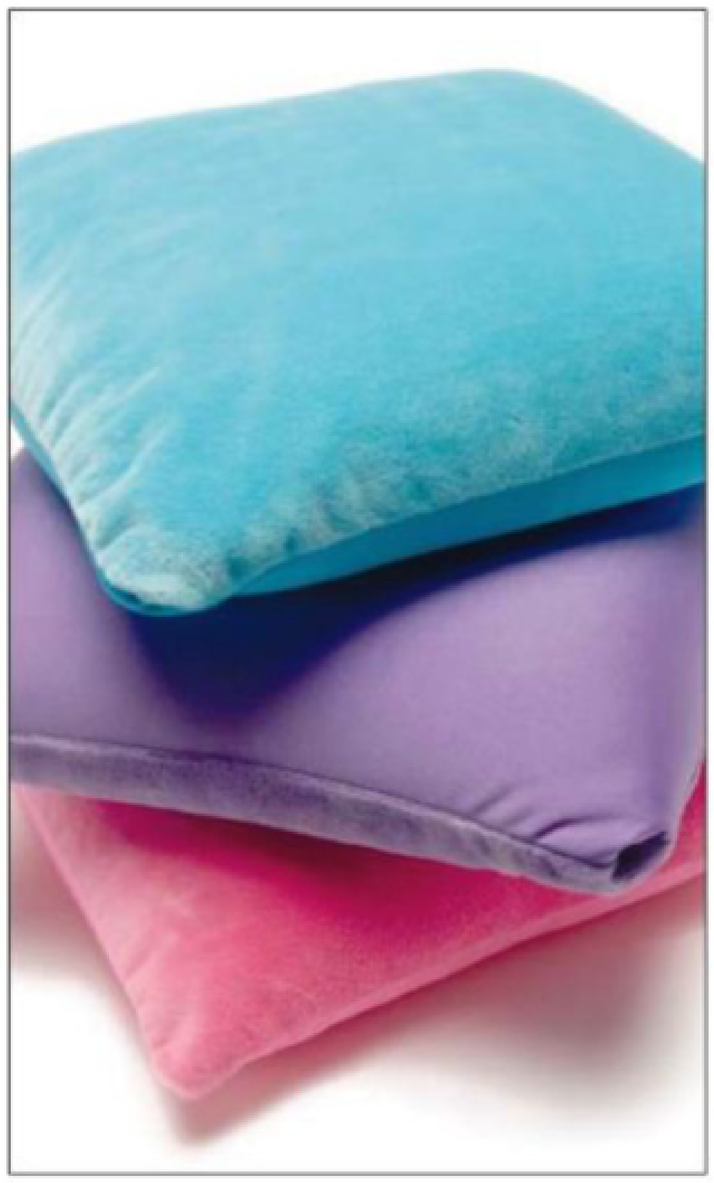
Shake What Your Mama Gave You

If you've always dreamed of having your girl do a striptease for you, but she's afraid of looking like a novice, get her the Striptease Kit by Jennifer Axen and Leigh Phillips. The kit not only provides easy-to-follow instructions for how to move and what music to play, but it also comes with body glitter, a scarf, and—woo-hoo!—red pasties. $25. ChronicleBooks.com



Watch Your Mouth

Does your girl like to talk dirty? Pussy Pucker Pots lip glosses come in seductive flavors like MuffBerry, Nice Melons, Shaved Peach—need we go on? They're also 100 percent vegan in case your bad girl has a good side. $4 each. FredaLA.com



Comfy Cozy

We've all seen those ultra-comfortable micro-bead pillows that feel like heaven when you rest your head on them. Well, heaven just got better—it got covered in soft fur. The HoMedics SQÜSH Fun Furs come in blue, pink, and purple. $10. HoMedics.com



Honey, Have You Seen My Keys?

Tired of asking—or hearing—that question? Stick your keys in these his and hers wall-mounted key holders, and they'll be waiting for you every time you run out the door. $25 each. UncommonGoods.com



Smooth

With so many shaving products out there, score some oldies-but-goodies from the people at Lectric Shave and Aqua Velva. From prep products to aftershaves, they're the perfect affordable gift. Prices vary. LectricShave.com and AquaVelvaUSA.com



Gross

If you think your toothbrush is clean, you're only fooling yourself, buddy. Every time you flush your toilet, some nasty stuff flies through the air onto your bristles. Even if you hide your brush in the medicine cabinet, chances are it's filled with nastiness that would make you gag if you only knew. The VIOlight toothbrush sanitizer uses a germicidal UV bulb to zap 99.9 percent of those germs and bacteria. $50. VIOlight.com



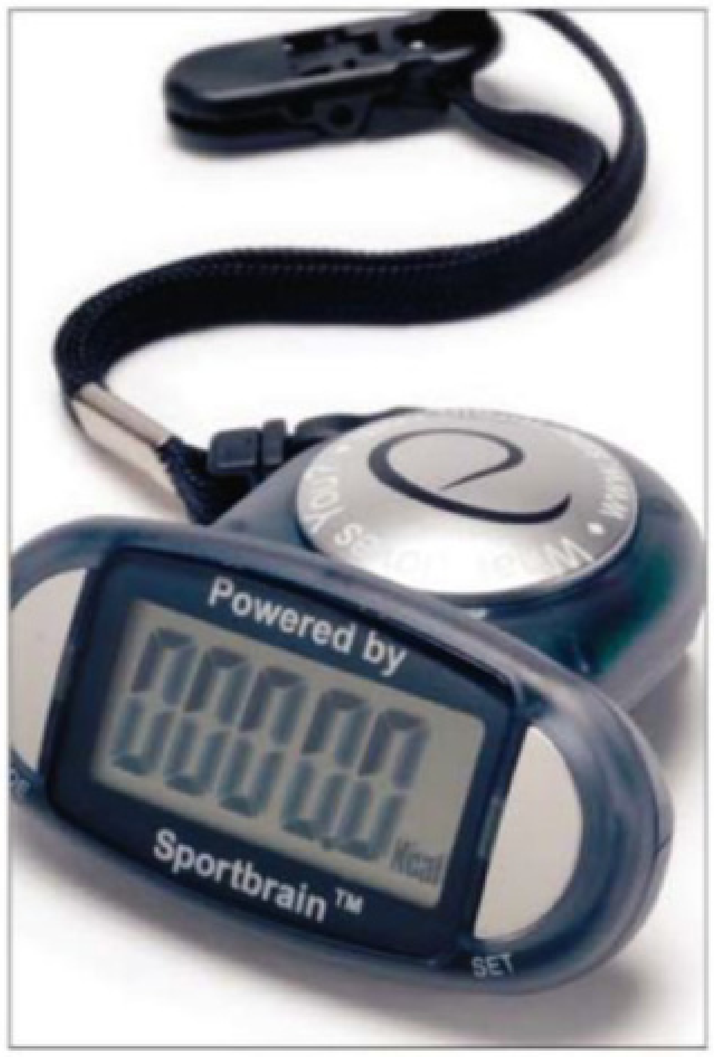
Taking the Band on the Road

You're always taking your MP3 player everywhere you go—why not let it chill out for a while? The JBL On Tour is a great place for your iPod to rest its head. Plug in your iPod and everyone around you can enjoy the impressive sound quality of the On Tour's speakers. Of course, all your friends will now know that your playlist includes Frankie Goes to Hollywood and Neil Diamond. $100. JBL.com



Put It in Lights

Just what you needed—a belt buckle that lights up like a Broadway marquee and scrolls whatever you want to say in bright LED letters. Program as many as six messages, up to 512 characters long. The possibilities are endless. $50 and up. NYCScrolls.com



Every Step You Take

Keep track of your steps. The SportBrain iStep X1 pedometer measures how far your daily routine takes you when you're doing everyday things like walking the dog, running for the train, or stumbling home from the bar. Then use the SportBrain like a personal trainer to whip yourself into shape for the new year by uploading the results to your PC and keeping track of your progress. $50. SportBrain.com



Think How Awesome the Yule Log Will Look

Finally, there's a flat-panel TV that's actually affordable. This 32" Syntax Olevia HDTV LCD television includes high-resolution and high-contrast ratios, wide viewing angles, built-in TV tuners, picture-in-picture capability, and VGA input for easy connection to a PC. Plus, it'll look sweet in your living room. $1,299. SyntaxGroups.com



Show Me the Way

A cheaper alternative to a GPS unit, the Road Genie will map out your route to just about anywhere. Using voice recognition, the machine hears your command and whammo—it maps out directions, distance, and more in a clear, human voice. And it's completely portable: Use it to get to the airport, stow it in your carry-on, then use it again when you reach your destination. $50. RoadGenie.com



Protect Yourself

When you're out on the golf course, don't forget to rub on some Fore Skin for protection. The sunscreen, that is. Enclosed in a golf ball-shaped container, Fore Skin SPF 18 will make the golfer on your list laugh *and* keep him from getting burned to a crisp. The gift set also includes a logo hand towel you can clip to your bag, so everyone will know you're rocking the Fore Skin. $19. FredaLA.com



A Gift With a Kick

After a hard day of holiday shopping, your girl begs you to rub her tired feet. Her tired, smelly, sweaty feet. Maybe you're the type of guy who gets off on that stuff, but otherwise, give her the HoMedics Pedicure Spa Ultra Luxury Foot Bubbler. She'll think you're spoiling her when she sees the soft gel footrest and pedicure tools, and you'll be able to sit back and watch the game in peace. $60. HoMedics.com

BEST**LAST-MINUTE**GIFTS



Fuck the Holidays

Fuck This Book by Bodhi Oser is a collection of photographs of ordinary public signs that have been hilariously altered with strategic placement of the word *fuck*. One sign reads AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER FUCK OFF VALVE, while another warns PLEASE DON'T FUCK THE PIGEONS. You'll giggle like you're in junior high school again. $15. ChronicleBooks.com



Smuggler's Blues

Don Johnson was the shit in the eighties. Bring back the man in white with this aqua-blue *Miami Vice* T-shirt by JunkFood. $38. ShopKitson.com



Use the Force

For that person in your life who covets everything *Star Wars*, pick up a copy of the *Star Wars Poster Book* by Stephen J. Sansweet and Peter Vilmur. There are more than 2,000 *Star Wars* posters worldwide, and this hard-cover book compiles many of them, along with behind-the-scenes stories from the artists and designers. $50. ChronicleBooks.com



Good to the Last Drop

Like to drink expensive wine, but hate when you don't finish a bottle and it tastes like crap the next time you open it? Keep it fresh for days with the Pek Wine Steward Supremo. It fills the bottle with purified argon gas that reduces air contact with the wine surface, eliminates oxidation, and cools the wine to the correct serving temperature. All that scientific stuff means your wine will always taste expensive. $199. PekSystems.com



Must-Have Coffee

How's this for fresh? Order coffee from this site, and they roast the green beans within 24 hours and ship them in a vacuum-packed bag. For jet-setting java lovers, the World Sampler Tour includes six half-pound bags of coffee from all around the globe. $29.50. CupOJoeOnline.com



Join the Club

Screw the Fruit of the Month Club. Give the gift that keeps on giving by enrolling someone in the Luxury Spirits of the Month Club. We're talking top-of-the-line booze all year long. Celebrate Valentine's Day with Godiva Liqueur, toast to St. Paddy's Day with Johnnie Walker Green Label, tipple Bulleit Bourbon in time for Derby-season mint juleps, and kick back with a midsummer delivery of Tanqueray. This gift will get even the biggest liquor snob buzzing. Approximately $1,000. 1877SPIRITS.com



Signs

These handmade coasters were created by artist Boris Bally, who makes masterpieces out of real recycled road signs. For once, you won't feel lame asking your guests to use their coasters. Sold as a set of four. $70. UncommonGoods.com



Evil Little Baby

Everybody loves *Family Guy*, and who can get enough of Stewie? Any fan will get a kick out of this black track jacket featuring the little guy. $39. GarmentDistrict.com. And the next time you're stuck in traffic, the talking Stewie dashboard toy will keep you company. $9. IncredibleGifts.com



Get Your Own Tots

Are you still bragging about your sweet bike or your nunchuck skills? Then display your favorite dork proudly. *Napoleon Dynamite* T-shirts, patches, and magnets will crack up anyone who's seen the movie. $4 to $18. HotTopic.com

Victory's Stylish Winners





Remember when you were a kid and you wanted a Big Wheel? Welcome to adulthood. The 2006 Victory Hammer is graced with the largest rear tire ever bolted to a production bike.

Unless you've been busy trying to convert your vintage Indian Scout to biodiesel, you may have noticed a revolution taking place in the normally laid-back genre of cruiser motorcycles. This dramatic revision is occurring on two fronts: style and performance. On the appearance side, we've seen the influence of custom-bike builders and reality television. On the muscle side, the boulevard-trolling set has reaped the benefits of sports bike technology. Yet few manufacturers have been able to embrace both sides of this coin the way Victory has—by delivering two motorcycles that equally satisfy your lust for style *and* speed.

It all started last year with a wild hair of a ride called the Hammer. In many respects, that was a groundbreaking, pavement-punishing motorcycle, especially with its 100-cubic-inch, eight-valve, fuel-injected, V-twin power plant and six-speed transmission. Oh, yes, it was also graced with the largest rear tire ever bolted to a production motorcycle. The tire was a verita-

By Bill Heald





ble King Donut of a Dunlop, whose width of 250 mm savagely punks a lot of automobile tires.

This was no small achievement. Unlike overpriced, small-volume, "custom" bike builders that stick anything on a frame for visual effect, Victory builds stylish bikes that you can ride reasonably fast on twisty roads, and live to tell the tale. So, when it selected a huge slab of pavement meat for a rear tire, it wasn't only concerned that its 90-plus horsepower motor could spin the thing off the line with decent dispatch—which it can. Victory worked with Dunlop engineers to ensure the bike handled, stopped, and accelerated competently with this miniature rubber plantation on the rear axle. Granted, the bike does feel a bit different when charging into a serious corner, but it remains stable, steerable, and satisfying at full lean.

This is a beautiful thing, and the Hammer offers so much more. The six-speed transmission lets you tune out vibration by picking the right cog to put engine revs in the smooth zone. With all that lovely torque on hand, the Hammer isn't particular about what gear you're in. Whether you're cruising down the superslab or screaming out of a hairpin turn, thrust is plentiful. Suspension is likewise up to spirited riding, with stout male slider forks delivering excellent feedback and bump compliance. There's stoutness of brake, too—dual 300-mm rotors up front, and a single 300-mm unit out back. Trust me: Powerful brakes are welcome when you're showing your date the amazing adhesion of your rear tire and a car suddenly turns left in front of you.

While the Hammer—tweaked with new colors for 2006—is a big deal, Victory has taken the engine, transmission—and yes, Dunlop of the gods—and melded them with its ultra-stylish Vegas model to create the new Jackpot. This platform doesn't have quite the suspension or brake chops of the Hammer, but goes with an elegant 21-inch front wheel, single-disc rotor, and styling cues to accentuate that new engine and rear tire. But like its big-rubbered sibling, the Jackpot has a marvelous six-speed tranny and engineering that incorporates these elements into a stylish, muscle-bound, mink jackhammer of a motorcycle. So, while the Hammer leans a bit more toward performance, the Jackpot delivers more chopper chic. Both bikes have one-year, unlimited-mileage warranties. The Hammer starts out at $16,899. The Vegas Jackpot can be yours for $17,499. VictoryMotorcycles.com

Armed with Victory's biggest V-twin, six-speed transmission, and 250-mm rear tire, the 2006 Vegas Jackpot gets you noticed. Then it gets you gone, with great dispatch.

Photographs courtesy of Victory Motorcycles

The Fabulous Ferraris

Sensuous shapes, monster engines, fabulous interiors, and 200-mph performance are the mainstays of Italy's most famous company.

Ferrari's famous prancing-horse symbol, the *cavallino,* is one of the most recognized logos on Earth—not bad for a car company that sold fewer than 5,000 cars worldwide last year. Established in 1947 by racing genius Enzo Ferrari (1898–1988), who started racing for Alfa Romeo in 1929, Ferrari has consistently produced some of the fastest, most beautiful, and winningest racing and road cars of the last half-century.

While dozens of others have come and gone, Ferrari holds the distinction of being the only company that has competed in every single Formula One race since 1950. Ferrari has also been a consistent winner in sports-car racing over the last 55 years, with more than 5,000 race victories.

Founder Enzo Ferrari sold half the company to Italian giant Fiat in 1969. Fiat bought an additional 40 percent in 1988, thus guaranteeing the company's financial future. In turn, Fiat made Ferrari responsible for Maserati sports cars in 1997.

Ferrari is the only car company that conducts its racing business ass-backward from its competitors. While the other companies participate in big-time racing to create a halo of high performance over their street cars, Ferrari sells its magnificent street cars to finance its racing operations, which employ about 700 people and have an annual budget approaching $500 million. Ferrari is the only car company to establish an international racing series for its customers—the Ferrari Challenge Cup—using identical race-prepared F360 Modenas, which will be replaced by F430s next year. Ferrari is also the only car company that sees no need to advertise, so great is its international reputation.

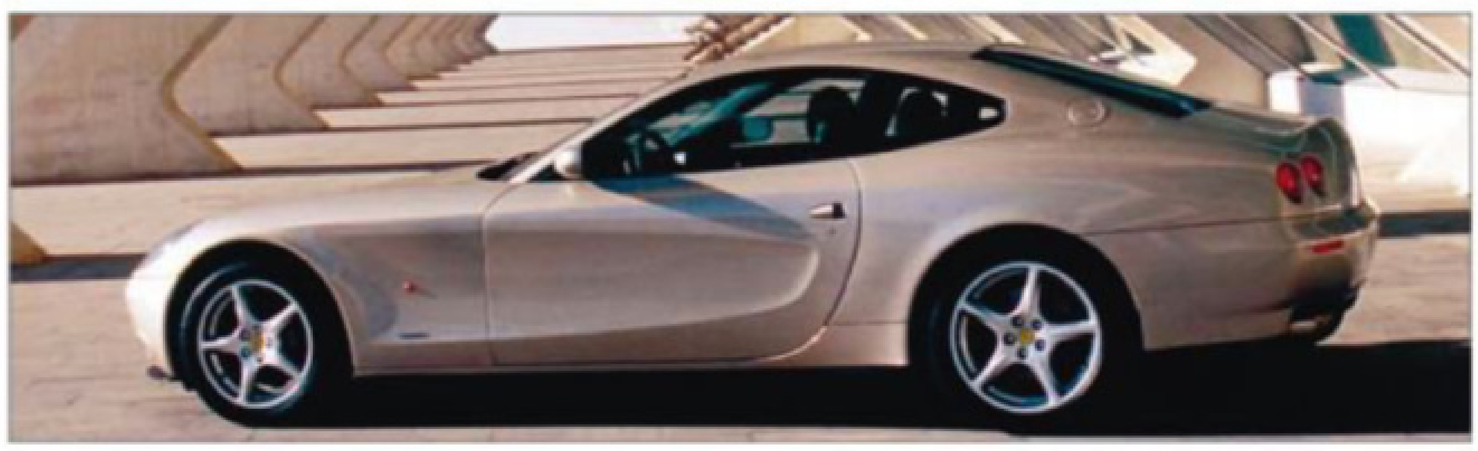
Ferrari has won the Formula One World Championship 14 times, including an unprecedented five in a row between 2000 and 2004 behind the fabulously talented German driver Michael Schumacher. His batting average, 84 wins in 226 races, is higher than Ty Cobb's. In return for those championships, Schumacher has become one of the two or three highest-paid athletes in the world. This year Ferrari just had the wrong tires.

Ferrari also boasts 182 Formula One victories, nine wins at the Le Mans 24-hour race, eight wins at the Mille Miglia, and seven wins

By Jim McCraw • Photograph by Ron Kimball









Ferrari has built its reputation on great shapes artfully draped around high-revving, high-pitched screamer engines—V-6, V-8, V-10, and V-12—and chassis that win races—lots of races. Meet the new F430 coupe (top), the sinuous 612 Scaglietti front-engined four-seater, and the 575 Maranello Superamerica (below). Museum-quality design lives at Ferrari.



at the Targa Florio. It now owns its own racetrack, the Mugello circuit, in addition to the Fiorano test track near the Maranello factory. It also operates the Galleria Ferrari museum. There are 14 Ferrari retail stores in major markets around the world.

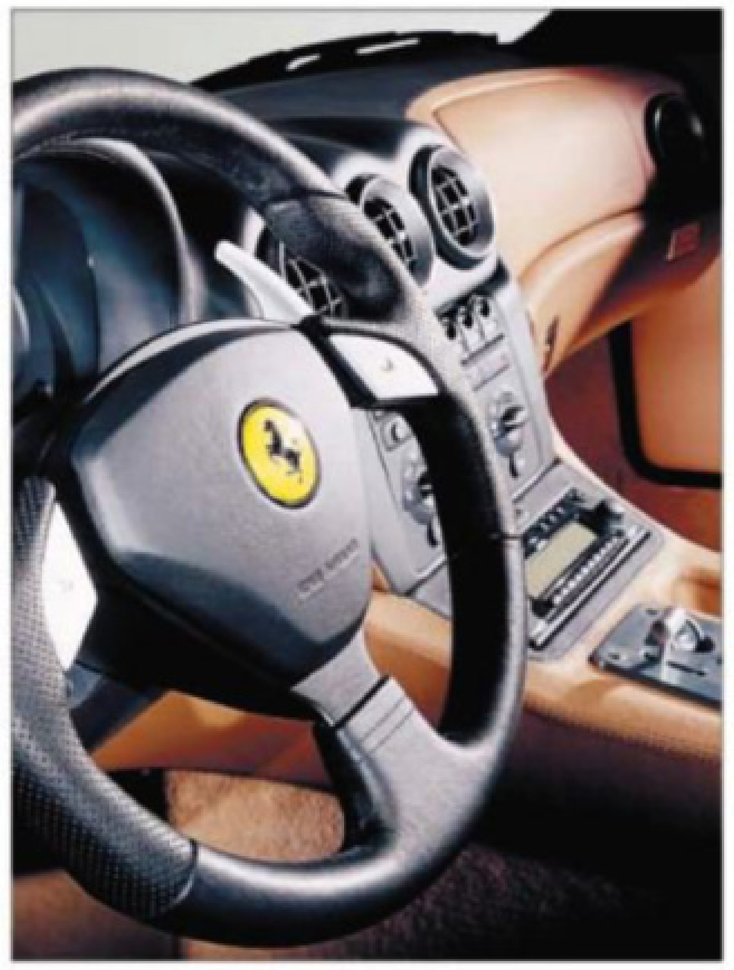
Ferraris are available to elite customers in six distinct flavors—more models than the company has ever offered. The new F430 coupe and Spyder are Pininfarina-bodied, rear-engined, aluminum-chassis screamers powered by a 4.3-liter V-8 engine of 490 horsepower and 343 foot-pounds of torque. Buyers can choose between six-speed manual or F1 electronic-shift automatic, with steering-wheel shift paddles, an electronic differential, and driver-selectable modes for traction control and stability. Top speed: 195 mph. Price: $180,000. The Ferrari Challenge will switch to these next year.

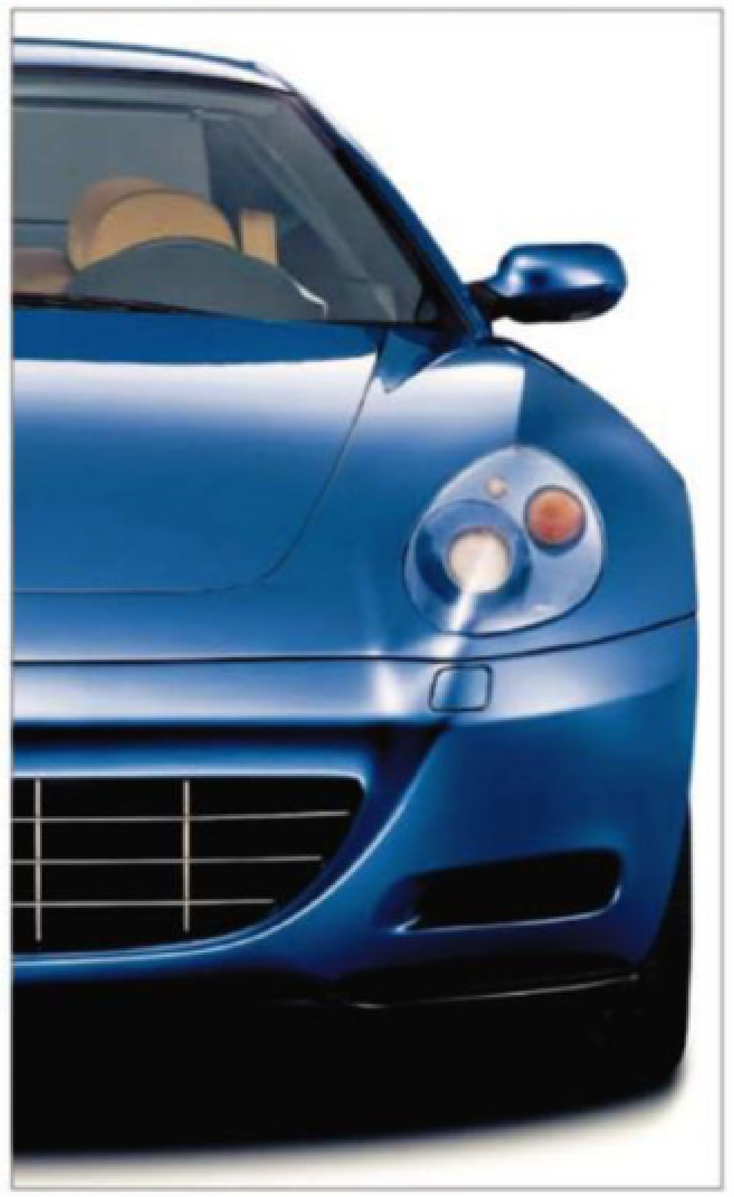
Further up this very distinguished sports-car ladder is the 575 Maranello, an angry-looking coupe carrying a 5.7-liter, 48-valve V-12 engine that makes 515 horsepower and 434 foot-pounds. The 575 also uses the F1 manual automatic gearbox with shifter paddles on the steering wheel. A GT handling option adds huge Brembo brakes, 19-inch wheels and tires, and a modified suspension system. Top speed: 202 mph. Price: $250,000 to start.

A variation on the 575 theme is the limited-production Superamerica, essentially a 575M with a one-piece, see-through top that power-folds back into the rear deck to create a roadster with a flying-buttress roofline. The glass top is electrochromic, and may be lightened or darkened through five stages using a knob on the console. Named after the rare Superamerica cars of the 1950s, the new version carries the same engine and transmission as the 575M, and is the fastest car of its type in the world at 199 mph. Price: $305,000. Only 170 of these cars were scheduled to come to the U.S.

The grandest of the Ferrari grand touring cars is the new 612 Scaglietti, named after Sergio Scaglietti, a famed coach







Shape, shape, and more shape. The most outrageous Ferrari ever built is the very-limited-production (20) FXX (above). It comes with an 800-horsepower V-12 engine, a carbon fiber body, 200-miles-per-hour performance, driving lessons, and on-track racing sessions with a jury of your peers—all for just $1.8 million. Let's see, if we each put up $90,000 ...



builder whose company Ferrari now owns. The all-aluminum 612 is Ferrari's only front-engined four-seater. It uses the same 5.7-liter V-12 engine as the 575M, generating 540 horsepower and 434 foot-pounds of canyon-carving, trip-shortening torque. Top speed: 196 mph. Price: $290,000.

Ferrari has always built one car that stands out from all the others in terms of acceleration, handling, top speed, and heartrending, sexy good looks. In the 1950s, it was the GTO, from which the 1964 Pontiac stole its name. In the 1970s, it was the Daytona V-12 coupe and Spyder. In the 1980s, the mantle was passed to the Berlinetta Boxer, or BB 512, with its five-liter flat-12 engine. The 1990s brought us the F40 and F50—radical, rear-engined V-12s with see-through engine covers. In 2002, the company debuted the Enzo, essentially a detuned Formula One car with a full body and street equipment. The Enzo stood as the most expensive Ferrari of all time, with a production run of just 399 cars and a price of $675,000, if you could find a dealer who had one for sale.

Now there's a brand-new contender for Most Desirable Car on Earth: the Ferrari FXX. It's different from all other Ferraris, with a completely new body, engine, and chassis. The rear-engined FXX is a race car, not homologated for either racing or street use, and packs an 800-horsepower, twin-turbocharged V-12 engine, a racing transmission, and huge Bridgestone racing slicks. Only about 20 of these cars will be built. The $1.8 million price tag, if you qualify as a long-time Ferrari customer and racer, includes an adjunct membership to the Ferrari racing team, with professional driving instruction and track test sessions that are monitored by electronic data-acquisition systems to see how fast you really are. A two-season series of international races is also included in the price. No other car company on Earth offers anything remotely like the fabulous FXX with its owner/driver/racer program. Only Ferrari.

Photographs courtesy of Ferrari USA

DO YOU LIKE TO
KISS AND TELL?
PENTHOUSELETTERS.COM
PENTHOUSE READERS' LETTERS BROUGHT TO LIFE!
EROTIC LETTERS, STORIES, VIDEOS AND MORE!



Good Vibrations

That buzz you hear around sexy **Eva Longoria** just may be a chorus of sex toys. Since 'fessing up to a love of vibrators in *Self* magazine, the actress says well-meaning fans have inundated her with the toys. "People sent them to me by the truckload. Boxes and boxes and boxes. I gave them to my girlfriends."



Thanks for Sharing

Actor **Adam Goldberg** says that growing up in California, he often felt out of place. "I was like the black sperm among all the white sperm in *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask,* who says, 'What am I doing here?' "

Man of Steel



Afraid the Man of Steel would pack too much macho in the upcoming *Superman Returns,* the folks behind the flick went to great, um, lengths to downplay the superhero's trunks. "There was more discussion about Superman's 'package' than anything else on the suit," explains one costume designer. "Was it too big? Was it not big enough? Was it too pointy? Too round? It was somebody's job for about a month just working on codpiece shapes."



Par Six (Feet Under)

Ahlgrims Funeral Parlor in Palatine, Illinois, includes use of its mini-golf course in funeral packages. There are coffin and headstone obstacles, with a one-stroke penalty for skipping the coffin on the second hole, and screams and spooky music play nonstop.



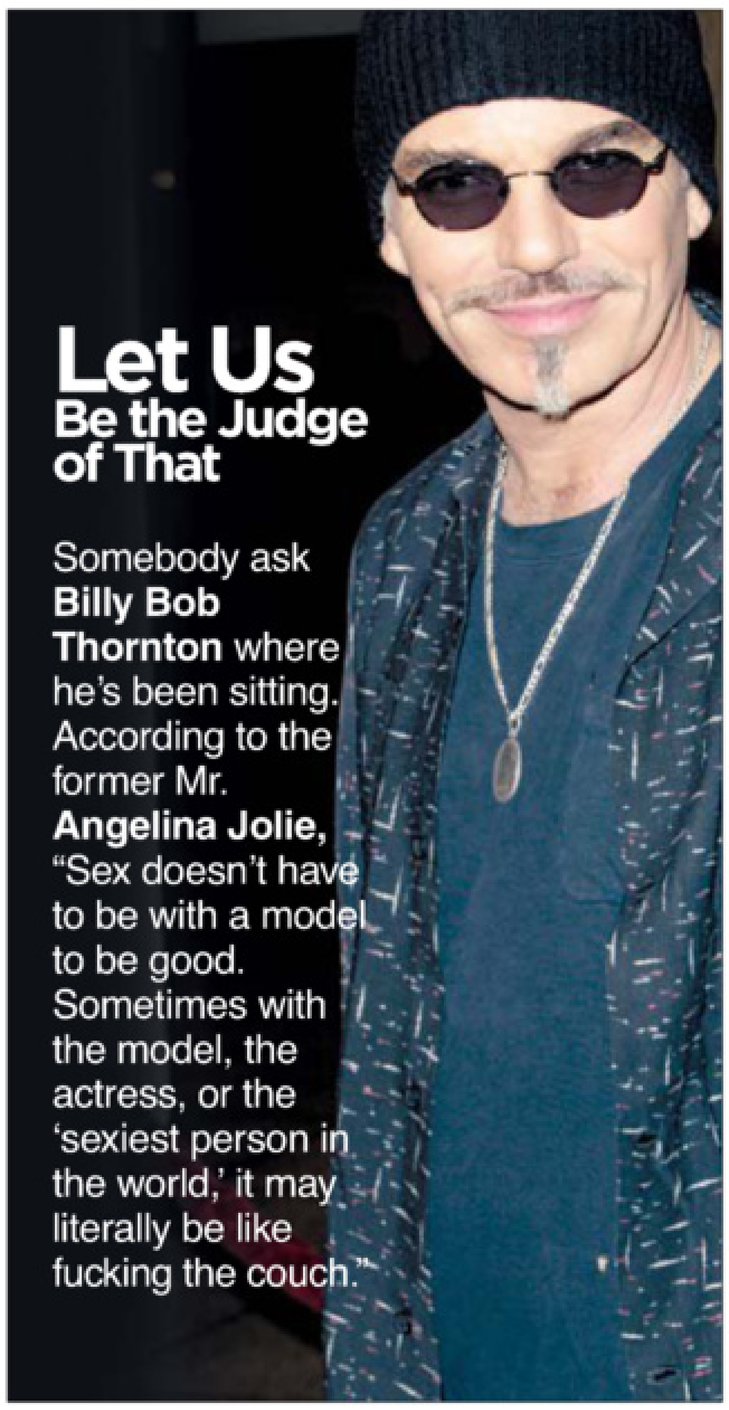
Paging Barbara Walters

Rocker **Tommy Lee,** on his appreciation of horticulture: "People think I'm some fruitcake when I tell them that sometimes I feel like I was a tree in a past life. I know all the different specimens, and it freaks them out."



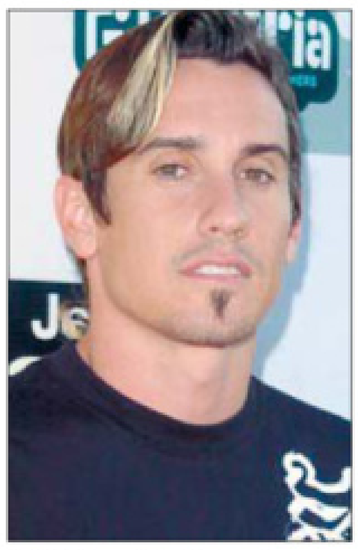
We Second the Motion

"I'm especially looking forward to meeting **Karl Rove**.... Smart men like him are so sexy. I know that he's against gay marriage, but I think I can convince him that a little girl-on-girl action now and then isn't so bad."—Porn star and former California gubernatorial candidate **Mary Carey,** on attending a Washington, D.C., fund-raiser where the president and his adviser were present



Let Us Be the Judge of That

Somebody ask **Billy Bob Thornton** where he's been sitting. According to the former Mr. **Angelina Jolie,** "Sex doesn't have to be with a model to be good. Sometimes with the model, the actress, or the 'sexiest person in the world,' it may literally be like fucking the couch."



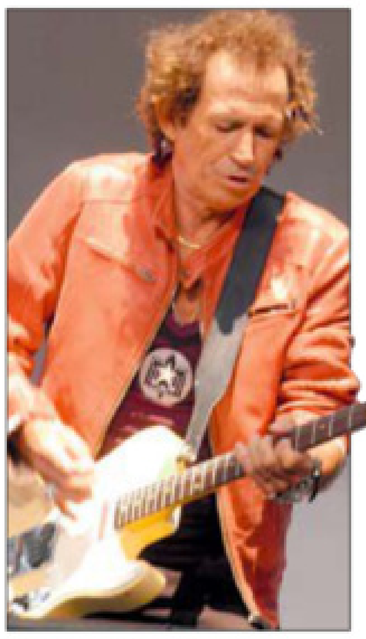
Unhobbled

Motocross sensation **Carey Hart** has broken 56 bones to date, shattered both arms and legs, and nearly died of internal bleeding. However, the high-flying athlete takes it all in stride. "I'm definitely gonna be a very slow old man," he says. "But then again, I never thought I'd make it to 30 anyway."



Better Late Than Never

A book checked out from the Niagara-on-the-Lake Public Library in Ontario, Canada, during the War of 1812 has at long last been returned … 193 years overdue. The late fee—more than $10,000—was waived.



Nice Work If You Can Get It

Rolling Stones guitarist **Keith Richards,** on the benefits of being a rock idol: "I just roll over and say, 'Love me.' I'm an ugly son of a bitch, but I've lived with some beautiful women. I didn't do this to get laid, but it's part of the job."



A Dating "Tip" From the 2004 NFL Rushing Champ

Curtis Martin, star running back of the New York Jets, says, "I'm a Q-tip user. I never want to be out with a lady friend and have the inside of my ears all dirty."



Go Figure

"Open Road," the official theme song of ESPN's *50 States, 50 Days*—the station's tribute to sports throughout the United States—is sung by **Bryan Adams,** who is in fact Canadian.

Make It a Double

Talk about a caffeine jolt! **Pamela Anderson** credits coffee with keeping her points perky. "Espresso gets the job done," she says. "It goes right to your nipples!"





Whatever Gets You Through

To safeguard against bad vibes, actress **Kate Hudson** sprays herself with water. "It's just something to cleanse myself if someone's really negative," she says. "And I carry crystals, too. I feel it's important to protect yourself."



Say It Ain't So

"I am sports-retarded, and I don't know anything about cars. But my wife laughs because I can pick out a Kate Spade bag, no problem."—Matchbox Twenty's **Rob Thomas**



BY KRISTEN ULMER

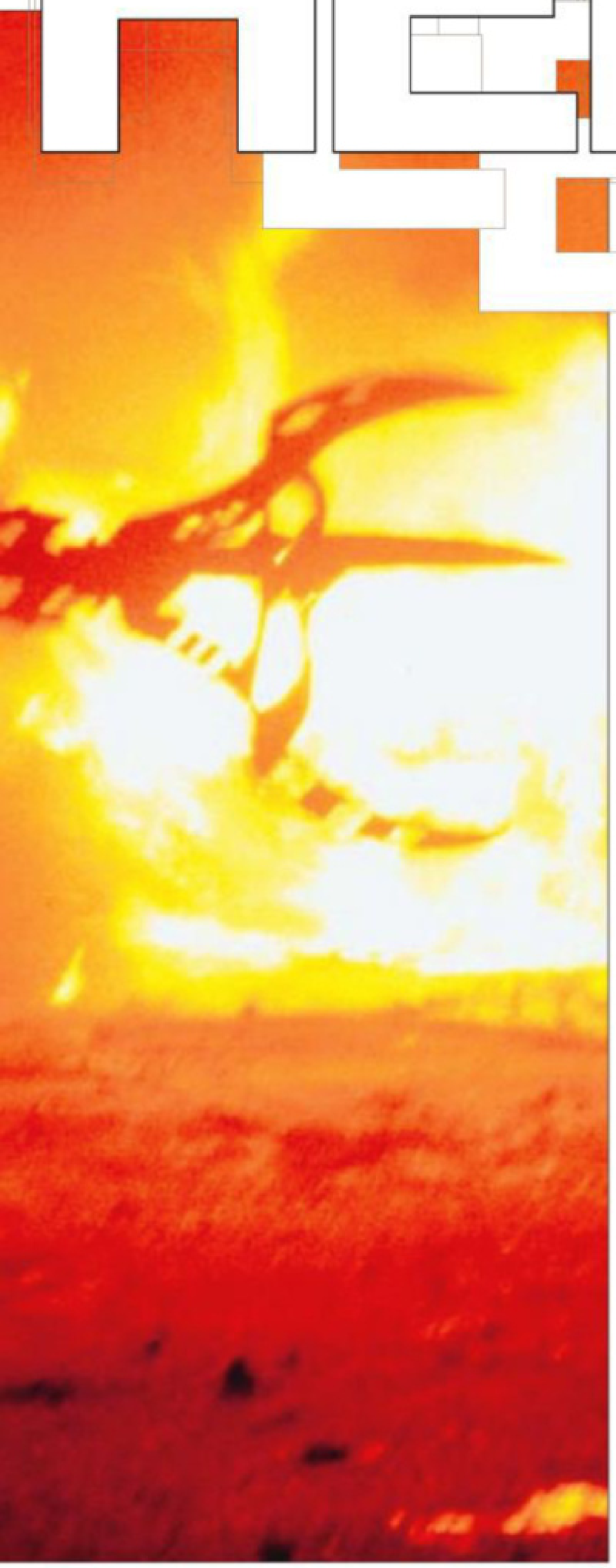
SHOCK-T



Christian Ristow

For a balding 34-year-old with serious psychological issues, Christian Ristow gets more than his fill of hot women. And no, he's not wealthy. His bedroom in a downtown L.A. warehouse doesn't exactly scream "chick magnet." It's filled with skulls, fetish porn mags, and even a leather-clad Barbie doll shoving a Lego up the ass of another bent-over Barbie. And

HERAPY



THE GRITTY UNDERGROUND WORLD OF MACHINE ART—WHERE VIOLENCE IS EXQUISITE, THE AUDIENCE IS TERRIFIED, AND THE GROUPIES ARE HOT—IS PICKING UP SPEED. YOU SURE AS HELL WON'T FIND THESE CREATIONS HANGING IN THE LOUVRE.



Jon Alloway



Christian Ristow's Subjugator (far left) is the stuff of Smokey the Bear's nightmares; the Attacknid has a clever name *and* spits fire.

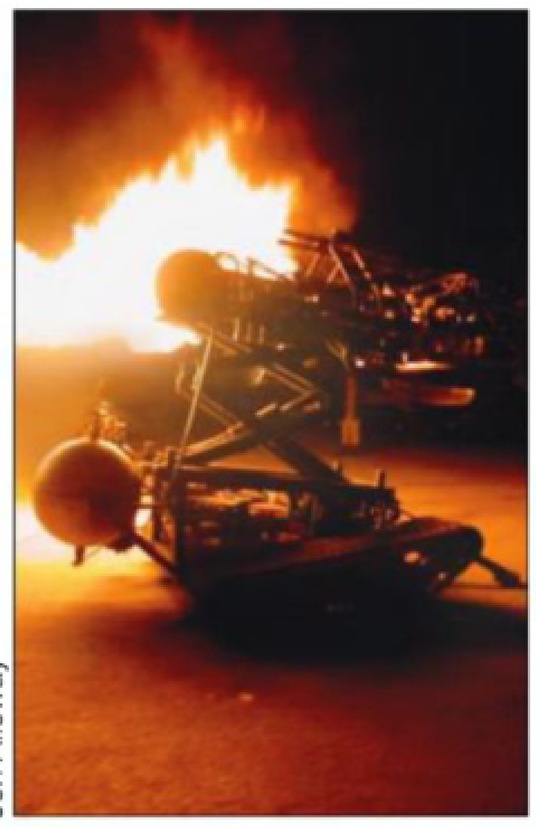
Jon Alloway

what's that over there on top of the beat-up armoire? It's Siamese-twin piglets with two bodies but only one head, floating in a large jar of dirty yellow liquid.

And yet, the downstairs of Ristow's 6,000-square-foot warehouse is filled with the kind of hipster hotties most men would do anything to bang, and it's still early. By the time things really heat up in his paved "living room," he'll have a higher per-capita cool quotient than the Viper Room.

The Cutting Edge

His sex appeal must have something to do with the dozen metal working machines that also fill the downstairs. Ristow,



Jon Alloway



Jeff Clarke

THIS KIND OF ART ISN'T THE UNDER-GROUND, OR EVEN THE FRINGE PART, OF THE ART WORLD. RATHER, IT'S THE RIPPED, FLAPPING, BLOODY EDGE—WHERE NO ONE IS EVER SURE IF THE "ART" IS ABOUT TO SNAP AND KILL EVERYONE.

you see, is an artist. Not the cut-off-your-ear or think-a-soup-can-is-remarkable kind of artist. His particular brand of art takes the shape of massive, crude, oil-splattered robots. Much like pets, they have odd names and personalities, like the Subjugator and the Manipulatrix. One looks and crawls like a spider. Others have jagged jaws of cut steel or massive hydraulic pincers, and nearly all shoot fire. Tonight at his party, Ristow will unleash



Jeff Clarke

these pets and let them tear apart bicycles, mannequins, and even each other. This kind of art isn't the underground, or even the fringe part, of the art world. Rather, it's the ripped, flapping, bloody edge where violence is exquisite, the audience is terrified, and no one is ever sure whether the "art" is about to snap and kill everyone. You can't put this shit in a gallery, and you sure as hell can't hang it on a wall.

Ristow's not alone in his madness. A small network of machine and fire artists is littered across the country, building machines and breaking whatever rules it can. They create huge performance spectacles on streets, on piers, and in warehouses, expressing whatever demons happen to be strangling their brains.

None of the machines or shows have ever been created for profit, and the artists don't care if you become traumatized or offended—or even run away in fear. If you have the right personality to appreciate it, the shows help you tap into your own anger and passion for … what? *Anything*. They make you want to scream, destroy, or fuck *anything* at all—even a disturbed artist freak like Ristow.

And if you're lucky, you just might get an invite to the party.

"The Most Dangerous Show on Earth"

If Ristow is a fully certified member of the cult of crazy, dangerous shit, then the undisputed Jim Jones of the bunch is Mark Pauline. Ristow's onetime teacher and visionary of the scene, 51-year-old Pauline stands chewing gum frantically in *his* crowded warehouse in San Francisco's gritty Mission District. A rotting, rat-chewed piece of tattooed human skin hangs on the wall for decoration, and the place is so filthy, the blackened cobwebs might be hiding a few dead cats. With '50s black greaser hair, mad-scientist eyes, and a mangled right hand, with toes grafted on to replace the fingers he lost in 1982 while brewing rocket fuel, Pauline may not stand out in the city of freaks, but people in Kansas would run and hide.

Pauline started a machine-art collective called Survival Research Labs (SRL) 27 years ago. Since then he's inspired a revolving crew of talented welders, rocket scientists, scenery artists, and electricians to help create his robots and events, and to make SRL a home for their own fevered minds. Some "apprentices," like Ristow, have gone on to do their own thing, but SRL has been, without question, the largest source of machine and fire art in the world. Over the years it has staged 55 shows, from a $500,000 downtown Tokyo rampage to one San Francisco performance that was raided by law enforcement. Pauline's goal in life is to create unforgettable events—shows, he says, "that, when you're on your deathbed, the image is still there, your last flash."

Which raises an obvious question: When a "show" can include up to 40 pounds of explosives, 50-foot fireballs, and sonic booms loud enough to be heard from miles away—all within arm's reach of the audience—could they actually *be* your last flash?

"The consequences of watching a show are fairly threatening, but it's not really something that could claim the lives of hundreds or is pseudo-terrorist," Pauline defends, before adding, "Well, it could be that other

Clockwise from top left: Robochrist inflicts unholy destruction; a makeshift marquee hints at what's to come; a scary blow-up baby watches in childlike wonder; Ristow's robots tear shit up (above).





Jeff Clarke



Jeff Clarke

thing, but we really try our best to not let that happen, and it's worked out so far."

In a world where we're protected and coddled from the coffee being too hot or the war too real, where our lives are consumed with diapers, cubicles, and Wal-Mart, the allure of SRL's slogan—"the most dangerous show on earth"—is obvious. But now, *for the love of God,* where's the next show?

Performance Art Is the Best Revenge

Pauline's first performance, in 1978, was called "Machine Sex." It was inspired by a girlfriend who was pissed about his obsession with machines. She declared her anger with a poster stapled about town that read, MACHINE SEX IS A BORE.

His reprisal took place in a gas station that was closed for the day. Pauline had captured and killed a few dozen pigeons, dressed them in doll outfits, and set them on a loading strip feeding into an eight-foot chopping machine. He set the scene with explosions and fire cannons, with the Cure song "Killing an Arab" playing over and over at slow speed.

A small crowd started to gather. "Then the owner of the gas station showed up and saw I was plugged into his electric sockets," Pauline says with a grin. "He asked, 'What are you doing?' I explained it was 'just a little performance' and handed the guy $20. Somehow he let me continue." So Pauline shot the dead pigeons into a see-through dome filled with revolving razor blades until the bloody bones and feathers were mashing about, then spat the mess directly at the perplexed crowd. Eighteen minutes later, amid some bewildered claps, Pauline packed up and left.

That was the end of the girlfriend, but it sparked something else in Pauline—a desire to explore technology designed primarily for war, and apply it for no purpose other than art. "SRL causes people to rethink their lives and not be so complacent, which is a sign it's really good art," explains Michael Michael, a longtime sidekick of Pauline's.

When Robots Attack

These days, SRL scenes may include 50-foot buildings filled with explosives, bus-sized martini glasses with flashing lights, a 20-foot Tesla coil sending lightning 30 feet in every direction, and up to two dozen robots fighting one another. One of Pauline's favorites is a 12-foot, four-engine, jet-powered hovercraft. "The loudest robot on earth," he brags. "It's 145 decibels with a 40-hertz sound wave—loud enough to permanently damage your ears." The noise actually blows the audiences' hats off.

Another favorite is a 7,000-pound, 12-foot V-1 Buzz Bomb engine, designed by the Germans in WWII to scare villages, which could hear it coming from 20 miles away. Mobile and completely remote-controlled, like all the machines, the V-1 shoots a 15-foot jet of fire, occasionally sending an air blast so abruptly, the audience loses its ability to breathe. The sound shock is so intense that, if left on, it'll vibrate your eyes so hard they gray out. When Pauline intentionally triggers it to backfire, the blast causes dirt to shoot out of pavement cracks 100 feet in every direction.

But his most favored creation? The Pitching Machine, which Pauline proudly calls "the most dangerous robot on earth." Two tractor-trailer wheels are stacked tread to tread and connected to the largest V-8 engine ever built. At full speed, the wheels blur by in opposite directions, then a feeder loads foot-long two-by-fours between the wheels six at a time—*pow pow pow pow pow pow!* They get ejected at 195 miles per hour and destroy everything they hit—other machines, concrete walls, clown faces, even steel walls. "This adds a third dimension of chaotic defense to the shows," grins Pauline. "The boards fly to pieces and ricochet and seem completely out of control, and we can fire them from right next to the audience, so to anyone standing there it just seems crazy."

"You Could Die Here"

"The machines sometimes come at the audience, and you have to duck or move away," says Michael Michael (yes, his parents gave him that name), who's also one of the founders of Burning Man, a week-long experimental community and arts party in the Nevada desert that draws 40,000 people each year. "Or maybe they send a pressurized blast of air from 40 feet away and knock you down. The noise machines make it seem like something's alive in your chest trying to get out, and you can't breathe. There's definitely a sense of chaos in the audience. You definitely get the feeling at an SRL show that you could die here."

But really, how dangerous are they? Michael gives a long pause.

Then pauses longer.

And longer still, before finally skirting the question with, "You have to be aware







of the machines' capabilities and whether they have mechanical arms that swing out or flamethrowers. Just stay out of their reach."

Because of its injury-free record and insurance policy, SRL won't be shut down anytime soon, but it does face stiff opposition. "We've been banned from Europe. They're a kinder, gentle culture over there and not into ultraviolent militaristic craziness, so they get confused. They think you're fascists unless it's sweet and light," Pauline says.

SRL also has an enemy in the San Francisco Fire Department, which is making it hard for SRL to stage events elsewhere in the U.S. Word on the street is, anytime an SRL show is announced, anywhere in the country, the SFFD gets on the line and barks "Don't do it!" The SFFD *does* have a good reason to hate SRL, after a particularly explosive Bay Area show in 1995. When the SFFD heard that show was being planned, they contacted Pauline and told him, "No way. Not in our town."

Their threat was like trying to browbeat Marilyn Manson into wearing a suit and tie for Halloween. He did decide to keep things secret, however; no one was told until the day before where the show would occur. The theme became "Crime Wave," because Pauline knew he'd be going to jail after it was over. And in true Pauline style, his personal life goal—to break all rules possible—ignited. Pauline got to work.

Left to right: The Mouth looks disturbingly hungry; Manipulatrix is yet another masterpiece that could probably swallow us whole; Subjugator's work is never done; and the Hand is ready to issue a smackdown.

Riding the Crime Wave

With a crew of genius misfits who were also willing to go to jail, Pauline created a set filled with images of crime: barbed wire, cameras, and a shaking 35-foot-tall victim on his knees with rotating eyes and a mouth covered in ten rolls of duct tape. On a nearby hillside, a prison scene featured a dozen life-size criminals wobbling around a revolving track and silhouetted marionettes having anal sex in a jail cell.

The event was staged in a parking lot next to million-dollar homes under the Bay Bridge. San Francisco has never been a city to shun a good freak show, and by word of mouth alone, 3,000 people showed up.

"Crime Wave" began when a flamethrower landed its first blast on a Hamburgler marionette. Then dozens of machines came alive and began darting and screeching. One catapulted burning hay bales 60 feet across the "stage"; another shot tracer rounds. A black street sweeper with revolving roof-mounted helicopter blades tore into the scene, crushing everything in its path. Ristow was there, wearing a mechanical arm that remote-operated a nine-foot robot, which used a claw to drag itself around and bite things. Some of the props exploded and landed in the audience.

And sure enough, 45 minutes after it began, just as the hillside scene detonated and fell into the mess below, the show ended in more ways than one. The fire department and the police showed up and surrounded the area.

Pauline and one other artist were questioned, and later charged with unlawful open burning and use of explosive material. If Pauline had pulled this in, say, Ohio, he'd probably still be plunking out license plates today. But in San Francisco, good art always wins in the end. Pauline and his friend got away with a $500 fine; the 40 coconspirators each got off with 25 hours of community service—and a reputation that now precedes them.

Marta McGovern, an inspector for the fire department, says, "Sure, they're good at what they do. You can't just pretend with machines like that. But we don't have the space for it here. The audience can't exit if something goes wrong, and the shows are just too unpredictable."

No worries, though. That's why we have L.A.

Life Doesn't Suck

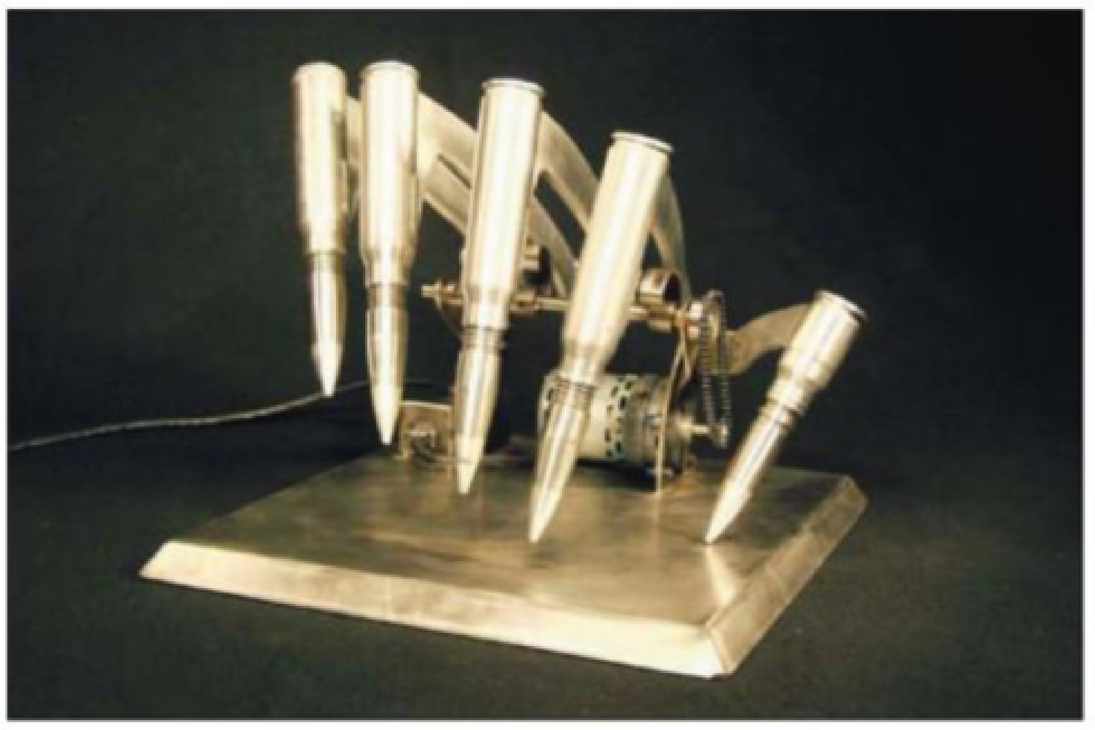
After graduating from Columbia with a degree in architecture, and after a five-year stint with SRL, Ristow decided seven years ago to move to L.A. and try to make a living from his "serious psychological issues."

He now works on movies in robot/puppet construction; he designed the three-arm claws Doc Ock used to tear apart Gotham in *Spider-Man 2*. He just sold a life-size set of breathing metal ribs to an art collector for $9,500, and he ultimately wants to make his living selling machines in art galleries.

Until then, his livelihood rides on a pilot about to be shot for the Discovery Channel. The concept is similar to Roboshop: Ristow modifies everyday machines, like riding lawn mowers and wheelchairs, and turns them into Swiss Army knives, suburban assault vehicles (complete with pneumatic ramps to jump curbs), or giant chainsaw arms that swing out 30 feet. At the end of every show, Ristow will try—with a straight face—to sell the "improved" contraption

Photographs above by Christian Ristow





A PRISON SCENE FEATURED A DOZEN LIFE-SIZE CRIMINALS WOBBLING AROUND AND SILHOUETTED MARIONETTES HAVING ANAL SEX IN A JAIL CELL. THE EVENT WAS STAGED NEXT TO MILLION-DOLLAR HOMES UNDER THE BAY BRIDGE.

back to the manufacturer.

Back at the party, Ristow doesn't need to keep a straight face. He won't have a problem running his machines in the warehouse or the parking lot—L.A. authorities are used to fireballs and cars being torn apart. Hell, this is where the *Terminator* movies were filmed.

A half-naked girl with eight-inch black vinyl boots and pasty, doom-chick makeup slinks by. A boy with orange hair dances alone by the drill press. Someone shows up with an enormous pig head, eyes intact; two guys throw it to each other like a football. Flecks of skin and fat fly off into the 200-person crowd.

With a roar, two machines come to life inside Ristow's "living room." One single-armed robot with a three-pronged head holds an ashen man 15 feet in the air. The man seems to be unconscious. Oh, wait … it's a mannequin. The other robot is bent over with a stomachache. Suddenly it jerks upright to reveal tyrannous jaws. Its arms swing out angrily, 30 feet wide, to reveal that his hands are actually chainsaws. The show has started, and the crowd darts behind drill presses or out the front gate, keeping its distance. The women in the room stare, transfixed. As the mannequin is torn to shreds between the two monsters, Ristow seems nonchalant, but his insides buzz. "If I could do a show a day," he admits, "I wouldn't need a shrink."

HELL ON EARTH



Jeff Clarke

Ready to risk your ass for an art show you'll never forget? Here are a few people and places you can check out.

1. Kal Spelletich lives in San Francisco and specializes in interactive robots where the audience can step into, say, a revolving flame thrower, and run it themselves. Get his schedule at SEEMEN.org.

2. Chip Flynn of Detroit has a collective called the People Hater. Check out his Web page at PeopleHater.org.

3. Chico McMurtrie of New York offers a much more gallery-friendly version of machine art. See his skeletal robots at AmorphicRobotWorks.org.

4. Burning Man is sort of like an annual convention for the machine-art industry; the yearly festival ends with the torching of a 50-foot wooden statue. Go to BurningMan.com and start figuring out how you'll get to Nevada.

5. Jim "Safety Third" Mason runs "The Shipyard" (The Shipyard.org), an anarchic collective in Oakland, California. His Impotence Compensation Project, a longtime favorite at Burning Man, had five pressurized tanks that blasted more than 30 gallons of kerosene a second into the night sky, creating 300-foot wands of fire.

6. Nate Smith was shy and totally ignored—until he accidentally blew up the trash can in his high school science class. Today he's the center of massive crowds, creating his famous 80-foot fire tornadoes. See 'em for yourself at Fire-Arts.com.

7. Christian Ristow says, "There's a common thread of motivation that turns us all on." Some of this motivation can be seen at Coachella, the annual California arts festival. If you want to understand why, for example, Ristow's relationships with hot women never work out, just watch his show, *Love Is a Many Splintered Thing*. Or just look at the pictures at Christian Ristow.com.

8. SRL can be trickier to pin down. Often you have to wait until you hear a whisper about a vacant lot and keep your fingers crossed that the authorities won't shut it down. But a few shows are listed at SRL.org, where you can get on the mailing list for any hush-hush show info.

By Aaron Karo

Get It Online

If you're not listed on Facebook, Friendster, or MySpace, you're not cool. It's that simple. You have no idea what I'm talking about? Wow, you're way behind, man.

Facebook.com, Friendster.com, and MySpace.com are social networking Websites. Ostensibly, these sites exist so subscribers can facilitate networking, meet new people, and maybe post a blog or two. But as anyone under the age of 25 knows, they really only serve two purposes: meeting chicks and wasting time.

Facebook is a college-only site, but you can join if you have an alumni e-mail address—if you *want* to be that sketchy old guy online. I'm only a member because I do a lot of stand-up at colleges, and it's a good way to connect with fans. Yeah, that's it.

Friendster and MySpace are similar, but cater to more of a post-college crowd. Although there's no hard evidence, I get the feeling that Friendster is more of an East Coast thing, and MySpace is Midwest– and West Coast–heavy. Of course, 17-year-old chicks from the Philippines heavily populate both sites, so I guess when it comes to the Internet, all geographical bets are off.

Here's what I think is absolutely fucking beautiful about these sites: You can look up a girl and see a picture (or several) of her, as well as find out if she's single. That's huge! Let's say you meet a girl at a bar, or there's a chick in your dorm you want to bone—well, now you have the two most important bits of information you need. No more wasting time hitting on girls with boyfriends. It almost reads like an infomercial: "It sounds too good to be true … but it's not … and it's free!"

But of course, like anything on the Web, half the stuff on these sites is crap. People don't update their info or, even worse, have misleading pictures. The most common scam is dorky guys who post pictures of themselves with the hottest girl they know. Somehow, by osmosis, that makes them look cooler to the viewing public. Or unattractive girls post the grainiest, shadow-filled, nothing-below-the-chin picture possible, and leave guys guessing.

I'll admit—I was slow to the Facebook/Friendster/MySpace triumvirate of time wasting. But now I spend more and more time looking up female fans who e-mail me to see if they are bangable. Next time you're online, look me up and "Friendster me." I'll accept anyone's advances. I'm easy like that.

Okay, time to hit the trusty mailbag. And by mailbag I mean a late nineties–model computer in the back of *Penthouse*'s offices that gets my e-mails. If you have a question, you can always hit up karo@penthouse.com and we'll dance.



"Here's what I think is absolutely fucking beautiful about these sites: You can look up a girl and see a picture of her, as well as find out if she's single. It sounds too good to be true … but it's not."

Dear Karo:
I'm in the middle of on-campus recruiting. I've gone on what seems like a million interviews, but I still don't have a job. Am I doing something wrong, or is this just how the system works?

Uh-oh. You better get something soon, or you're going to end up living at home with that other guy! I have no fucking clue how to interview. My buddies and I used to sit around and try to figure out the best answer to "What is your biggest weakness?" I was always tempted to respond, "Answering stupid rhetorical questions." I'd say your best bet is to wear a nice, conservative tie, get a leather portfolio to hold your resume o' lies, and just smile, nod, and agree with the interviewer a lot. You're bound to fool somebody eventually. (And when you do, see our "On the Desk" column to find out how to *keep* a job.)

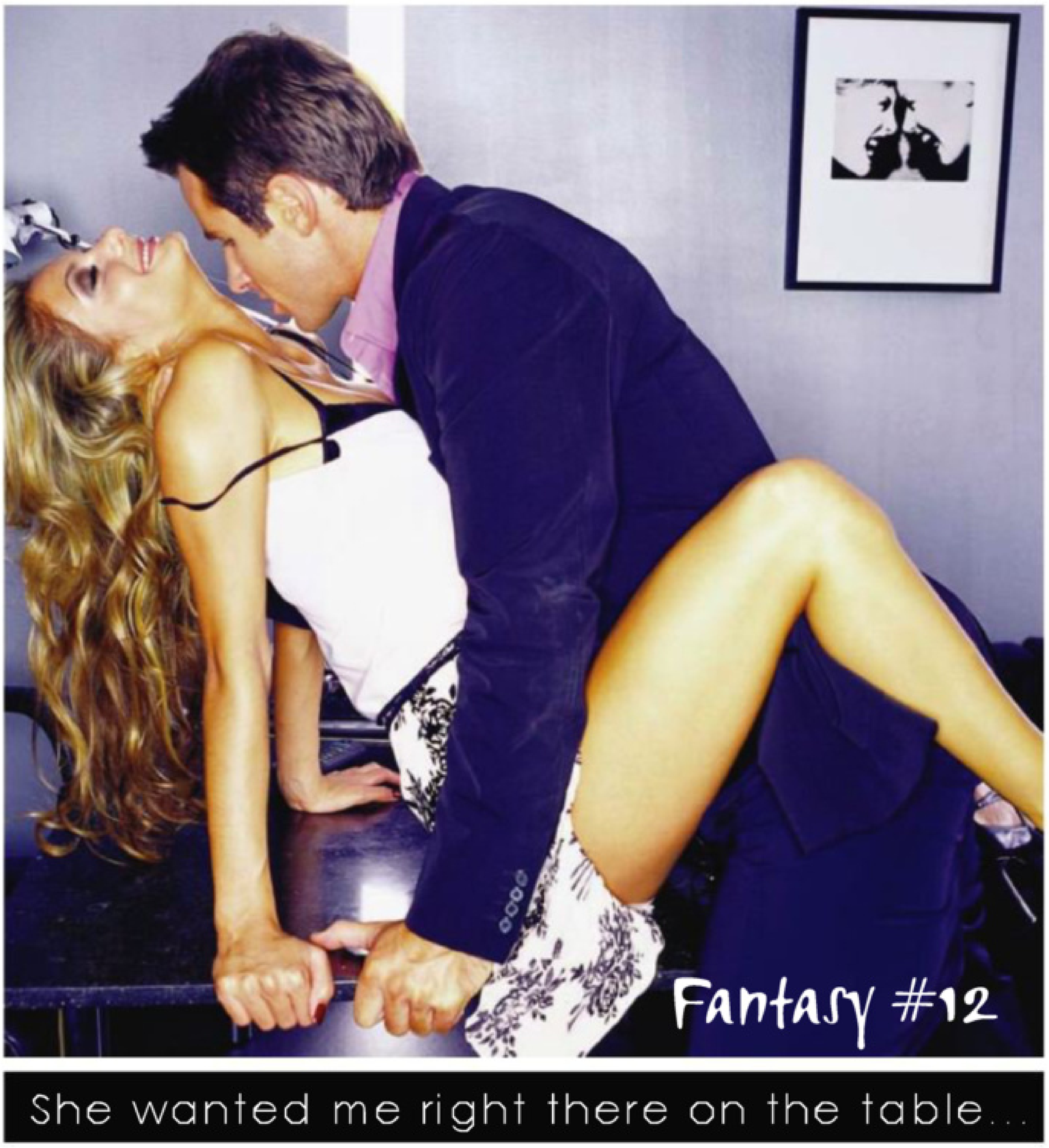
Dear Karo:
I heard you lived with your parents after graduation. I'm doing that now, and I'm climbing the walls. How did you survive?

Who the hell told you that? It's a lie! Well, okay, it is true … sort of. I actually lived in Manhattan for three years after graduation, then moved home with my parents for three months while I was figuring out my next move, then moved back out on my own. So I did it, but not long enough to brag about it.

Here's the scoop: I get along really well with my parents. My hometown is only 40 minutes from New York City, so I had it easy. But it still sucked. I'm not going to sugarcoat it. You can't get ass when you're living at home. ("Hey, wanna come back to my place? There's a 2:25 A.M. train leaving from Penn Station. Oh, and I have pictures of little football helmets on my sheets.") My advice: Get out now. Or, get on Friendster and start meeting some ladies who live nearby. You can have your parents give you a ride to her house!

Try MAXODERM™
FREE TODAY!

*See Details Below



She wanted me right there on the table...

They touched each other in ways I had never seen...



MAXODERM™ Developed specifically for those concerned about the size and feel of their erections, our targeted topical formulation improves sexual performance, quality and firmness while revitalizing the area of the skin most involved in arousal. Enjoy improved erection quality and intensified pleasure... RIGHT NOW!

Don't be fooled by companies selling herbal pills claiming to "grow" your penis by 3", 4", or even 5". While male enhancement pills often deliver as little as 5% of the desired ingredients to your system, MAXODERM uses targeted delivery maximizing absorption directly at the "source", allowing as much as 95% of the formula to immediately assist the desired area.

You WILL feel and see a difference immediately, starting with your very first application. MAXODERM can help improve your sexual fitness, vitality and confidence. You'll be amazed how MAXODERM maximizes your pleasure and makes every erection stronger! Be your best... and her best with MAXODERM.

"I wanted a product that would work with the very first use. I am happy to say that MAXODERM lives up to its claims! With MAXODERM, I get instant gratification! Thank you MAXODERM!"

-William J.



brought to you by **MAXŌDERM™**

Vasotran Auctum™
topical lotion

The Sexual Performance Enhancer formulated to instantly increase sensation and firmness.

Improve. Increase. ENJOY.

All Major Credit Cards Accepted – Discreet Billing – Privacy Ensured
Send check, money order, or credit card information to:
Barmensen Labs, P.O. Box 120073, Staten Island, NY 10312
Phone Orders Call: 1.800.679.4534

	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
Over 17% Off ($120 Value) **Special Limited Time Offer** 2 Tubes MAXODERM™		$99.99	
MAXODERM 90 Day Challenge **FREE 30 Day supply with purchase of 90 Day Risk Free Trial** Buy 2 Get 1 FREE!		$119.98	
1 Tube MAXODERM™		$59.99	
Shipping & Handling:			
Standard Delivery		$9.99	
2-3 Day Rush Delivery		$19.99	
International Delivery		$24.99	
NY residents add 8.625% sales tax. Personal checks allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.			
TOTAL AMOUNT			

Credit Card Information (if applies):

Type of Card: ☐ VISA ☐ ☐ ☐

Name on the card: _____

Card #: _____ Exp. Date: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Zip: _____ Signature: _____

PENTM1205

Feels Great – Works Instantly!

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

***Take the MAXODERM 90 DAY RISK FREE CHALLENGE and we'll give you the first month FREE!**

1.800.679.4534
or visit maxoderm.com

By Laura Leu

Sole Mates

While most people find feet necessary for walking, others find them necessary for getting off. Step into the world of foot fetishes ... but please remove your shoes at the door.

Of the hordes of men I've dated, I can safely say that each falls into one of two categories: Butt Men and Boob Men. And while I believe that says great things about my rack and that, baby, I got back, there is another type of man I've yet to encounter. He is elusive—almost mythical—like the Bigfoot of the body part–obsessed. He is, in fact, big on feet: large or small, funky or fragrant, painted or au naturel. He is the Foot Man.

Foot Men are everywhere. They're in suits reading the *Wall Street Journal;* in restaurants serving you food; in movies winning Oscars. The point is, the only time you'll recognize a Foot Man is when you see him stuffing a stocking-clad size seven into his mouth. My friend Mary once went out with a Footy, unbeknownst to her. A New York City gossip columnist, he took Mary on a date that swept her off her feet and right into his bed. During the undressing ritual, he bypassed her shirt and pants, going straight for her socks. He removed them faster than a podiatrist treating a deadly plantar wart. As he rubbed her feet, not even attempting to inch north to the promised land, Mary had an inclination that *maybe* he was into feet. She received full confirmation of this when, after a few more minutes of massaging, Mr. Gossip Columnist came in his pants.



"Footplay comes in all shapes and sizes—any kinky sex act can be translated into the foot realm. And luckily for Footies, they can order these toe-licking entrees off the menu at foot-fetish parties."

Theory of Toe

It seems hard to believe that a grown man would get off simply by touching some tootsies, but the theories to explain it are plentiful. You could blame his association between the shape of a woman's feet and the curves of her body. You could blame his brain's sensory cortex, where the feet and genitals occupy adjacent areas and perhaps pick up cross talk. And, of course, you can't go without blaming his mom, who, according to some psychobabblers, may be responsible for his podiatric obsession.

The theory goes like this: A toddler, craving attention, crawls around looking for Mommy. She's too busy watching soap operas or shooting up speedballs to hold the tot, so poor Junior's only interaction with her is at toe-level. As he grows up, he replays the memories until sexual imprinting occurs and—*ta da!*—Junior's got himself a foot fetish.

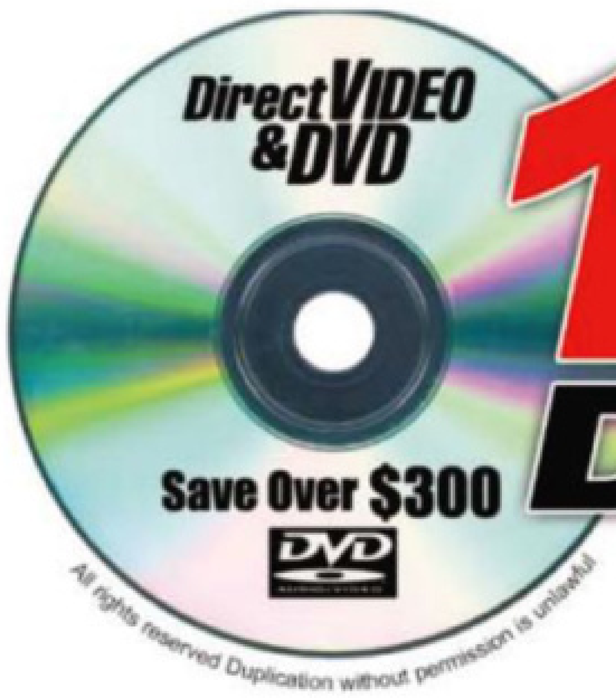
It is this Freudian theory that may have made my friend Max a Foot Man. One night, Max and I were at a dive bar drinking $2 cans of Tecate beer when he confessed he likes smelling women's feet. After digging a little deeper (read: getting him a little drunker), I learned that when Max was nine years old, he had a baby-sitter whom he vividly remembers having perfectly pedicured feet. As she sat on the couch, cherry-red toes dangling over the side, he and his brother crouched behind the armrest and played a game where the "winner" would be the first to run out and smell her feet.

He couldn't tell me what color the baby-sitter's hair was or whether or not she had eyes, but he *could* tell me that her eau de toe had a sweaty bouquet with notes of leather and a hint of Gold Bond powder.

Playing Footsie

In the melting pot of foot fetishes, footplay comes in all sorts of shapes and sizes. Some fetishists like tickling feet, others like being trampled by them. Some want foot orgies, others want to be intimate with a sole sole. Like sixty-nining, there's "twentying," where two people give each other toe simultaneously. There are footjobs—for when hands just won't cut it on the jerking-off tip. There is even a practice called "golden heels," where you watch your partner wee, wee, wee all over your little piggies. Basically, any kinky sex act can be translated into the foot realm. And luckily for Footies, they can order any of these toe-licking entrees off the menu at foot-fetish parties.

Foot Worship Party (Foot-Worship-Party.com) is just one of the places where Footies gather to gawk and glorify the female form from the ankle down. For just $150, you gain entrance to a world where beautiful foot models run wild (or wobbly, if they're wearing six-inch heels). It's a place where Footies can act out their fantasies, from the very tame toe-sucking to the I-can't-ask-my-wife-to-put-her-big-toe-in-my-ass butt plugging. Whatever freaky little thing your heart desires, there are enough tootsies to go around. But don't ask to hold hands—that's just sick.



12 FREE DVDS OR VIDEOS

NO MEMBERSHIP **NOTHING MORE TO BUY EVER**



12 FREE DVDS OR VIDEOS!

For a limited time, the leader in the adult film industry is offering you up to **12 FREE DVDS or VIDEOS** with no future obligation.

Each DVD or video is ***4 HOURS of uncensored, XXX footage!*** This is no scam and no joke! There is nothing more to buy... EVER! This is a limited one-time only offer that you can't afford to pass up!

This is ***not a scam***, this is ***not a club*** and there is ***no membership***. Join the millions of satisfied Direct Video & DVD customers who have ordered over the past 25 years.

LIMITED TIME OFFER ACT NOW!

You pay only $4.95 each for shipping and handling.

For your free catalog with over 200 titles to choose from, Call:
1-800-748-4129

Visit Our Website:
www.12freedvds.com

To Order Now Call:
1-800-467-6048
24 Hours 7 Days

Send this coupon and payment to: FREE VIDEOS & DVDS PO Box 64550 Dept. **B74E16** *Gary IN 46401-0550*

Format: ❑ VHS ❑ DVD (UP TO 12 FREE)

Titles: *(you may choose up to 12 videos or DVDs)*

Titles are soft for the purpose of this ad only!

❑ Jenna & Her Friends ❑ All Girl ❑ Lip Service ❑ Amateur ❑ Hidden Camera ❑ Bootyville ❑ Cheerleaders

❑ Old Hotties ❑ Spring Break ❑ Three's Company ❑ Swinging ❑ World Records ❑ Asian Island ❑ Todays Hottest Stars

❑ Salt & Pepper ❑ Latina Lovers ❑ The Girl Next Door ❑ Baby Got Back ❑ Freaks of Nature ❑ Water Games ❑ Caught in the workplace

I've indicated the titles and format I would like to receive (above)!

How many items:

Quantity	X $4.95 s/h = (each item)	Sub-total
RUSH Processing	Add $2.00	
Immediate Check Clearance	Add $2.00	
Overnight	Add $15.25	
CALIFORNIA STATE TAX INDIANA STATE TAX	Add 8.25% Add 6%	
GRAND TOTAL		

Name: _____

Address: _____ Apt: _____

City: _____ State: ____ Zip: _____

E-Mail: _____

PAYMENT: ❑ VISA ❑ MC ❑ AMEX ❑ CHECK ❑ MONEY ORDER

Signature: _____ *I AM OVER 18 (required)* Exp: _____

100% GUARANTEED

QUALITY ASSURANCE

At Direct Video and DVD we take pride in offering you top quality DVD's, videos and accessories. If for any reason your selections do not perform, simply return them for a replacement. It's that easy.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

100% PRIVACY

All packages shipped in plain brown wrapping!

ASK ABOUT: ***SAME DAY SHIPPING***

"All models depicted in ad and videos are age 18+"

AD#B22

STURGIS, SOUTH DAKOTA

Rally of Love

"This was the promotion I was looking forward to all year," said **Jamie Lynn** at the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally in South Dakota. Jamie, **Cassia Riley** (POY Runner-Up '06), and **Martina Warren** (POY '05) enjoyed madness, mayhem, and a whole lot of biker love. When they weren't judging bikini contests, signing photos, riding motorcycles, and goofing around with fans, the girls hung out at the Full Throttle Saloon, where they joined the metal band Jackyll onstage for some dirty fun. "They were pretty horrible, actually, hopping around with their pants and knickers around their ankles," said British beauty Martina. "They were really hairy and smelly."

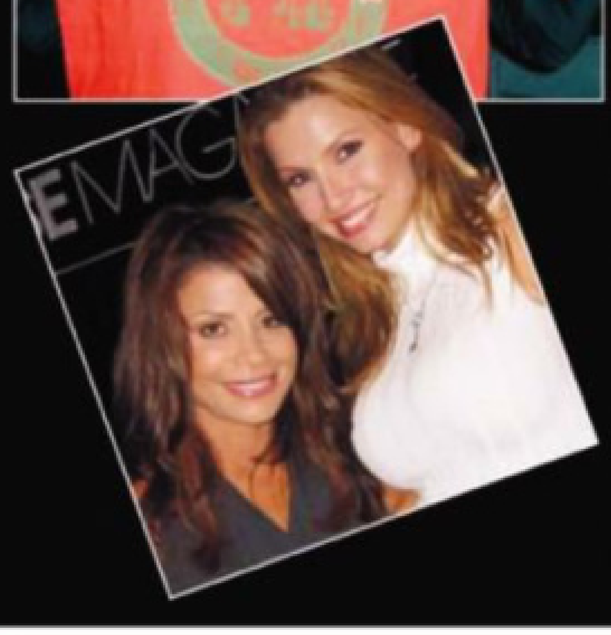
Making the most of her South Dakota trip, mischievous Cassia did an impromptu photo shoot at a barn in Deadwood and fell in love with Martina's sexy accent. "I made her say the C-word for me," Cassia told us. "It sounds so sweet when she says it!" Many thanks to the very clean crew at *Biker* magazine for throwing an awesome event with us. See you guys next year!



LOS ANGELES

All Over the World





Today *Penthouse,* tomorrow the world! Our new Pet of the Year, **Jamie Lynn,** made a splash at the World Music Awards in Hollywood, charming stars like Darryl Hannah, Carmen Electra, Antonio Sabato Jr., Paula Abdul, and Traci Bingham, who knew Jamie from charity events. But the most smitten star was probably the Killers' guitarist, David Keuning, who bashfully milled around the 23-year-old hottie throughout the evening. "If he'd asked me out, I would've gone, definitely!" said an excited Jamie. "Being Pet of the Year rocks!"





CLEVELAND

The Perfect Pair

Hometown honey **Gina Austin** (September '05) was a huge hit when she visited Cleveland's "WMMS Mornings With Sean, Cristie and Hunter" radio program. The morning crew blew up photos of Gina's naturally perky pair and proclaimed them "the Best Breasts in Cleveland." Morning-show cutie Cristie Cantle wanted to get in on the *Penthouse* action—she polled radio listeners on whether she should send photos to our talent scouts, and even called her unsuspecting parents to ask their opinion. "It was great having Gina spend the morning with us," Cristie says. "She's a lot of fun to be around." Keep up with the WMMS morning hijinks at Mornings.WMMS.com.

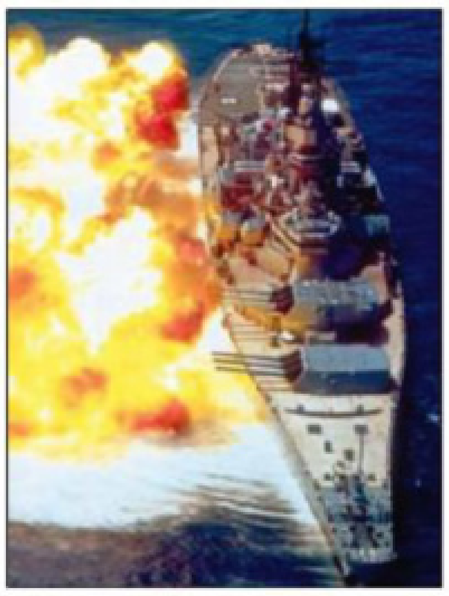


WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

By Ernest Volkman

After a dis from San Francisco's political leaders, the USS *Iowa* has a new home in nearby Stockton.... Combat stress is a growing problem for veterans of the Iraq war.



Shipped Out

It seemed like a perfectly wonderful idea that would have pleased various interests while honoring the service of U.S. sailors. But nobody expected the left-wing idiocy of the dimwits who run San Francisco.

Nearly five years ago, U.S. Senator Dianne Feinstein, a former mayor of that city, got Congress to appropriate $3 million to move the newly decommissioned USS *Iowa* from its berth in Rhode Island to a planned site along Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. Feinstein wanted the battleship to serve as a permanent memorial to sailors, many of whom passed through San Francisco on their way to the Pacific in three wars. The *Iowa* would boost the city's tourism industry as a floating museum, and save one of the Navy's most storied warships.

The ship had a distinguished World War II combat record, after which it was utilized in Korea. Decommissioned after that war, it was resurrected and modernized in 1988 to escort oil tankers in the Persian Gulf. In 1989, a year before its final mothballing, an accidental turret explosion during a training exercise killed 47 sailors—the great ship's worst casualty toll in nearly 50 years of service.



The idea of preserving the *Iowa* and docking it permanently in San Francisco drew strong support from Navy groups and veterans associations. But as the battleship rested at temporary anchor near the mouth of the Sacramento River Delta, it became evident that there were problems in its eventual home. The city's board of supervisors voted 8–3 to ban the *Iowa*. Bizarrely, they argued that they wanted to express their opposition to the war in Iraq by voting against the ship. They also said the vote reflected their opposition to the military's policy on gays. "If I was going to commit any kind of money in recognition of war," Supervisor Ross Mirkarimi said, "then it should be toward peace, given what our war is in Iraq right now."

Senator Feinstein was appalled. "This isn't the San Francisco that I've known and loved and grew up in and was born in," she said.

But the lamebrained decision of Frisco's political leaders doesn't mean the death of the *Iowa*. The city fathers of Stockton, some 80 miles inland on the San Joaquin River, say they want the battleship on their waterfront. They've voted to fund facilities that would handle some 125,000 visitors annually.

Stress Cases

You don't hear much about it, but like their fathers and grandfathers before them, soldiers serving in Iraq are subject to one of the more corrosive effects of combat—a mental condition called *combat stress*.

In World War I and II, the condition was called *battle fatigue*. Extensive research since then has revealed that the phenomenon actually takes several forms, ranging from the immediate (when a soldier actually snaps mentally from the terrors of combat) to the long term (when suppressed trauma later surfaces in stress-related physical problems, commonly called *post-traumatic stress disorder*).

Military medical experts have been monitoring combat veterans from Iraq to track and treat combat-related stress. According to their preliminary findings, at least 20 percent of troops return home from service with some problems. Symptoms range from persistent insomnia to irritability and, in the worst cases, acute changes in personality.

Building on the lessons learned in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, military psychiatrists now seek to get those afflicted into early treatment, which provides the best hope of curing the problem.

However, the military's encouragement of early treatment has run into something of a generation gap. While younger soldiers have readily sought psychological help, since they regard combat stress as a disease, older soldiers often see combat stress as a character flaw that may hinder their chances for promotion. The stigma toward the condition persists despite the military's insistence that seeking treatment has no more effect on promotion than treatment for any other kind of medical problem.

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!

DOES SIZE *REALLY* MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!



But The Penis Enlargement System You Choose Matters Even More!

PENIS ENHANCEMENT BREAKTHROUGH

MAGNA-RX+® Penis Enhancement Formula is absolutely the easiest, fastest, doctor recommended way to add massive, pulsating, and explosive pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than **MAGNA-RX+**: ***GUARANTEED, or YOUR MONEY BACK!***

THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX+®*

The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is **George Aguilar M.D.,** a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also a past president of his State Society of urologists. Over three years ago, **Dr. Aguilar** made the amazing discovery that is now known as **MAGNA-RX+,** a powerful natural **Penis Enhancement Formula.**



Using this potent formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their erectile size, performance, and pleasure in only a few short weeks. Best of all **MAGNA-RX+'s** breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects.

MAGNA-RX PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE AT: GNC LiveWell

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION™

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive trademarked, ***Orgasmic Thrust Activation*** process. This factor alone would make **MAGNA-RX+** the most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in length, thickness, and endurance, but also they are equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms *(as are their very satisfied lovers)!*



THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE PENIS ENHANCEMENT FORMULA AND STILL GROWING!

With millions sold, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth has spread about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula.** In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of **MAGNA-RX+'s** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a *bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!*

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The **MAGNA-RX+ Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you'll *NEVER* have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker in order to have you buy more like some companies do. Instead, we focus on getting the best results as quickly as possible. *That's the secret of our success!* With the **MAGNA-RX+ System,** you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – *with nothing else to buy ever again!*

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE! *SAVE $59.95!*

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today! See for yourself what thousands of satisfied men *(and their lovers)* have already discovered. **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enhancement Formula** for one very simple reason: ***IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!***

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? ***How about 50% OFF our regular price!*** **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, ***but if you order now we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!***

FREE GIFT! MAGNA-RX TOPICAL LOTION

Hurry! For a limited time when you order **MAGNA-RX+** pills, we'll also include ***ABSOLUTELY FREE*** a full 30-day supply of **Dr. Aguilar's** new and amazing **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion – *an $89.95 value!*** (Limit one per household.)

100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

We are so confident that **MAGNA-RX+** will transform you into another ***HUGELY SATISFIED MAGNA MAN*** that we offer you an ***UNCONDITIONAL 100% 60-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE*** and either way, please keep the **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** as our ***FREE GIFT*** to you!

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

NEW!

Dr. Aguilar's MAGNA-RX® TOPICAL LOTION

Potency And Stimulation Enhancer That Works From The Outside In!

Dr. Aguilar's new, fast-acting, powerful topical lotion can be used any time you want to guarantee to give you biggest and best lovemaking performance. Only moments after you rub it in, you'll actually start to feel the potent botanicals of this amazing new transdermal lotion go to work as it safely increases blood flow for maximum erectile size and stimulation. However, when this state-of-the-art lotion is used in conjunction with **MAGNA-RX+** pills, please be prepared for massive increments of peak sexual performance and *unparalleled euphoric pleasure for both you and your partner!*

30-Day Supply **$59.95** ***FREE WITH MAGNA-RX+ PILLS***

ALPHA MALE PLUS™ Meet Nature's #1 Super Stud!

Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure ***Wapiti Elk Extract.*** Scientists believe the male ***Wapiti Elk*** possesses the strongest sex drive in nature allowing him to repeat a "world-class" performance again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!* Until you experience the power of **Alpha Male Plus** for yourself, you won't believe men are capable of having almost non-stop sex, experiencing the male equivalent of intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the ***Wapiti Elk Extract*** with other potent nutrients, a revolutionary formula has been created to *turn almost any average man into a virtual super stud overnight.*

30-Day Supply **$39.95**

TRX™ A Testosterone Enhancer For Producing Massive Results!

As reported in the cover story of the January 19, 2004 ***TIME*** magazine (page 72) *testosterone is the #1 factor that determines your sexual desire and your ability to perform in the bedroom.* **TRX** is a revolutionary, all-natural, doctor designed and endorsed formula that many medical experts are calling the most powerful testosterone pre-cursor and enhancer ever without a prescription.

WARNING: Please use **TRX** only if you want to: *be infused with intense passion and desire; experience extreme stamina and performance; produce monstrous erections; establish a beastly reputation for giving ultimate satisfaction again and again.*

30-Day Supply **$39.95**

LAVA™ Natural Libido Enhancer For Women Will Set Her On Fire!

LAVA For Women is a fast-acting *(use only with her permission)* doctor-designed passion formula to help quickly stimulate female desire, performance, and ultimate satisfaction over and over again. You'll find the results irresistible as she erupts and overflows with intense pleasure.

30-Day Supply **$39.95**



THE BEST VALUE!

Get Everything On This Page – SAVE $239.75!

all for only **$89.95** A $329.70 Value!

Credit Cards Order Toll-Free: 1-866-299-0759
Visit Our Website: www.freemagnarx.com

Send to: **MAGNA-RX, INC.** DEPT. PH-016
POST OFFICE BOX 6879, THOUSAND OAKS, CALIFORNIA 91359

Please RUSH the following. I enclose **$**_____ ☐Check ☐Money Order ☐Cash

☐**MAGNA-RX+®** (30-Day Supply) ***GET AN ADDITIONAL 30-DAY SUPPLY FREE!*** plus ***FREE* MAGNA-RX® Topical Lotion** – *A $209.85 Value!*	***for only* $59.95**
☐**MAGNA-RX® Topical Lotion** (30-Day Supply) *Regularly $89.95 – SAVE $30!*	**$59.95**
☐**ALPHA MALE PLUS™** (30-Day Supply) *Experience multiple orgasms*	**$39.95**
☐**TRX™** (30-Day Supply) *Testosterone enhancer*	**$39.95**
☐**LAVA™** (30-Day Supply) *Libido enhancer for women*	**$39.95**

THE BEST VALUE ***SAVES YOU $239.75!***

☐**MAGNA-RX+** (60-Days), ***FREE* MAGNA-RX Lotion** (30-Days), **ALPHA MALE PLUS** (30-Days), **TRX** (30-Days), and **LAVA** (30-Days) – *A $329.70 Value!* ***only* $89.95**

Total Purchase	**$**
California Residents ADD Sales Tax	**$**
Shipping, Handling and Delivery Insurance	**$** 8.95
Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H *(Remit in U.S. funds)*	**$**
TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED	**$**

Charge my ☐VISA ☐M/C ☐AMEX ☐DISC Expiration Date_____ / _____

Credit Card Account Number and 3-digit Security Code found on back of card or 4-digits on front of AMEX

_____ Code_____

Signature X_____

***Order Toll-Free* 1-866-299-0759 • *Fax Anytime* 1-818-991-0462**

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

MAGNA-RX+® is a Registered Trademark. All Rights Reserved. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

VIDEO ON DEMAND

Now you can watch some of *Penthouse's* hottest vidoes right on your computer ... any time, any day, any night!

Girlfriends

•

Labor of Lust

•

Pet of the Year 2004 Playoff

•

Pet of the Year 2004 Winner

•

Starlet Villa

•

Pet of the Year 2005 Playoff

•

Blonde Bombshells

Plus many. many more!



Available online at
penthousestore.com
1-877-702-0857

X-RATEDVIDEO

By Eric Danville



Rum Sodomy & the Gash

Fuck My Ass!!
(Private) ♗♗♗

It seems almost mandatory for a porn actress to do an anal sex scene these days, so a DVD titled *Fuck My Ass* doesn't mean as much as it used to. That said, this collection from Private of disconnected, silent scenes—each filmed by a different director—is still a nice offering. The European production takes you from discos to beaches to dungeons, with an attractive and capable cast. The most improbable setting is a bowling alley, which actually yields one of the better vignettes: A blonde, Neeo, takes on two studs after bowling a few frames, performing some good oral before bending over and taking it from both ends. There's nothing very explosive or even particularly memorable about the sex, but the production quality and the novel beauty of the starlets make it worthwhile. It's not a bad choice if you want to try something a little harder with your lady friend, too.

Penthouse Pick

Dripping Wet Teens
(Simon Wolf Bold) ♗♗♗

Dripping Wet Teens is director Robert Herrera's paean to the nubile girls who make grown men's dreams come true. All your favorite pairings are here: white and Hispanic, blonde and brunette, tattooed and pierced and ink- and steel-free. These gals generally look the part, since many are of the small-breasted variety that's in high demand these days. We have to admit that Gianna was our favorite. Her naturally large, Christy Canyon–quality boobs bounce beautifully as Randy Spears tells her what he needs. She screeches like a peacock as she rides him cowgirl-style until the clip's most telling moment: Randy has to get her to slow down before he comes too early. This is one of those porn discs that has no more going for it than plenty of great sex carried out by solid performers who know what they're doing. An extra tip of the hat to Herrera and Company for starting scenes with a healthy dose of cunnilingus, which is sadly lacking in too much porn these days. Overall, *Dripping Wet Teens* offers nine strong scenes, plus a DVD-extra bonus scene for good measure.

A Moth to the Flame

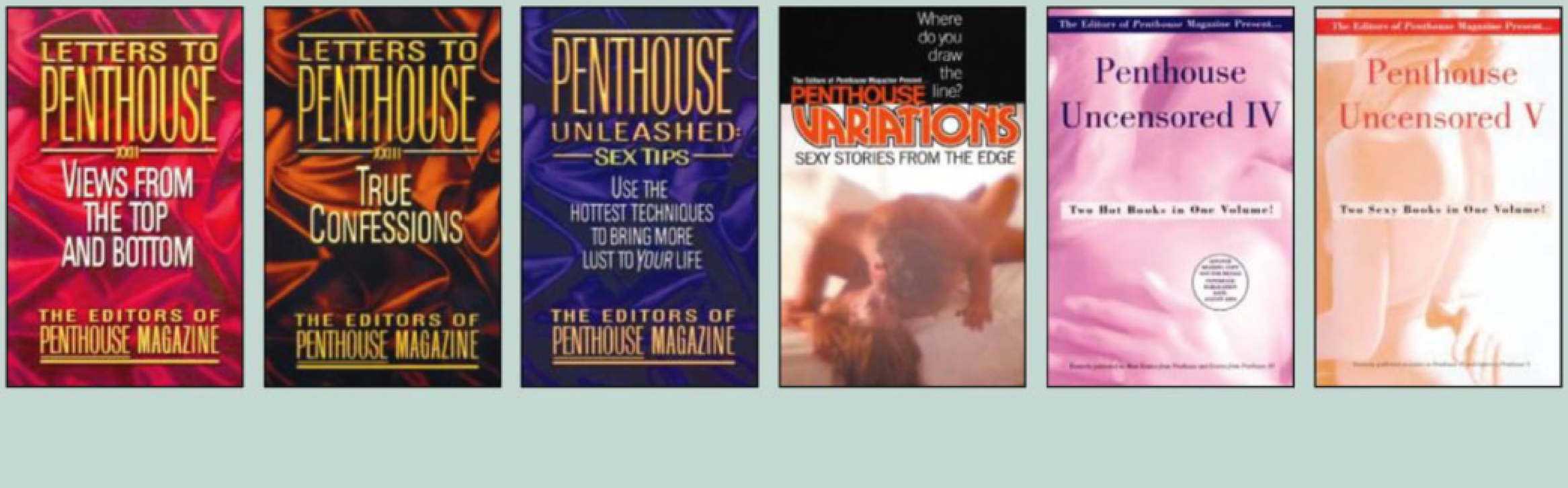
Who Let the Whores Out?
(Elegant Angel) ♗♗♗

For straight-up whackability with a high replay quotient, this gonzo offering is one to watch. First-time director and seasoned slut Kami Andrews does some good work here, creating five dirty and demented stories to wrap the sex with. We liked the scene where Katrina Kraven, raven-haired and ready for anything, gets fucked as payment for a drug debt. The scene featuring Penny Flame (think a brunette Alyson Hannigan with bigger tits) is a little short on the cocksucking, but it serves up a real cutie who gets plowed with a smile on her face. It's no great shakes in terms of inventive positions, but Flame and her partner are definitely into each other—their attraction supplies a reality that bells and whistles couldn't accomplish. At times, Flame's exuberance matches that of the damn-near-legendary Chloe Nicole, which is definitely saying something. In the final scene, Andrews herself takes a good dose of stick. She's a great cocksucker, and more than game enough to take it every way her partner can dish it out.



Curl up with a good book.

Sometimes you long to jump in bed for some hot sex. Other times, you just want to curl up with a good book. Why not do both? Now you can with the *Penthouse* series, published by Warner Books. With more than 20 steamy titles to choose from, you're always guaranteed the best sex between two covers. Available wherever books are sold.



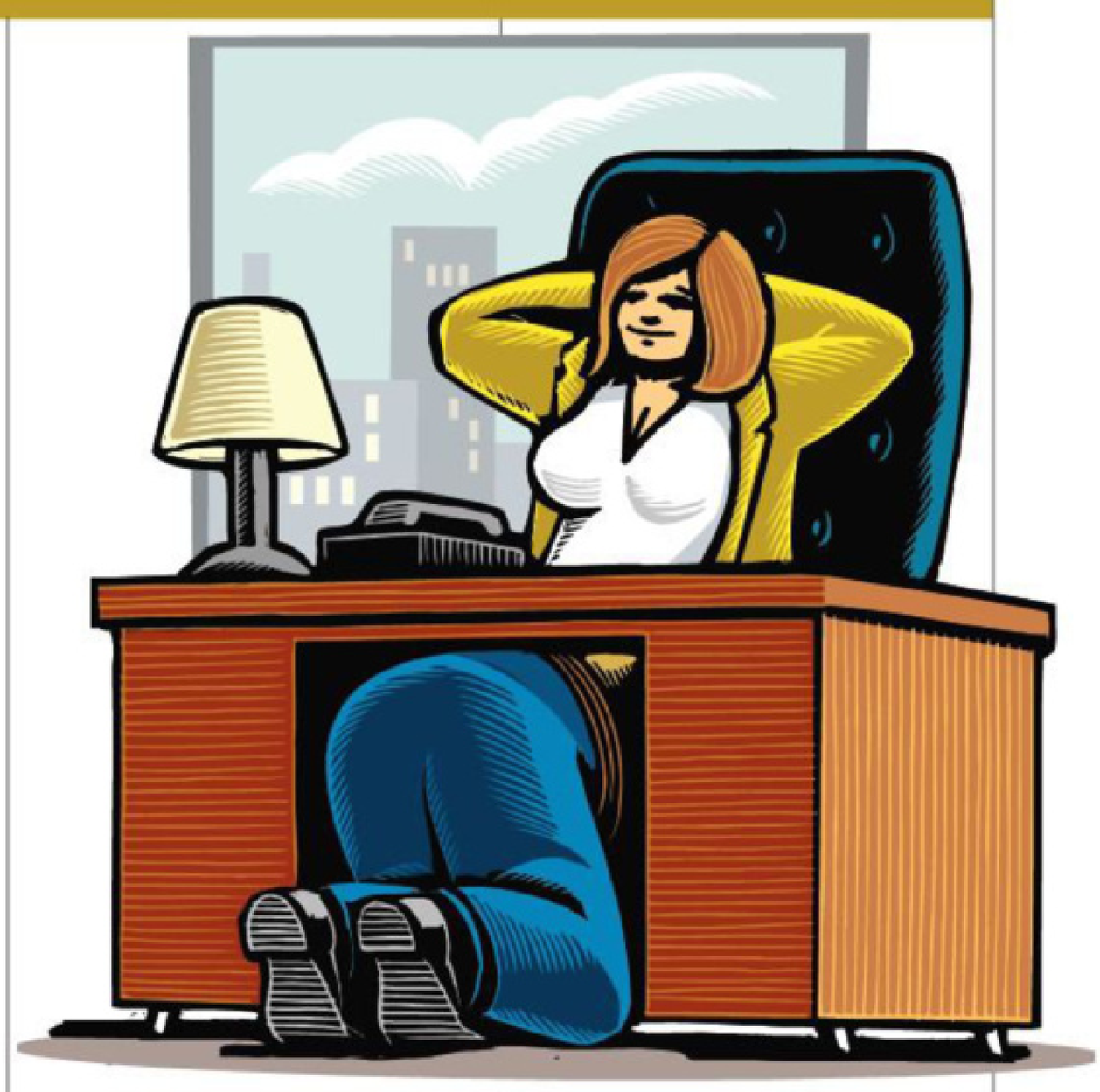


PENTHOUSE
LINGERIE
by Coquette


PENTHOUSE
PET

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

Sex With Your Boss



"It's something else to get fired for simply misinterpreting your female boss's interest in your career. You might be prone to do this if you're a horny, egotistical, all-American male."

In last month's "On the Desk," I suggested ways to handle your boss. I also discussed the qualities that corporate achievers share, besides talent, hard work, and lucky breaks. Foremost among these qualities is having the self-confidence and skill to not take superiors' criticism personally. But what if your boss is a woman? An attractive woman? Henry Kissinger once said that power is the ultimate aphrodisiac, and that goes double when the person in charge is a woman.

"People are always attracted to their boss," Jane, an executive at a marketing firm, stated matter-of-factly. "I've had sex dreams about a number of people I've worked for. In the light of day, I wouldn't say I'm attracted to them. People in England dream of Queen Elizabeth."

Dr. Mark Goulston, author of *Get Out of Your Own Way at Work … and Help Others Do the Same* (Penguin Group USA), cautions against either seducing a female boss or succumbing to her advances. "The chances of it blowing up in both your faces are huge," he said. "Attraction has a mind of its own, and people take liberties with these knowing looks. If other people see there's an attraction, it tends to be demoralizing. It looks like you're taking unfair advantage."

On the other hand, you're only on Earth 70 or 80 years, and there are those of us for whom getting laid takes precedence over getting a cubicle by the window or a better spot in the company parking lot. The question is, what's more important to you: romance, or becoming the chief financial officer of ExxonMobil? If you're in your twenties or early thirties (hell, your forties and fifties, too), it's probably the former.

"I think there's situations where it's fine to do it with employees or your bosses," said Jane, who has indulged herself. "But just know it's dubious, and you can eventually get fired. Is it worth it? It may be."

What you definitely don't want to do is mistake your boss's social behavior for a come-on. It's one thing to get fired for getting laid, but it's something else to get fired and have nothing to show for it—simply because you've misinterpreted your female boss's interest in your career. You might be prone to do this if you're a horny, egotistical, all-American male.

"Successful bosses are by nature flirtatious," explains the head of a publishing house who has fallen for more than one female boss in his time. Now that he's the boss, he diplomatically deflects the charms of his younger, smitten female coworkers (or so he claims). "In the modern American workplace, you can't order people around," he says. "You have to persuade them. And if you're persuading them, there's probably an element of flirtation.

"A boss/employee relationship is like an extended date," he goes on. "Instead of trying to take you out to dinner and go to bed, he or she is trying to persuade you to knock yourself out. And the reward is basically a smile and the promise of a raise that never materializes."

He says that despite the allure of some of his female employees, he's not interested in having sex with them. One of the reasons is that when they visit his office and shut the door behind them, it's not because they want to do it on his desk—or even tell him he's doing a good job. (That's another way to get ahead.) "You see everybody's dirty laundry. They're not doing a good job; they hate all these other people they work with," he sighs. "You dread them coming through the door and trying to tell you about their lives. You don't want to know after a while."

So unless you're indispensable (and part of growing up is coming to the stark realization that you're not), better keep it platonic.

Illustration by Chris Gall

GET 3 FREE XXX DVDS

YOUNG GIRLS, RIPE MELONS & FRESH SNATCH...
OVER 6 HOURS OF PRETTY YOUNG THINGS!



AN $89.95 VALUE- FREE!



BABY FACE

Angelic on the outside and pure sin inside! Kayla gazes at you with her big blue eyes while sucking down a thick prick. Gen looks sweet and innocent– till she gets her greedy little hands on a piece of meat.
102 X-rated minutes.



YOUNG SWEET MUFFINS

9 adorable lasses who lust for sex! Angela's hip-grinding cowgirl draws out gallons of guy juice. Jayna Oso shares her man's boner with a suck-hungry girlfriend, and Ben feeds Lil' Bit Moore his hard-on before her tight tail takes it all!
132 X-rated minutes.



TIGHT & FRESH

Fresh honey blondes, tan brunettes and milky-skinned redheads try dripping wet deep throat, swinging threesomes, kinky toy play, cream pie and even taboo anal sex! An eye-popping collection of spick n' span snatch.
136 X-rated minutes.

VISIT US ONLINE AT adameve.com

All models depicted in this ad and in advertised videos were 18 and older at the time of photography.

PRETTY YOUNG THINGS 3 DVDS Item # 6887	FREE
POSTAGE & HANDLING	$9.95
RUSH PROCESSING ADD $2.00	$2.00
HOT ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION	FREE
ORDER TOTAL	

METHOD OF PAYMENT Item # 6887

☐ Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)

CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

ACCT. #:

SIGNATURE:

NAME:

(PLEASE PRINT) I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 OR OLDER

ADDRESS:

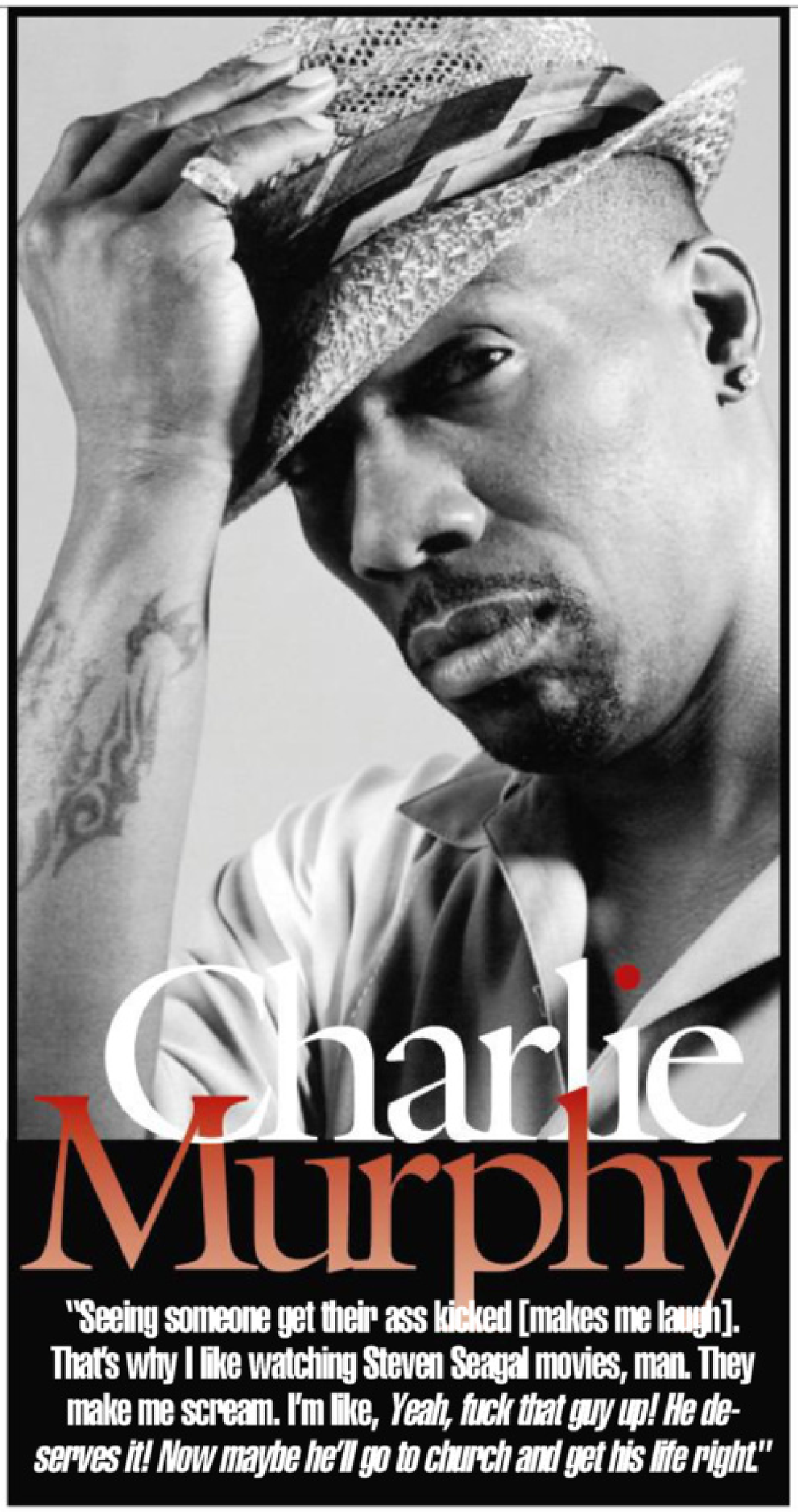
CITY: STATE: ZIP:

ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. PH935 CARRBORO, NC 27510

credit card customers call 800-274-0333 24/7 ASK FOR DEPT. PH935

By Bill Schulz

TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST



Charlie Murphy rocketed to fame with his role on *Chappelle's Show*, particularly in the "Charlie Murphy's True Hollywood Stories" segments, which detailed his hilarious brushes with the likes of Rick James and Prince while working as his younger brother Eddie's bodyguard. Now that *Chappelle's Show* has flamed out, Murphy is touring the country, revisiting his "Hollywood Stories" in comedy clubs, and voicing characters in *Grand Theft Auto* and a Snoop Dogg cartoon for MTV. He also has roles in four upcoming films.

Got any particularly embarrassing duds in your closet from back in the day?

I had a satin roller-skating jacket, and now that I've just told you about it, I'm gonna have to burn it. I think the jacket is one of the remnants from the tours back in the eighties. The *Raw* tour, I think.

Speaking of, one of Eddie's famous bits was about your mom's method of discipline. Did she really throw her shoes at you guys?

I think everybody's mom did that once or twice. Your mom never threw a shoe at you?

Uh, not really.

My momma used to throw a shoe, or whatever was close by. She was pretty accurate. All it takes is to get hit one time, and you remember it for the rest of your life, know what I'm sayin'?

I think so. Rick James participated in his "Hollywood Story," but Prince didn't. Does he lack a sense of humor?

Prince liked it. He was very pleased when it came out. The reason he didn't participate was he heard, "Comedians, they want you in the show, blah, blah, blah," and it scared him. Prince doesn't do TV show–type stuff, anyway. But he's seen it, and he hung out with Dave [Chappelle] after it.

Give me a "True Hollywood Story" that never aired, but should have.

Uh, I can't give that up, man. [*Laughs*] That's worth money.

Fine then. What makes you laugh?

Seeing someone get their ass kicked. That's why I like watching Steven Seagal movies, man. They make me scream. I'm like, *Yeah, fuck that guy up! He deserves it! Now maybe he'll go to church and get his life right.*

What makes you cry?

I think it was at the movies, the last time I cried. I think it was *Roll Bounce*.

How do you make others cry?

I like to tease people. I hate when people do it to me, though. I have a very good talent of finding out exactly what it is about yourself that you don't like, and [I'll] keep bringing it up. I can remember pissing Eddie off several times when we were kids. I made him so mad that he started cursing, and Grandma was on the phone, and I was like, "You better stop cursing 'cause Grandma is on the phone." And he was like, "I don't give a fuck who is on the phone!" He was ten years old. After that, he just started throwing stuff at me.

Have any less-than-fond memories of your time in the military?

There was a lot of racism when I was in the Navy, and I had to deal with that. I worked in a boiler room, but when I signed up it didn't say "boiler room"—it said "thermal dynamic engineer." So I thought it was something special. I was like, *Wow, I get to be an engineer!* I thought I'd leave the Navy and go to NASA. And by the time I found out what it really was, it was too late. I would cry, it was so hot.

What's the worst beat-down you administered as Eddie's bodyguard?

I always knew when to stop. It was a different world back then. Nowadays, you got people that will start something on purpose just so they can get at your money. People on the street [used to] do wrong and they'd get checked. Nowadays, men act like women and take you to court.

Back in your single days, did you ever wake up and look with horror at the girl you brought home the night before?

Anybody I've ever been ashamed of? There's several of them. But that's any guy, man. They're attractive in the club and then the make-up comes off and … you know what I'm sayin'?

All too well. What are people's first impression of you?

That I'm intimidating, which I don't like. I'm trying to learn how to not give that off. I'm not the bogeyman.

PENTHOUSE
Mail Order Section

MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR 3.7 MILLION READERS. FOR INFORMATION, CALL

212-702-6291

mmanaseri@pmgi.com



FDA Approved Medications • Secure Ordering Process • Next Day Delivery

VIAGRA®
Cialis® | LEVITRA®
Propecia • Xenical • Valtrex • Ultram • and more

$10 Off New Orders, code: penthouse
877-4-VIAGRA
www.viamedic.com • 877 484 2472
VIAMEDIC® SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG!

MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR 3.7 MILLION READERS

DISPLAY RATES:

$2400 per B/W column inch. One inch minimum depth. A digital file or a camera-ready mechanical is required. Two-color & four-color rates available upon request. Payment must be check, bank check, or money order and must accompany ad order. Deadline for order and ad material is the first of the third month preceding issue date.

For further details call or write:

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG
2 Penn Plaza, 11th Floor
New York, NY 10121
or call
212-702-6291
mmanaseri@pmgi.com

Meet Russian Women

http://AForeignAffair.com

Meet 1,000's of sincere, marriage-minded women during AFA Romance Tours to 12 exciting destinations in Russia, Ukraine, Latvia, Colombia & Costa Rica

FREE! Color Catalog Tour Video 1-800-576-3367

#1 In Client Service
- 1 to 5 city tour options
- 5 Socials - 100's of ladies
- 4 to 5 Star Hotels
- E-Mail Correspondence
- Advertise Your Profile
- Visa & Travel Services
- Phone Contacts

ID# 36779
Tatyana
26 y.o.
Riga, Latvia



A Foreign Affair, 4629 N 24th St., Phoenix, AZ, 85016

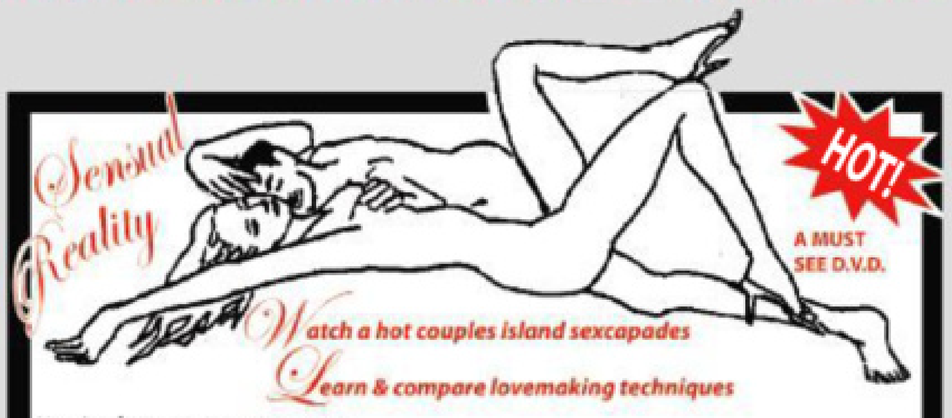
STUTTERING
We Can Help!

For more information, write, visit or call toll-free:

1-800-992-9392
www.stutteringhelp.org

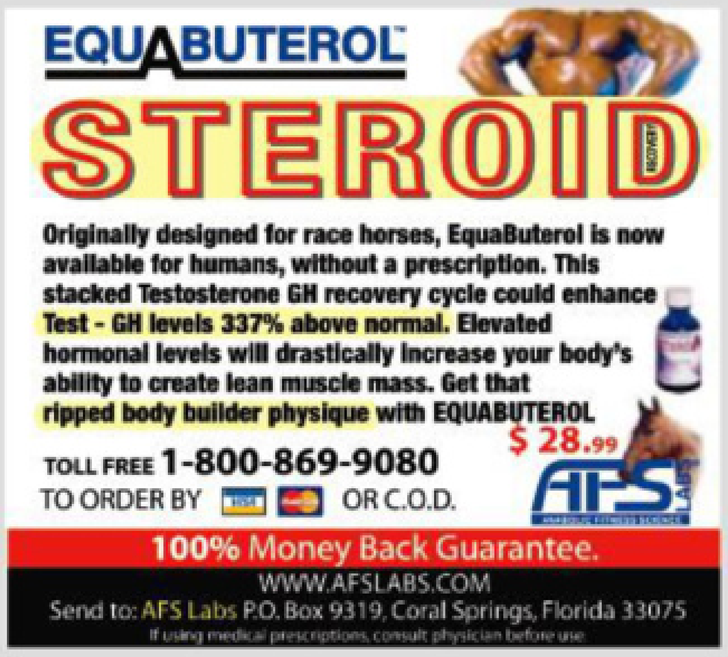
THE STUTTERING FOUNDATION®
A Nonprofit Organization—Since 1947

3100 Walnut Grove Road, Suite 603 • P.O. Box 11749 • Memphis, TN 38111-0749



Here's what some customers say:
"My wife & I only got thru 10 minutes before we were ripping each other's clothes off."
"My wife has gained a whole new interest in sex."
"This D.V.D. has made our sex life so hot & adventuresome, it's worth 10 times the price guaranteed."

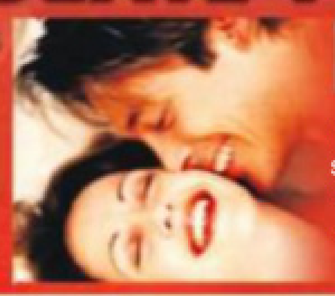
HOT satisfaction or your money back
To order call Reality Promo toll free at 1-866-618-0755
Major credit cards, cheques & money orders accepted.
Fast & discreet delivery, $29.95 plus shipping & handling.



INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME

EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS

ROPEX®, the original Swedish "Ropes" formula! Developed in Sweden in the mid 50's, the all natural Ropex formula has been recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by Porn Stars to increase ejaculate volume, creating the "ropes" effect.



ROPEX®

Over 64 Scientific studies show the all natural Ropex formula to improve men's sexual function including sperm production



Order at: www.RopexAmerica.com or Call Toll Free (888) 799-6979 (24/7)
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and Checks by mail accepted.

Send to: New Generation Labs
12905 S.W. 132 Street
Suite 4
Miami, FL 33186

1 Ropex: $39.95+$4.95 shipping = $44.90
SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 Ropex, receive 3 bottles!
3 Ropex $79.90+$5.95 shipping = $85.85

Statements herein have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration.

PENTHOUSE
Mail Order Section

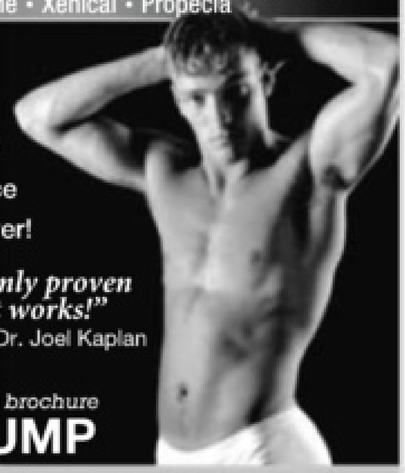
MEN WANTED!
GIRLS PAY YOU!



HEY GUYS!
MAKE $$$ providing INTIMATE SERVICES to lonely ladies. $750 per week possible. We provide names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to ROYCE (Attn.Lori) 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-P3 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154

IN YOUR AREA!

PENILE ENLARGEMENT
Medical Vacuum Pumps • Enlargement Pills • Viagra
Testosterone • Xenical • Propecia



- Gain 1-3" Length, 25% Girth
- Safe and Permanent Results
- Resolves Impotence
- No Office Visits, Ever!

"This is the only proven system that works!"
– Dr. Joel Kaplan

FDA Registered
Call for FREE photos and brochure
619-295-PUMP
www.GetBiggerToday.com



Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

SEDUCED INTO SWINGING

A few years ago I placed an ad in a swingers publication, and was surprised to receive a reply that was intelligent and articulate. My wife, Candy, did not know about the ad. I responded to the reply and learned that it had come from a guy named Kyle who wanted to swing without his wife.

Candy and I attended many social events in the city, and when Kyle and I finally talked, I learned that he had gone to some of the same events. We met at my office and discussed how he could seduce my wife. Our plan was to continue attending the events and have Kyle begin socializing with Candy. I would disappear occasionally, so Kyle could have time to chat with her alone. Finally one evening, he asked her to join him for lunch to discuss a fund-raising project.

"He said she was excited to find out how big he was. He told me she even managed to deep-throat him several times."



They met the following week. When he dropped her off, he told her he wanted to get to know her better. He followed up with a phone call and they agreed to get together sometime when I was traveling.

About a week later, I planned an out-of-town trip and informed Kyle. He arranged to meet Candy at our home on the afternoon of my absence. He brought a bottle of wine and she greeted him at our front door, wearing a gray dress that buttoned down the front. What Kyle did not know was that Candy was completely nude underneath the dress. She was excited about the meeting with him, and had bathed and groomed herself for hours before he arrived.

She took him into the kitchen and got two wine glasses while he uncorked the bottle. Then she led him to the living room and sat next to him on the sofa. After a few sips of wine and some small talk, he kissed her and started to feel her breasts and squeeze her nipples. He was pleased to discover she wasn't wearing a bra. He later told me it made him wonder what else she wasn't wearing.

He soon found out. Unbuttoning her dress, he was delighted to discover that she was completely naked underneath. He said that when he raised her from the sofa to kiss her he felt her pussy, and she was so wet that her juices were running down her legs.

She led him upstairs to our bedroom, where she had prepared our water bed for the tryst, but they never made it to the bed. He noticed our dressers had mirrored fronts, and he decided to fuck her on the floor directly in front of them.

She immediately went down on him, and sucked his huge dick. He said she was excited to find out how big he was. He told me she even managed to deep-throat him several times. I know Kyle loved that.

When he was ready to fuck her, he knelt down and pulled her astride his thighs. She rode his big cock, becoming so wet again that he felt her juices dribbling down his balls. While Kyle kissed Candy's breasts and squeezed her nipples, she had a huge orgasm on his lap. Then he pushed her back and fucked her to another orgasm in front of the drawers. By that time, it was getting late

in the afternoon. Even though Kyle still had not come, he and Candy took a shower together and agreed to do it again soon.

Two days later, Kyle came to my office and related everything, which excited me. Then we planned to have Candy in a threesome. Kyle promised to get her interested in the idea.

We did make it happen, and our get-togethers have continued for many satisfying years.—*I.S., New York*

Playing House

Our friends Robert and Tina were over last week. Tina and I were working on our costumes for an upcoming costume party while Robert and my husband,



James, watched a ball game on TV.

I pulled James away from the game and asked him to drive to the store for more glue. When he got up to leave, Tina said she needed some other things and that she'd go with him.

I was still sitting at the table fiddling with things when Robert went to the kitchen to get a fresh beer. I asked him to get me one, too.

Robert brought my beer and put it on the table. He saw me rubbing my neck and offered to massage it. His fingers felt wonderful as he worked out the kinks. He began at my neck and ran his fingers all the way down my arms to my elbows.

Suddenly Robert's hands moved down my arms and slid under my breasts. He brought them up to my shoulders once more, and then slid them down inside my sweater. My nipples grew hard under his fingers, and I felt my panties getting wet.

I turned my head and our lips met for the first time in a real kiss. I sucked his tongue into my mouth while driving my own deep into his.

My fingers moved tentatively up his thigh until I could trace the outline of his prick. He released one breast and nudged my hand higher until I felt the zipper of his pants.

Our eyes met and we both knew we were going for it. I slowly unzipped his jeans, releasing his prick. I wrapped my

"Suddenly Robert's hands moved down my arms and slid under my breasts. My nipples grew hard, and I felt my panties getting wet."

fingers around it, feeling the smooth skin and large head while my other hand slid up and down, pausing every so often to cup his balls.

I pressed my lips to the head of his cock, then ran my tongue around it before letting it slip into my mouth. His fingers were in my hair, urging me to take more of him, but I pushed back and let him slide from my mouth.

I stood and rubbed the head of his prick between my legs as we kissed again. He pushed my skirt up farther until it was resting on my hips. He grabbed my ass and pulled me hard to him. His prick slid back and forth, getting soaked with my juices. I was on fire.

But before I could do anything, he fell to his knees and pulled me to his face. Then he pushed aside my panties and his tongue dug into me. As soon as he found my engorged clit, he sucked it between his lips. My body quivered. He had me on the brink of orgasm, but what I really wanted was that big prick of his inside me.

I pushed him away and helped him to his feet, then turned and bent over, getting a firm grip on the table. He pulled down my panties. I reached behind and guided him into my pussy. I pushed back and he met my thrust with his own. He gripped my hips as we began fucking like crazy. His balls slapped my ass every time we pushed into each other. I couldn't control myself. My orgasm hit and my juices flooded his prick at the same time he erupted, filling me with his hot load. I could feel him pulsing as the last of his come spilled into me. I turned my head and we kissed again.

Just when I thought we were done, he pressed into me again. He was still hard, and I wasn't about to let that go to waste. I pushed back and we began again—harder and faster this time.



CREDITS

Page 6 clockwise from top, Ken Marcus, Ken Marcus, Viv Thomas, Ken Marcus; **page 7 top left,** Lisa Boyle; **page 7 top right and bottom right,** Mark Mann; **page 7 middle left,** Robert Lorenz; **page 8,** Suze Randall; **page 12,** Jaimie Trueblood; **page 13 inset,** Jaimie Trueblood; **page 13 foreground,** Malcolm Ali/Wireimage.com; **page 16 top,** ©2005 Universal Studios; **page 16 clockwise from middle left,** ©Universal/Photofest, ©Warner Bros./Photofest, ©Keystone Entertainment/Photofest, ©2005 Fox Broadcasting, ©Twentieth Century Fox/Photofest, ©RKO Radio Pictures/Photofest; **page 17 clockwise from top right,** courtesy of Warner Bros., courtesy of Sony/Kerry Hayes, AP/Wide World Photos, courtesy of Mosaic Media; **page 20 left,** Lester Cohen/Wireimage.com; **page 20 right,** Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment; **page 21 top left, top center and top right,** courtesy of New Line Home Entertainment; **page 21 bottom left,** courtesy of Universal Home Entertainment; **page 21 middle right,** Sony Pictures Home Entertainment; **page 21 bottom right (both),** courtesy of Thinkfilm; **page 21 bottom center and bottom middle,** courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment, **page 22,** B+; **page 23 top,** Robert Sebree; **page 24 clockwise from top left,** Royalty Free/Corbis, Tim Jackson/Wireimage.com, Floria Sigismondi, Royalty Free/Corbis, Larry Williams/Corbis, Lester Cohen/Wireimage.com; **page 26 top right,** Danielle St. Laurent; **page 26 bottom left,** Jonathan Grassi; **page 26 bottom right,** courtesy of 40/40 NY; **page 28,** Craig Morey; **page 29 top,** Sophie Blakemore; **page 29 bottom,** Spike Digital; **pages 30–31,** Vincent Photography; **page 32 bottom,** Frank Trapper/Corbis; **page 39 bottom,** courtesy of Virgin Records; **page 40,** Mr. Skin; **page 46,** Ronald Martinez/Getty Images; **page 47 clockwise from top right,** courtesy of Collins Brown, Jamie Squire/Getty Images, Eliot J. Schechter/Allsport; **page 48 left,** Marc Asnin/Corbis SABA; **page 48 right,** D. Lippitt/Einstein/NBAE via Getty Images; **page 49 clockwise from top right,** Zimmer Paul/Corbis Sygma, Hulton Archive/Getty Images, B. Bennett/Getty Images, Harry How/Getty Images, Pictorial Parade/Getty Images; **page 53 left,** Jim McIsaac/Getty Images; **page 53 right,** Jamie Squire/Getty Images; **page 54 left,** Andy Lyons/Getty Images; **page 54 right,** Jamie Squire/Getty Images; **pages 66–69,** Warren Tang; **page 74 top,** Tom Hill/Wireimage.com; **page 74 bottom right,** Jason Squires/Wireimage.com; **page 99 left to right,** Joe Giron/Corbis, Paul Hawthorne/Getty Images, Evan Agostini/Getty Images, Dave Hogan/Getty Images, Lionel Deluy; **page 130 clockwise from top right,** Faraci, Royalty Free/Getty Images, Geoff Dann/Dorling Kindersley/Getty Images, Clarissa Leahy/Getty Images; **page 131 clockwise from top left,** Royalty Free Stockdisc/Getty Images, Art Montes DeOca/Taxi/Getty Images, Davies & Starr/The Image Bank/Getty Images, Dimitri Vervits/Photonica/Getty Images; **page 153 clockwise from top,** CP, Dima Gavrysh/Retna, Royalty Free Brand X Photos/Getty Images, Business Wire/Getty Images, Sara De Boer/Retna; **page 154 clockwise from top,** Reuters/Corbis, Carmen Valdes/Retna, Royalty Free Rubber Ball/Getty Images, Sara De Boer/Retna, Paul Mounce/Corbis; **page 155 clockwise from top left,** Icon SMI/Corbis, Marc Serota/Corbis, John Rogers/Getty Images Entertainment, Nancy Kaszerman/Corbis, Jennifer Altman/Contour Photos, Frank Trapper/Corbis; **page 162,** Lionel Delvy; **page 164,** Viv Thomas; **page 166,** Scott Austin; **page 167 top (all four),** courtesy of World Music Awards; **page 168 left,** Jeff Hilton/Corbis; **page 168 right,** David Leeson/Dallas Morning News/Corbis Sygma; **page 170,** courtesy of Private; **page 178,** Suze Randall; **page 179,** Hank Londoner; **pages 180 and 182,** Earl Miller; **page 184 top left,** Ken Marcus; **page 184 top right,** Junko Kimura/Getty Images.

"Fuck me, Robert! Make me come again!" I moaned. Robert pushed deep into me again and again.

I knew I was close, and when he said, "God, Chris, I'm going to come again!" I slid my fingers between my legs and frantically rubbed my swollen clit.

"Shit, me, too! Fuck me!" I screamed. Another orgasm ripped through my body, then I fell facedown on the table as his come filled me again.

By then my legs were like rubber. He pulled out, and this time he was limp. I turned and we started to kiss, but the sound of the garage door broke the mood. The mad scramble was comical. Robert raced to the bathroom while I straightened up. I was still looking for my panties when the door opened and James and Tina walked in.

I quickly sat back on the stool. Tina sat back down and continued working on her costume. Every time our eyes met, she gave me a sneaky smile. I couldn't help but wonder, *Did she know?*

The guys were back on the couch watching the end of the game. "Honey," I called out to James, "as soon as the game ends, I need you to light the grill. I'm starving."



"I slipped off my panties and bra, letting the breeze billow under my dress. I wanted to test the sexual limits of our relationship and try new things."

As soon as they left, Tina said, "Sex makes you hungry, huh?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked, my face turning red as a beet.

She grinned, took my hand, and said, "Shit, Chris, I could smell it as soon as we walked in. Besides, I think these are yours." Tina held up my panties. "And I'll bet Robert is going to tell me how good your pussy tastes as soon as we walk out your door. Hell, I'm starting to get horny just thinking about it."

I sat there with a blank expression on my face.

"Now, Chris," Tina continued, "this has been coming for a long time. Don't tell me you haven't thought about it."

I guess the sheepish look on my face was my answer. "What about you and James?" I asked.

"Oh, we just came from my house," she said. She got up and walked over to me. She pulled me to my feet and lifted up both our skirts. I looked down, and she, too, was missing her panties.

We hugged, and I asked, "Now what?" She gave me a quick kiss, even a little tongue, and said, "I reserved rooms for us at the casino for the weekend."—*C.H., Louisiana*

Venetian Experiment

I took a long, contemplative drag on my cigarette as I looked at my husband's naked body draped across my bed and, in particular, at the beginnings of his early-morning erection. Was he thinking of me? Was his arousal brought on by dreams of my throbbing vagina, wet with my desire for him? Or was he thinking of her and how her naked body had felt in that alley? We were back home in L.A. in our made-up world. Why had I been so anxious to go looking for something different when we were far from the normal, average couple?

Hunter and I had always talked about going to Carnival in Venice, and of the naughty pleasure the winding streets and murky canals might hold for us—our masked, naked bodies summoning ancient spirits in this almost-pagan tradition. So one day, fed up with the West Coast, the meetings, and the dead-end negotiations within our production company, we decided to just go. Fuck the schedules and L.A.'s glossy sights—we were headed for Venice. We were strong, sexual, and beautiful together, but I was restless, always searching for more. Maybe that's why Eve chose me for her and Justin's pleasure.

We'd arrived in Venice late on a balmy Thursday afternoon. I'd slipped off my panties and bra, letting the soft breeze billow under my dress, before we took the water taxi to Venice. It was here that I wanted to test the sexual limits of our relationship and try new things.

Justin and Eve were staying in our hotel and having drinks in the lobby when our worlds collided with one innocent question. Eve, small but intense, with black hair and perfect red lips, casu-

PENTHOUSE

PENTHOUSESTORE.COM

Store

PENTHOUSE.com | join PENTHOUSE.com | PENTHOUSE.com members

YOUR ACCOUNT | RENTAL LIST | HELP | VIEW CART

HOME | DVD | VHS | TOYS | VIDEO ON DEMAND | DVD RENTALS | SUBSCRIBE to PENTHOUSE

NEW RELEASES | HOT DEALS | PORNSTAR BIOS | REVIEWS | AFFILIATES | $ GIFT CERTIFICATES |

COME TO THE WILDEST AND BEST ADULT SHOPPING SITE



Put more pleasure and excitement in your sex life by shopping the best sex emporium on the Internet. There are more than 20,000 DVDs and over 2,500 video-on-demand titles, as well as the best and wildest selection of more than 7,000 adult toys offered under one roof. And, visit the most beautiful women on the Internet at penthouse.com.

1-877-702-0857

www.penthousestore.com

ally approached me, her arm gently caressing mine, and asked if I knew the time. I think she saw me and wanted me for them. From that innocent query, the conversation meandered to the typical in an atypical fashion. Eve was sexual without trying, her breasts dancing freely in her gauzy red top. Justin was quietly inviting in an intellectual sort of way, with his wire-rim glasses and young, chiseled face. They were a couple you knew had great sex together all the time, not just quickies in the morning before getting dressed for work.

They invited Hunter and me to join them for a drink in an hour. I went back to our room where Hunter was sleeping and quietly touched his cheek as I stepped out of my dress and straddled him. I unzipped his pants as he began to stir in that hazy sort of way when you don't need to talk or even bother kissing. I put him inside me and held his arms as I came and came again in a wave of passion and quiet desperation for something I still had not had.

As we slipped out the door, we adorned each other with our new masks. already dripping with the sexual energy of the city.

We went out into the streets, into a sea of masks, pulsating music, and vibrant entertainers. Random hands grazed our bodies. Eve pulled me into an alleyway, slid her hand between my thighs, and let one finger gently flick against my clitoris. I felt Hunter growing hard against me. He grabbed me and pushed his tongue into my mouth, gently cupping my breasts. I was between Hunter and Eve. Justin was behind Eve, pulling off her blouse, exposing her hard nipples. Justin came toward me as Hunter moved toward Eve. Hunter's hands found Eve's nipples and he began kissing her deeply. Justin pushed me against the cool brick wall, and I heard the downward slide of his zipper. His thick cock pushed into me from behind, and I moaned with pleasure. His studious demeanor gave way to that of a take-charge lover who penetrated me in a way Hunter never had.

As he thrust into me, he whispered, "Does Hunter do this to you? I bet your pussy has never been this wet." I turned and saw Eve and Hunter watching. I saw her smile as my husband entered her again and again. Hunter had taken her over in a way that I could never succumb to. I felt I was too strong; all my hours at the gym had given me the sense I should conquer, not be taken.

We four seemed to converge. Eve and I locked lips and stroked each other as our husbands touched our bodies, licked our sweat, felt our juices flowing down our thighs. I jabbed two fingers into Eve's pussy, wanting to feel where my husband had been. She let me lead, her touch gentle yet understanding. She was teaching me about pleasure without me asking for the lesson. She trembled and fell into my embrace. With Eve and me sandwiched in the middle, our mates entered us from behind. Hunter's cock teased me at first, then found its favorite place again and again.

The rest of what happened doesn't really matter. I realized Justin and Eve were a couple always looking for a new game, a new adventure. I know now that



"I massaged him until his penis was hard, then slowly let him enter me, his hot breath against my neck. And I let him take control."

I felt amazingly free and open to new pleasures.

Justin and Eve had their costumes on when we met them. Hunter was a little reluctant, but then he never wanted anyone outside our L.A. circle to join our world. He never got to see what they looked like. Only their bodies did he come to know later. We had a drink and engaged in talk that could only be classified as verbal foreplay. We were that's not what I wanted. I wanted Hunter.

As I watched him in bed on that perfect morning, I no longer wondered if I am happy; I know I am. Sometimes you have to experiment to realize where your true pleasure lies. I got back under the covers, massaged him until his penis was hard, then slowly, lovingly, let him enter me, his hot breath against my neck. And I let him take control.—*F.D., California*

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting ***Forum*** magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or subscribe for one year, only $30, by calling (800) 411-9245. For back issues, call (888) 312-2225. Each back issue is $8.50 plus shipping and handling.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. January 2006 Volume 37, Number 5 Copyright © 2006 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of Penthouse Media Group Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of *Penthouse* magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Penthouse* magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to *Penthouse* all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. *Penthouse* does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$46 one year; Canada, $64 one year (includes GST); elsewhere—$64 one year. Single copies: $7.99 ($8.99 Sept., Dec., and Jan. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. **Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to *Penthouse*, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000.**

Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: *Penthouse*, 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

PRINTED IN CANADA

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: Nov. 29, 2005

Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!



PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!
WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Doctor Approved Pill For Penis Enlargement up to 5 Inches!
You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

FEATURED ON 20/20 TELEVISION. SIZE MATTERS. LENGTH AND GIRTH ARE IMPORTANT. LARGER IS MORE DESIRABLE.

THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS WITH OVER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

Thank you very much. I have always been considered small, about 4 inches. I have an enlargement now to 8 inches from taking the Advanced Formula. *-T.C. Illinois*



ORDER PRO+PLUS PILLS NOW!!

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $80.00
3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $60.00
3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS WORK FOR YOU?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that you will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR MY MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length and again you will be thicker and wider. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but you will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team, PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal enlargement formula that increases size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargemment.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?



- A longer, thicker penis enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- A longer and thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Because you are larger you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

WE NEVER AUTOMATICALLY SHIP MORE BOTTLES TO YOU & BILL YOUR CREDIT CARD UNLESS YOU RE-ORDER

CREDIT CARD ORDERS

CALL TOLL FREE 1-866-765-PILL(7455)

ORDER ON THE WEB
www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

PRO PLUS MEDICAL dept. 61P5R
Box 1835, North Hollywood, CA 91614

Credit Card orders only Toll Free 24 hours 7 days
1-866-765-PILL (7455) Fax 1-818-345-4643

Phone and credit card orders specify dept. (shown above) next to address, and product(s) and quantity.

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ Visa
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

CREDIT CARD NO. _____ EXPIRES: MONTH/YEAR

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $80.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $60.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS
ORIGINAL FORMULA Add $40.00 for each bottle
_____ BOTTLES $ _____
ADVANCED FORMULA Add $55.00 for each bottle
_____ BOTTLES $ _____

Please Specify Quantities: SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

_____ Sexciter to Excite Women $ _____
_____ Sexciter to Excite Men $ _____
_____ Attract-A-Mate"W" to attract women $ _____
_____ Attract-A-Mate"M" to attract men $ _____

Total Purchase: $ _____
CA Residents add sales tax: $ _____
Shipping & Insurance: $ 8.00
☐ Rush Service $2.00: $ _____
Total enclosed or charged: $ _____

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
Foreign Orders add $10.00 S&H. Money order in U.S. Funds only.

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years old)

NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

More Doctor Approved Super Sex Formulas



Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Increase Men's Sexual Desire!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido.

"My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -JW, Arizona. "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use it." -LF, Oklahoma

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each



Sexually Attract Women Instantly with ATTRACT-A-MATE!

PHEROMONES CAN MAKE YOU BECOME A WANTED & DESIRED MAN. Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You will ignite her wildest sexual desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Other men will envy your power. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how beautiful women will become passionate & desire to have sex with you. Rated the Number One Pheromone at any price. *"I put it on & it attracts women like a magnet. It turns women on & they can't figure it out." -HS, Indiana*

ATTRACT-A-MATE "W": to attract women. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
ATTRACT-A-MATE "M": to attract men. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

PRO PLUS MEDICAL, Box 1835, North Hollywood, CA 91614 • Toll Free 24 hrs 1-866-765-7455 ¥ Fax 1-818-345-4643
Existing customer order inquiries only call 1-818-344-7404 • Alternate website to order www.avidpromedical.com

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

COPYRIGHT ©1996 PLUS MEDICAL PRO+PLUS PILLS is a tradename of PLUS MEDICAL.

NEXT PENTHOUSE

Coming in the February Issue



Pet of the Year Runner-Up

If you loved this month's stunning Pet of the Year spread, you won't want to miss that of our sexy Runner-Up! Cassia Riley made the voters' choice difficult, and she'll get plenty of love at *Penthouse* events across the country in the year to come—but you can get a preview in a brand-new, exclusive pictorial.

t.A.T.u.

Russian beauties t.A.T.u. may not be real lesbians, but they're still capable of seducing us with their sexy accents. No longer under the watchful eye of their former manager, the ladies are enjoying their independence on a world tour, playing Mozart, and making out with their girlfriends.

The Ultimate Guide to Sex Games

Video-game editor Rebecca Swanner tested the gamut of sex games—from *Sex Tetris* and *Leisure Suit Larry* to *VirtuallyJenna* and *Outlaw Golf 2*—to give you the low-down on which are the best for gaming, and which are perfect for just staring at the digital vixens.

Iggy Pop

Now 58, the Godfather of Punk Rock is reunited with the Stooges and is still electrifying stages across the country. Writer Chauncé Hayden catches up with Pop and finds that he's still explosive on subjects like drugs, the death of CBGB, and how an old dog can teach today's new punks a few tricks.

Drinksmanship

Penthouse travels to Colorado for the Great American Beer Festival to bring you the buzz for 2006. What will three days of non-stop drinking yield? The world's darkest stout? The hoppiest IPA? The most debilitating hangover? Yes, to all of the above.

Surf's Up. Way Up.

Big-wave surfer Dan Moore rode a 68-foot wave in 2005 and walked away with $68,000 from Billabong. This year, surfers will gun for a 100-footer—and they just might get it. *Penthouse* takes you inside the gnarly world of big-wave surfing, from California to Hawaii to Tahiti.

Unwrapped

Valentine's Day is coming, and if you don't find the perfect gift, you're going to suffer from a serious romantic deficit. Not sure what to get her? Dr. Z will offer some divine inspiration in her Valentine's gift guide, which highlights the hottest playthings on any girl's wish list.

Stephen Lynch

Stephen Lynch is an angel-faced, sweet-voiced troubadour who sings about ugly babies and poisoning children on Halloween, sometimes taking audiences by surprise. That will probably happen less as the singing comedian, who's already had his own Comedy Central special and sold 160,000 copies of his gut-bustingly funny CDs, continues to attract fans. For "Stand-up Guys," Bill Schulz journeys to the center of Lynch's disturbed mind.

Freewheelers

It used to be that whenever BMW built a new motorcycle, we knew what to expect: a machine loaded with technical innovations, but with a rather dull personality. Then last year, when BMW introduced the K1200S, a ride with genuine super-bike power, the earth moved—slightly. Now the other shoe has dropped, and it's a genuine combat boot called the 2006 K1200R. Naked, outrageous, and bullet-fast, this new K-bike is easily the most charismatic street machine to ever wear the BMW rondel.

Having Sex vs. Making Love

To celebrate Valentine's Day, Rachel Kramer Bussel's "Girl Talk" asks the question: Does romance really sweeten your sex life, or are lust and "zip-less fucks" the way to go? Get the inside story from Bussel's bevy of loose-lipped friends.



Hoobastank

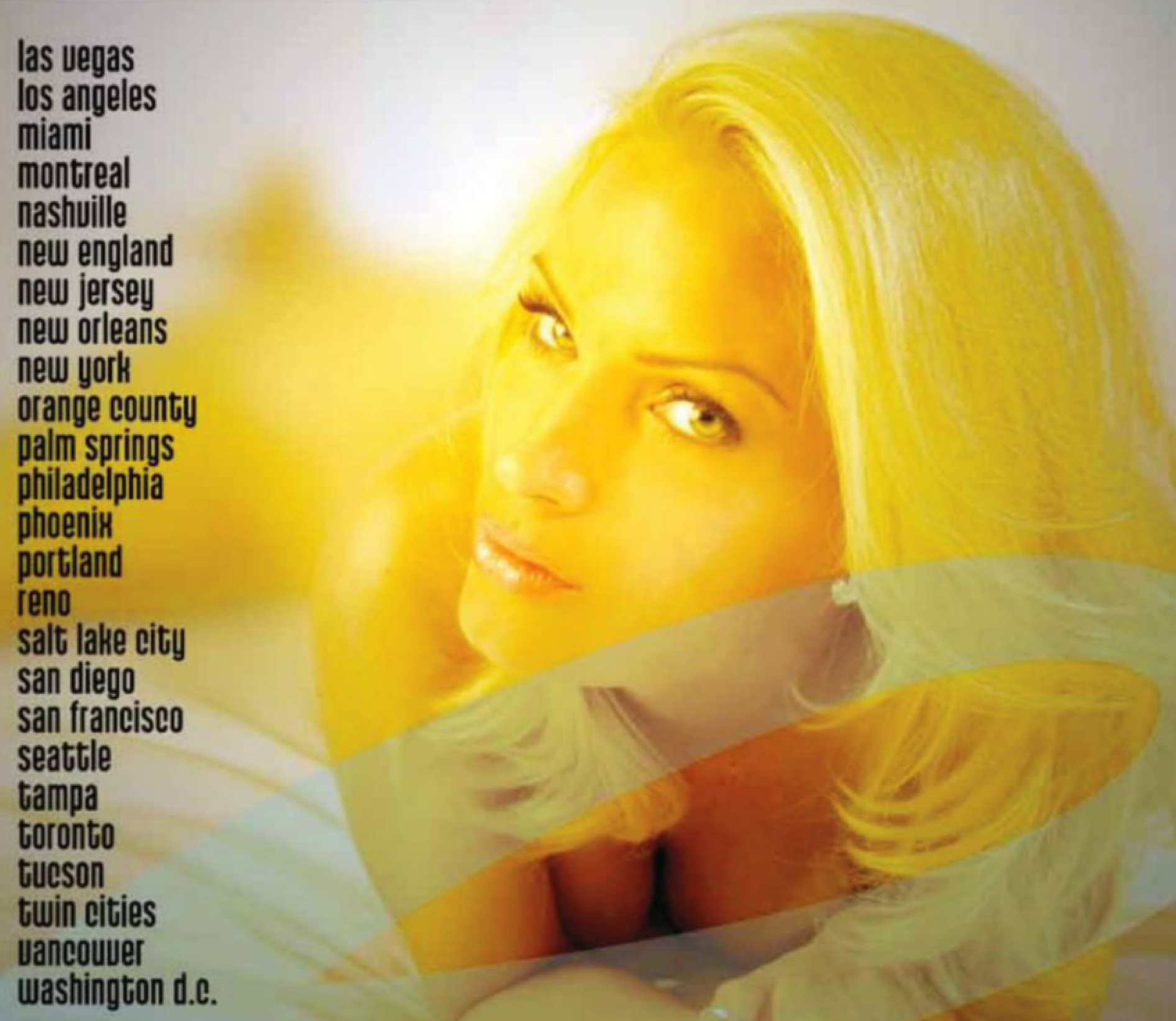
In 2003, Hoobastank made headlines with their hard-rock record *The Reason*. Now they're back with a killer new album. We talked with candid frontman Doug Robb about Velvet Revolver, replacing band members, and what inspired him to write a song about, well, to put it plainly, fucking.



atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.



theeroticreview.com

DJARUM

DJARUM
SPECIAL
20 KRETEK
Clove Cigarettes

DJARUM
SPECIAL
20 KRETEK
Clove Cigarettes
Lights

. . . Sweetly Satisfying

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease,
Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.